

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

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NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1904.

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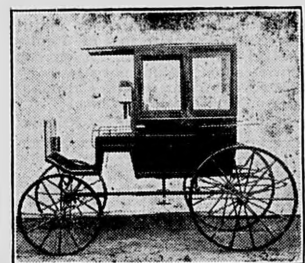
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Newton.

—Mr. H. G. Myrick is spending August at Cottage City.

—Mrs. D. F. Barber and family will pass August at Friendship, Me.

—Mr. A. H. Clifford and family are occupying their cottage at Nantasket.

—Mrs. H. E. Bothfield and family of Hunnewell avenue are at Freeport, Me.

—Mr. S. C. Smith and family are spending the summer at Sandwich, Mass.

—Mr. Geo. M. Warren and family of Arlington street are at Springfield this week.

—Mr. C. H. Buswell and family of Franklin street left this week for New London, N. H.

—Mrs. E. J. Whiton of Church street is at Megawatt, Mass. for the remainder of the summer.

—The work of putting in electric lights in Eliot church in place of gas is nearly completed.

—Mrs. A. F. Peirce of Vernon street has returned from a brief sojourn at Mablehead.

—Mrs. George W. Bush and Miss Bertha M. Bush spent the last two weeks of July at Winthrop.

—Mr. Robert M. Davis of Park street has returned from a visit with friends at Westbury, R. I.

—Our paper hangers and painters are artistic and gentlemanly. Hough & Jones Co. Newton, Mass.

—Rev. R. M. McLaughlin of Grand Rapids, Michigan, will conduct the service at Eliot church Sunday.

—Dr. A. B. Jewell and family of Hunnewell avenue left Monday for their summer outing at Heron Island, Me.

—The Misses Davidson and Miss Johnson of Philadelphia are the guests of Miss Wright of Centre street.

—Hewitt and Thomas have moved into an adjoining store in the Nonantum building and have a neat bathroom exhibit in their window.

—Mr. F. K. Collins of Mt. Ida street who is spending the summer at Onset was in town on business during the early part of the week.

—Mrs. Henry Waitt entertained last week at Arrowhead Cottage Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Derby, Jr. and family of Revere, Miss Ethel Waitt of Revere.

—A. H. Waitt returned Saturday from a week's cruise in his yacht "Victorine" swordfishing bringing in a fish weighing 400 pounds taken off No Mans Land.

—Dr. Robert A. Reid and family will go to Jackson, N. H. on Saturday. Later he will take a canoe trip from North East Carry to Norcross, Me., a distance of nearly a hundred miles through the wilderness.

—We would be pleased to call on request to estimate on your upholstery work. Mattresses and cushions made over and to order. Furniture reupholstered and repaired. The best of work at moderate prices. J. L. Phillips, 244 Wash. St., Tel. 545-3

—The Commonwealth Golf Club will hold an open tournament on Saturday September 3. This will be the first tournament of this kind that the club has ever held. Men are now busily engaged in putting the 8 hole course in its best condition in preparation for this gala event.

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Newton.

—Pierce, Clairvoyant. See adv.

—Chiropody parlors at Anderson's, 171 Charlesbank road.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Soule are spending August at Duxbury Point.

—The boys of Eliot Church Sunday School spent Wednesday at Revere Beach.

—The William G. Soule of Farlow road have returned from Bustin Island, Me.

—Mr. P. A. Murray is making arrangements for indoor handling of automobiles.

—Miss Margaret Green of Emerson street is spending her annual vacation at Portland, Me.

—Mr. Mitchell Wing and family will pass the remainder of the summer at Sandwich, Mass.

—Mr. Albert Brackett is making two trips on the second floor of his brick block on Centre street.

—Mr. Edwards of Magnolia street who is spending the summer at Barre, Mass. was in town a few days this week.

—Mr. Ethelbert Grabill has been a recent guest at "The Binnacle" Dr. W. H. Davis' summer home at Harwichport.

—Miss Nettie and Miss Lucy Stiles leave next week for Portland, Me., where they will spend their annual vacation.

—Mrs. L. P. Elliott-Anderson, 171 Charlesbank road, manufactures switches and all kinds of first class hair work.

—Mr. Douglas W. Smeaton of Mt. Ida street who has been spending a few weeks at Onset, is now camping in New Hampshire.

—There will be a service at Grace church tomorrow morning in commemoration of the festival of the Transfiguration.

—Miss Ethel Springer of Park street who has been engaged in dressmaking work in Philadelphia has returned to her home.

—Mrs. Theodore Manning of Centre street returns Saturday from a visit to Bucyrus, Ohio, where her sons have recently settled in business.

—Miss Kittie Garrison of Newtonville avenue has returned from an extended trip to St. Louis. She expects to teach this winter in the South.

—Mr. Robert M. Davis of Park street will supply the pulpit at the North village church on Sunday. Rev. Mr. Oxnard is enjoying his annual vacation.

—A successful lawn party and sale was held on the grounds of Mrs. Henry Waitt and Mr. Walter Snow in aid of the district school of Falmouth last Saturday afternoon.

—Mr. Keith Pevear, a former resident of this place, who is spending the summer at Amisquam, participated with his 15 footer in the yacht races held off Marblehead last week.

—Mrs. Henry Waitt and Mrs. Albert H. Waitt participated in the coaching parade at Falmouth's Old Home Week last Thursday taking the White Ribbon in their new beach wagon.

—Mr. John T. Burns and family of 30 Jewett street, have been at Brant Rock for two weeks. Mr. Burns will come back Monday, Aug. 8. The rest of the family will stay till September.

—Mr. Henry Otis Trowbridge, S. B. Mass. Inst. Technology, has received an appointment from the U. S. Government as mechanical draughtsman in the Ordnance Department. He will leave for Washington in a few days.

—Wellington Howes and Co. are greatly improving their already attractive store near the Post Office by a new office. The clean and neat manner in which this firm handles and displays its goods is very pleasing to its patrons.

—The death of Miss Gertrude A. Wallace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Wallace, occurred Saturday afternoon at her home 37 Lincoln road, after a long illness. The deceased was 15 years old. The funeral was held from her late residence, on Tuesday morning.

—The committee composed of representatives from the different parts of Newton which was appointed by the Norumbega district to decide upon the churches in which to hold the State Sunday School Convention Oct. 18, 19, 20, have unanimously decided upon Eliot church as headquarters with its neighboring churches for the overflow meetings.

WILSON-DIXON.

The marriage of Miss Isabel E. Dixon to Mr. Henry Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gawn W. Wilson of Newton, occurred on Wednesday evening at Grace church, Rev. Dr. George W. Shinn officiating. The bride was escorted to the altar by her father, Mr. Fred W. Dixon, preceded by the maid of honor, Miss Annie F. Dixon, a sister of the bride. Mr. James Rhodes of Cambridge was the best man.

The bride wore a charming gown of white silk muslin trimmed with Valenciennes lace and point d'esprit, and carried a bouquet of white bride roses. Her veil was of imported Nottingham lace net. The bridesmaid's dress was of white Brussels net trimmed with white satin and Valenciennes lace.

A reception followed at the bride's home on Clarendon avenue, which was beautifully decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. The happy couple were the recipients of a large and valuable collection of cut glass and silver ware.

After a wedding trip to Providence and Long Island, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will reside at 82 Crescent street, Auburndale.

G. A. R. Encampment.

Members of the Grand Army who are intending to come to Boston to attend the next annual encampment will be interested to know what is to be furnished in the way of entertainment. Many of them will be most interested in the great parade which is to be on Tuesday. Many, especially those from the interior, will be interested in the squadron of battle-ships which the Secretary of the Navy has promised shall be ordered to Boston during Grand Army week. But there are other features which have been planned by the Entertainment Committee, which are quite different from those usually seen at National encampments, and some which have never been seen at such gatherings.

One of these unique features will be a river carnival at Waltham on the Charles. With the Charles River and its south bank as the stage, and the north bank as the auditorium, there is booked to be produced on the night of Wednesday, August 17, the grandest spectacle ever seen in the history of river carnivals. There will be no curtain save the shades of night, and these will be necessary to bring out the effects. There will be a real moon and real water. The scenery will comprise real grass, trees and non-Brilliantly will be brought out by a gigantic pyrotechnic display. The spectators will come from all parts of the country. It is estimated that the audience will consist of at least 200,000 people.

Montreal is famous for her winter carnivals, New Orleans for the Mardi Gras and Charlestown for its electrical celebration of Bunker Hill Day, but Waltham is famous for two things—watches and her river carnivals. This city is nature-favored for such a scheme of entertainment. On a two mile stretch of the river there is a half mile straight-away course, while the remainder of the way abounds in bends and curves—not abrupt but gently sinuous. To one looking at the sight from an eminence, it has the appearance of the trail of a long fiery serpent.

Added to this general effect will be the illuminations along the shore, battles between skyrockets and search-lights, and the unique or grotesque details of some of the boat decorations. 4000 canoes will dot this two mile course.

It is the intention of the Entertainment Committee to provide free transportation, between Boston and Waltham, to all the representatives and delegates of the G. A. R., as well as the distinguished guests of the allied organizations. The scene of the carnival is but a short ride on the steam cars, or if one prefers the electric cars, it furnishes one of the most beautiful trolley rides out of Boston.

Residents along the south bank of the river are already planning their decorations and illuminations, and a spirited rivalry will ensue to see who shall do the most for the old soldier visitors.

The grandest chorus ever heard in the United States will be heard on that night, when the 200,000 spectators join in one mighty burst of song to the tune of America. That all may be in time, Bandmaster John M. Fibicket of the world famous American Waltham Watch Co. band will use as a baton a lighted torch. Then with the full brass band as an accompaniment will the multitude join in the inspiring song.

A unique feature of the carnival will be the finale. Plans are being made so that each boat will be supplied with red fire. All possible places of vantage along both banks will be similarly supplied. A signal will be given by a gun, and the six miles of red fire, three lines of two miles each, will be simultaneously ignited. In such a blaze of glory will the old veterans and other visitors see the close of an unrivaled spectacle.

Charles Ward Post #2 will entertain the Geo. H. Thomas Post 5 of Chicago during Grand Army week, by a trolley trip to Concord and Lexington on August 14th. Luncheon will be served in Lexington Town Hall, and a banquet in Temple Hall, Newtonville, in the evening.

Lower Falls.

—Mrs. Herbert Brown of Cornell street has returned from her visit to New Hampshire.

—Next Sunday the Rev. H. B. King of Boston will supply the pulpit of the M. E. church.

—Mrs. Sherman N. Sears and her daughters Carrie and Jessie are home from Springfield.

—Miss Carrie M. Wilson of Pine Grove avenue is making friends a visit at Southbay Harbor.

—The Rev. H. S. King will supply the pulpit of the M. E. church both morning and evening Sunday.

—Miss Eulah B. Baker of 125 Cornhill street left her home Thursday for a two weeks visit in Hopkinton, Mass.

Lincoln Ely Cambridge

A Summer's Outing A "Graphic" Man's Experiences in Europe

Cambridge, July, 1st, 1904.
Dear Graphic: My last letter left our party on the train and at the prosperous agricultural town of Doncaster, on the river Don we had dinner. A two hours' ride beyond brought us to Lincoln where our leader had made arrangements at the Spread Eagle Hotel. We walked the short distance from the railroad station and many jokes were made at the method of taking up the luggage the porter accompanying us with the trunks and bags in a vehicle resembling an American tip cart.

Dark clouds looked threatening but our usual good luck seemed to follow us. There has been rain, the past week, to the left of us, to the right of us and front and back of us but not over our heads for which we were very thankful. Lincoln is one of the most ancient towns in the kingdom and rivals Chester in the interest of its memorials of the past. I began to feel quite at home when I was told that Boston was only 31 miles away and was particularly interested to learn that it was a sea port town like our own city.

Many columns could be written, in the newspapers, descriptive of the English cathedrals but as I am not discarding on architecture but simply writing letters in a rambling way I have endeavored not to go into detail or to make my accounts tedious.

York and Lincoln cathedrals are always spoken of together, although the exterior is unlike in many minor details the general appearance is very similar. Both have large central towers and two western towers. They are both distinctively city cathedrals owing to the fact that they are located in the very centre of their respective cities and are closely surrounded by the houses on all sides. In each case we note the absence of a large cathedral close and unlike many others look at the West front from stone paved squares.

From the standpoint of their age they are also very similar both having been built and restored about the same time. Of the interior Lincoln is the finest in many respects especially in the construction and decoration of the choir. There has been very great discussion on the subject of the architecture of the Angel Choir at Lincoln, many authorities claiming that this is the finest and purest Gothic in existence. This is disputed by others who consider the continental far superior. Nearly all however, concede that the Angel Choir at Lincoln is the finest example of Gothic architecture now in existence in England.

The cathedral crowns the hill on which the city is built and in the combination of size, delicacy of detail, effectiveness of interior and exterior, good preservation and grandeur of position it was to me the finest building of its kind that I had seen. The central tower is supported by four fine and lofty arches with massive stone piers and in the lantern hangs, "Great Tom," a bell weighing five and one half tons. The choir is the earliest known example of the early English or pure Gothic style, and is separated from the nave by a screen. In studying the color in the windows our leader informed us that it must be considered in a different manner from painting on canvas or any other surface where light does not show through. In the 13th century the Chapter House was built and is a polygon on ten sides with a vaulted roof springing from a clustered central pillar, and supported by huge detached flying buttresses. No part of the building deserves closer attention than the south porch, with its deeply recessed moulded arch, carved gable, and sculptured representation of the Lord blessing the saved at the "Last Judgment." When we climbed the tower I waited at the landing where the works of the clock are located and helped the custodian wind up the massive machinery. We have been among the cathedrals so much the past week that some parts of our conversation had taken expressions and terms from this subject.

This morning the ladies of our party enjoyed a shampoo which they felt was needed after the dust of several days travel and when they appeared with their hair done up quite finely one of them remarked with much pride that here was arranged with a Norman front and late perpendicular back. On our way to Cambridge we spent an hour at Ely cathedral but with the exception of a fine nave there is little to be said about the edifice.

Some of the details are very fine but as a whole the cathedral is much inferior to the others we have visited.

In the late afternoon Cambridge

was reached and we were housed for the night at Ye Olde Castel Hotel on St. Andrews street. The supper served was excellent as regards the quality of the food but some of the customs are rather odd to an American. The linen is invariably as stiff as a board, the spoons used for soup and everything else but coffee are as large as ladies and the individual butter knives are similar to those we use for the general butter dish. The majority of the hotels in the small cities and towns are managed by women and our landlady at the Cambridge hotel informed me that Americans were great eaters and that the quantity of water many of them drank was positively vulgar.

This is a most interesting old town located on the river Cam and is the seat of one of the two great English Universities. As a whole it is less picturesque than Oxford, especially as regards general views, but several of the college buildings are at least equals in interest. The more important ones front on St. Andrews street and are St. John's College with its famous bridge of sighs across the river in the rear, Trinity College with its beautiful avenue of Linden trees and echoing corridors, Trinity Hall college, King's College with its beautiful chapel, Clare College, Corpus Christi College, St. John's College, Jesus College, St. Peter's College and several others. These various college buildings are in quadrangles having shaded grass plots and artistic bridges across the river leading to extensive grounds beyond. The Duke of Devonshire is Chancellor of the University and each college has its own dean and faculty.

The Fitzwilliam Museum is full of works of art and among the new buildings is the Sedgwick museum of Geology just completed and officially opened recently by King Edward. We walked about the town and college buildings in the evening but did not visit the interiors until the following morning when an experienced guide showed us the various points of interest.

In many chapels and banquet halls we saw portraits of former students who have made names for themselves in the world of law, science, art, literature and politics, also the rooms of Wordsworth, Newton, Dean Wood and many others. We arrived in London at night and are to spend the week on Tavistock Square near the British Museum. Among the members of our party during the rest of the trip will be Mr. H. Chapin Savin, master of the Bigelow school, Mrs. Savin, Mr. and Mrs. Bixby and Miss O'Connor of Newton Highlands.

My next letter will relate some of the sights and a few of the experiences while in London.

London, The Tower, Westminster.

London, July 2d, 1904.

Dear Graphic: London is the largest city in the world and probably has no equal as regards the two extremes within its limits, the nobility and upper class and the lower class of Whitechapel and similar districts. The Romans bestowed political institutions upon London and it was a place of importance at the date of their occupation. There have been enough events of historical importance which have happened within the limits of the city to fill many large volumes and make intensely interesting reading.

In the early time one would have found the Tower on the Eastern confines of the city; the city of Westminster, still a considerable distance away, and the Strand, a riverside thoroughfare connecting the two cities. The population is about six and one half million and is made up of two parts, the one on the Thames bounded by Temple Bar, the Southampton Buildings, Holborn and Bishopsgate, given over almost entirely to commerce and finance, and the other or Greater London containing a vast aggregation of people and the homes of many of them. The East End is the business section and the West End contains the palaces of the King, the town residences of the rest of the Royal Family and the homes of the nobility and aristocracy.

The London bus is a unique institution, it is drawn by two horses and has a lower or inside part and also seats on top reached by winding stairs. The sides are covered with advertisements and immense display ads are in evidence in every possible place; in fact I was told that a great deal of the advertising was done in this way rather than in books and newspapers.

The morning following our arrival the party started out and after a short walk and a ride in the under-

ground railroad reached the Tower of London. This covers an area of eighteen acres, surrounded by a wall of irregular pentagonal form, outside of which is a moat having a linear dimension of 3,150 feet. It was first built as a fortress and has a central keep called the White Tower. It was occupied as a palace by all the kings and queens down to Charles II and it was the custom for each monarch to lodge in the Tower before his coronation and to ride in procession to Westminster through the city.

At the entrance is noticed several of the guards, who have served in some war, wearing a style of costume centuries old. The Bloody Tower was the first visited and it is believed derives its name from the suicide in it of Henry Percy, Eighth Earl of Northumberland, in 1585. In the Garden Tower Sir Walter Raleigh was allowed to walk during his long imprisonment and could sometimes converse over the wall with his friends outside.

In the Wakefield Tower is kept on exhibition the crown jewels and adjoining is the small chapel used by Henry VI during his imprisonment. In the centre of the circular apartment, in a double case, are arranged the objects which form the English Regalia. The King's crown is in the highest place, was used in 1838 at the coronation of Queen Victoria and again when Edward VII became King. The large ruby given to the Black Prince in Spain in 1367 in the centre and with seventy five large diamonds forms a maltese cross on the front of the diadem. The entire crown contains 2818 diamonds, 297 pearls and many other jewels and weighs 39 ounces and 5 pennyweights. The crown was enlarged to fit the head of the present king and was used at his coronation. Several other crowns, a model of the Koh-i-noor diamond and many articles of gold are in the case, the total value of the collection being about fifteen million. Around the sides of the room are various decorations such as the crown of India, Victoria Cross, Order of the Thistle and others. In the White Tower is a fine collection of armour of all styles and ages most attractively arranged. Outside we saw the soldiers drill and the gun carriage which carried the late Queen Victoria in the funeral procession at Windsor, February 2d, 1901. One other spot of interest was where the scaffold stood on which was executed Queen Anne of Boleyn, Queen Katharine Howard Lady Jane Grey and others.

A walk through Billingsgate, the warehouse district, past the monument erected in memory of the great fire of 1666, and on to London Bridge was the next move. Here a small steamer was taken under the Tower, Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo and Charing Cross bridges along the Thames Embankment to Westminster bridge where we landed and walked past the Parliament House, entering the grounds of Westminster Abbey. This building is beyond question the most interesting Christian edifice in the world containing as it does memorials to men and women who did much to shape the destiny of nations.

The abbey itself was probably erected by King Edward the Confessor and in the early part of the 13th century, Henry III and his son Edward I completely rebuilt it, bringing it to very nearly its present condition. Henry VII erected the chapel called by his title in the 16th century and in 1714, the towers were completed by Sir Christopher Wren. The towers are meagre and unsatisfactory but the building as a whole is grand and imposing. The length of the church interior is 511 feet, the breadth of isles and nave 75 feet and the height of the roof 101 feet making it the highest church in England.

All the sovereigns from Edward the Confessor to the present king have been crowned here and the dust of more than twenty of them lie within its vaults and tombs. Among the most interesting monuments are those in the north transept of Pitt, Sir Robert Peel and Lord Beaconsfield, while almost in front of the latter reposes the dust of William E. Gladstone, his great political antagonist. Others are Richard Cobden, Wilberforce, Sir Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin, Ben Johnson and Charles James Fox. Wordsworth, Major Andre, Dr. Isaac Watts, John Wesley and Congreve and the tombs of Lord Clyde, Livingstone are in the middle of the nave. The south transept contains David Garrick, Addison, Macaulay, Thackeray, Goldsmith, Shakespeare, Charles Dickens and in the east isle or Poet's Corner is our own Longfellow with such company as Gray, Milton, Spencer, Chaucer, Dryden, Browning and Tennyson. Much more could be written but lack of space forbids.

On our way to the bus we had pointed out Somerset House, now used for government business, the new war office building, in process of construction, and Scotland Yard. The afternoon was spent at the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square where Prof. Fairchild of the Bureau gave us a lecture on the development of

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CLUB WOMEN.

Summer Series of Articles on Women's Clubs of Newton.

Brief Sketch of the Newton Centre Women's Club.

In January 1887, the Charles Ward Post, G. A. R. invited through the clergy of the churches in Newton Centre, all the ladies interested in the relief of disabled veterans to meet on the afternoon of January 11th, in the chapel of the Methodist church on Centre street.

At that meeting a board of five officers, and a committee of twenty-one representing four churches of the village, were chosen to co-operate with similar organizations in other wards of the city, in the management of a soldiers' fair, this being considered the most practicable method for raising the money needed by the Post.

The association growing out of these labors, led one of the ladies, Mrs. Charles Grout to propose, that, "a committee which has proved itself such a social and financial success, should continue its existence, ready for any other philanthropic work in our ward or city."

A constitution was prepared and adopted. The objects were declared to be educational, charitable, and social. The name, "The Ladies Union" was chosen, and the president, Mrs. R. E. Bishop, vice president, Mrs. Charles Grout, secretary, Miss Anna Ellis, and treasurer, Mrs. D. B. Chaffin, of the soldiers' fair were elected to the same positions in the new society. The meetings were held monthly at the homes of the members.

In 1888 the membership was doubled, each member inviting a new one, and in November of the same year the name was changed to The Newton Centre Woman's Club.

In 1887 the "Ladies Union" gave \$25 towards the purchase of a children's playground, off Centre street in Newton Centre, the first amount given to it is object, and in October 1888 it held a fair called the "Festival of Days," which netted \$2550 for the same purpose. Delighted with the result of the first fair the club decided before its president, Mrs. R. E. Bishop resigned to hold another, the proceeds to be devoted to charity, and call it the Kalendar Fest. At this fair each table represented a month of the year. It involved a great amount of patient, persistent labor, but the ladies were well repaid for their efforts. The financial outcome reaching the neighborhood of \$2283.

An added impetus was given by this success, a waiting list was established, new members were admitted so that in 1894 its numbers were 187. During these five years the work had steadily and quietly increased, and then a new constitution was adopted, the membership was raised to 375 and the dues to \$3.00.

Bray's small hall was hired for its meetings. Its work was systematized by creating committees on membership, finance, lectures, social meetings, instruction and study, all under the supervision of an executive committee.

Since 1894 weekly meetings have been held for the discussion of current events, literary, musical and art matters. At these weekly meetings members have had the privilege of hearing Charles Carlton Coffin, President, C. W. Eliot, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Lady Henry Somerset, Mary A. Livermore, Hamilton Mabie, Henry A. Clapp, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Benjamin Chapin, Booker T. Washington, Miss Frances Dyer, Miss Sarah L. Arnold, Wm. G. Ward, Carol D. Wright, Mrs. May Alden Ward, and many other brilliant speakers.

A regular monthly meeting is held for the transaction of business, followed by a lecture, a social and a tea. An opportunity is given the members to meet the speaker at these social occasions.

From 1887 to 1903 the club devoted to "charitable and worthy objects," (including subscriptions for the Vacation School which the committee solicited) \$8354.48.

Of this amount \$2550 was given to the playground fund, \$1025 to the Newton Hospital, \$550, to the Pomeroy Home, \$500, to Associated Charities, \$188, to local charities, \$150, to the Armenian Fund, \$100, to the Williston Home, \$83, for the drinking fountain on the children's playground, \$215, for the Fourth of July celebration, \$145, to the Massachusetts Aid Association for Soldiers in Spanish War, \$50 to the Mothers' Rest, \$130 to the Newton District Nursing Association, besides amounts for lectures, decorations for the local schools, magazines, pictures and books of reference to the library.

In the spring of 1902 the club again

responded to a call of the Chas. Ward Post, G. A. R. and through a committee, mainly of the club's members provided a table for the soldiers fair, and raised for the disabled veterans \$758.

The club has a snug sum laid by in the bank, known as the "reserve fund," to be used in time of need.

The Vacation School, referred to above, began its growth in 1899 under the presidency of Mrs. Alvah Hovey. The desire for such a school was felt here in the Centre for there were many children who needed to have pleasant profitable occupation during the summer vacation. A committee was formed to undertake this work. Through a gift of \$25 from the club, and the generous response of the citizens to solicitations, the amount necessary to carry on a small summer school was obtained. During that season the children assembled in the Mason school and were taught sewing, cooking and nature work. In the fall following the children's work was exhibited. All of it was well worth seeing, but the nature work alone would have repaid one for attending. The specimens the children had collected were numerous, varied, and all beautifully mounted. Some of the large moths would have done credit to a professional. To the best work done silver medals were awarded. The results had assured the school's success for another year.

During the five years of its existence the committee has worked very earnestly for its growth. In 1898 the club purchased a first class cooking plant at a cost of \$250 and in April 1901 a Sloyd plant at a cost of \$175, besides a donation of about \$75 each year for its support. The citizens of the Centre have responded very generously to the calls for pecuniary help in this matter. The teachers have been the best that could be obtained, as the skillful work accomplished by the pupils plainly proved. The school has given profitable pleasure to many children who otherwise must have passed many uneasy days.

When the vacation school was started it was the Club's hope that the city would continue on the work. At the time the Social Science Club applied to the city to carry on their summer industrial school, the Newton Centre Woman's Club made a similar application for their school. The city was not ready then to favor this club's application, but it is hoped that the time for them to do so may come very soon. The Vacation School brings to the stay-at-home children recreation, employment, happiness and best of all, morality. To the poor tired mothers it brings assistance and therefore rest.

In 1890 with Mrs. S. A. Sylvester as chairman the club established a "registry for service" in Newton Centre, at Miss S. Makee's store. Each year the reports of the "Registry for Service," have been read at the club. They have been very interesting to hear. There have been more applications for help than there have been girls to fill the places. In spite of this fact many girls have not been placed because they felt themselves incompetent to work for more than two or three in a family, or because they did not wish for "general housework," preferring to be "second girls," "nursery" or "parlor" maids.

The club has had for presidents Mrs. R. E. Bishop, Mrs. J. B. Thomas, Mrs. Alvah Hovey, Mrs. Geo. Boynton, Mr. S. A. Sylvester. For the present year Mrs. Frank E. Anderson is president.

In 1902 a bylaw was added to the constitution namely: "That all the deliberations of the club shall be governed by Shattuck's Rules, as the club members realized the necessity of Parliamentary ruling for large numbers."

Up to the present date the club work has gone on in similar lines, always remembering its original purpose. The monthly social teas have been thoughtfully arranged by the committee provided for that function, and have been thoroughly enjoyed by the members. The past year has been a very successful and satisfactory one in the club's work. Following is the calendar for the year:

Oct. 22, Thursday, 10 a. m. Current Events. Miss Frances E. Dyer.
Oct. 29, Thursday, 3 p. m. Monthly Meeting. "Life and Works of Richard Wagner," with Musical Interpretations. Mrs. B. B. Buck, Mrs. G. F. Spaulding.
Nov. 5, Thursday, 10 a. m. Literature. "Plato as a Twentieth Century Educator." Rev. Edward Cummings.
Nov. 12, Thursday, 10 a. m. Home. Cookery Symposium.

Nov. 19, Thursday, 10 a. m. Music. A Morning of Songs. "The Southern Trio." The Moxon Turner.
Dec. 3, Thursday, 3 p. m. Monthly Meeting. Dr. Booker T. Washington, Principal of Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. Tea and Social.
Dec. 10, Thursday, 10 a. m. Education. "Culture as an Expression of Character." Miss Mary E. Woolley, President of Mt. Holyoke College.
Dec. 17, Thursday, 10 a. m. Current Events. Mrs. Abby F. Harris.
Dec. 24, Thursday, 10 a. m. Monthly Meeting. Readings. Mrs. Erving Winslow. Tea and Social.
Jan. 7, Thursday, 10 a. m. Home. Talk on "Venice and Naples," with Venetian music. Miss Lucy Ellis Allen.
Jan. 14, Thursday, 10 a. m. Literature. "Carlyle and his Biographers." Professor E. Charlton Black, LL.D.
Jan. 21, Thursday, 10 a. m. Current Events. Professor William G. W. W. W.
Jan. 28, Thursday, 3 p. m. Monthly Meeting. Reception to Miss Caroline Hazard, President of Wellesley College. Tea and Social.
Feb. 4, Thursday, 10 a. m. Music. Readings, with musical accompaniment. Mrs. Emma Tattle James. Assisted by members of the club.
Feb. 11, Thursday, 10 a. m. Literature. "Charles Dickens, Artist and Man." Miss Heloise E. Hovey.
Feb. 18, Thursday, 10 a. m. Current Events. Miss Marion Howard Brazier.
Feb. 25, Thursday, 3 p. m. Monthly Meeting. "What Women can do for the Public Welfare." Rev. Charles F. Dolan. Tea and Social.
Mar. 3, Thursday, 10 a. m. Home. People in "Old Street." Thackeray.
Mar. 10, Thursday, 10 a. m. To be announced.
Mar. 17, Thursday, 10 a. m. Literature. "Browning." Ralph Charles Fleischer.
Mar. 24, Thursday, 10 a. m. Current Events. Mrs. Fanny G. Norton.
Mar. 31, Thursday, 3 p. m. Monthly Meeting. "Is there any Solution of the Labor Problem?" Hon. Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Comm. of Labor. Tea and Social.
Apr. 14, Thursday, 10 a. m. Annual Meeting.

The club can add another name to its calendar for the past year, that of Mrs. Lucie Ames Mead who spoke on "The Great Organization of the World." As Boston is to be the meeting place of the great promoters, and all interested in this subject, this coming fall, the club was very glad to hear her explanation of the topic.

A club formed on such a basis as the Newton Centre Woman's Club with "philanthropic work as its key note" broadens its members intellectually and spiritually. It lightens home burdens, causes a greater interest in church work, and enthralls all to "Do good and forget not."

Its past work will ever be remembered, because of the earnestness, faithfulness and hearty cooperation on the part of those who helped to make it what it is. May its future continue always a blessing to the community it serves.

L. C. S.

Prof. Joseph A. Allen.

Prof. Joseph Addison Allen who died recently at his ancestral home in Medford was a brother of the late Nathaniel Allen of West Newton and one of the foremost educators of New England. The two brothers founded the famous Allen School of West Newton which is known all over the world and numbers among its alumni men holding high positions both in the state and business life.

Mr. Allen received his early education at the old brick school house and at the age of 15, went to live with his uncle, Rev. Joseph Allen of Northboro, with whom he studied and fitted himself for a teacher. At 19 he taught his first at the public school at Walpole. Later he removed to Syracuse, N. Y. and for seven years was engaged in musical instruments and books. He was then chosen principal of the Syracuse Academy, where one of his pupils was Hon. Andrew D. White, late minister to Germany. From Syracuse he went to Fredonia as principal of the New York State Normal School, and then for 12 years associated himself with his brother the late Nathaniel T. Allen of the West Newton English and Classical School. The next seven years were spent at Westboro, as superintendent of the State Reform School. After this period he retired to his farm where he spent the remainder of his long life.

Mr. Allen was much interested in the peace and arbitration movement, and has written much on the subject. While living in Syracuse he was associated with Rev. Samuel J. May, Garrett Smith and many others in the work of the underground railway, and many a runaway slave found refuge in his home.

During the past 20 and more years while living on his farm he has tutored many young men, always impressing upon them the value of a clean moral life of which he was a glowing example. For several years he was president of the historical society of his town.

LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLES are continually taking place in the sick-room between the forces of health and disease. The great destroyer and eradicator of all that propagates and furthers the spread of sickness and disease is CALDT'S SCLIPSO NAPHTHOL. It is the best germicidal agent for cleansing all vessels, utensils, clothing, etc., the best deodorant for purifying the air, an important factor in the care of the sick, and, from its germicidal and anaesthetic properties, one of the best antiseptics for sores, wounds, inflammation, irritation, etc.

At the Churches.

Rev. Dr. Shinn delivered an interesting address on Old Home Week at the Grace church last Sunday which we will give in full in our next issue.



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The only feature recognizable will be the able and experienced corps of teachers who have given this school its wide-spread reputation. The tuition fees are the same as during the previous ten years, and pupils who contemplate attending may congratulate themselves that this year was the chosen time for their commercial course and the finishing of their school work.

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The course of study prepares pupils thoroughly for all the duties of the Counting-room. Book-keeping (by any system); Stenography (Graham and Pitman systems); English Composition; Commercial Correspondence; Commercial Law; Commercial Geography; Commercial Handwriting; Typewriting; Civil Service (preparation for examinations); Normal School Course (preparation for teaching).
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For full particulars see Year Book for 1904-5, not sent.
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WALTER R. FORBUSH,
ARCHITECT.
Room 611,

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC

Published every Friday at
10 Centre Place, - Newton, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter.

\$2.00 per Year. Single Copies, 8 cents.

All money sent at sender's risk.
All checks, drafts, and money orders
should be made payable to
NEWTON GRAPHIC PUBLISHING CO.,

J. C. BRIMBLECOM, Treas.

TELEPHONE NO. 77-3.

The GRAPHIC is printed and mailed
Friday afternoons, and is for sale at all
news-stands in the Newtons, and at the
South Union Station, Boston.

All communications must be accom-
panied with the name of the writer, and
unpublished communications cannot be
returned by mail unless stamps are en-
closed.

Notices of all local entertainments
to which admission fee is charged must be
paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line
in the reading matter, or \$1.00 per inch in
the advertising columns.

The large increase in an already
burdensome tax rate, is greatly to be
deplored, and we believe our readers
are entitled to an analysis of the
causes which have operated to bring
about this result.

The basis of the tax levy is the
city appropriations made last fall with
such additional sums as have been
subsequently appropriated by the al-
dermen. There is little to criticize
in the annual budget except the item
we have harped upon so many times,
that for drain construction. This
item, amounting to about \$15,000, is
for permanent improvements and we
do not believe should be a burden on
the taxpayers of 1904. Its elimination
from the tax levy, and providing for
the work by means of serial bonds
would have saved about twenty cents
on the present rate.

Of the items passed since the bud-
get was made up, we can seriously
question but one, although there
might be a difference of opinion re-
garding two others. The sum of
\$9,100 for purchase of school land at
Newton Highlands we have always
believed was premature, and it now
proves that this amount causes 15
cents of the increased rate, besides
the loss of taxes which would have
been paid by private ownership. The
\$5,000 item for burying wires is also
in the class of permanent work
and should have been paid by serial
note, with another saving of five
cents on the rate. We have heard
some criticism of the \$25,000 appropria-
tion for school supplies, but are of
the opinion that this sum is properly
chargeable to the tax levy. The in-
crease in the total of the city appropria-
tions over 1903 is caused by the
requirements of the sinking fund and
interest accounts and the maintenance
of our modern school buildings. In
other departments there is a net
saving over the previous year.

The next important factor in the
high rate is the enormous cost of the
metropolitan improvements, in which
we are compelled to share. These
jump from about \$68,000 in 1903 to
\$98,000 in 1904, requiring about \$1.50
of the rate, the increase being about
fifty cents on the thousand. The
principal reason for the increase is
the item of \$52,000 for sewer main-
tenance, nearly double what was re-
quired in 1903. This is occasioned
from the fact that in previous years,
the premium from the sale of bonds,
has been credited to the interest ac-
count, and the annual charges there-
by diminished to that extent. The
past year no bonds were sold and the
entire interest charge is apportioned
upon the district. It is unfortunate
that this fact was not better under-
stood in the past, as it would have
undoubtedly affected the attitude this
city might have taken on the new
projects hitherto agitated by the metropoli-
tan commission. The increase
of over \$30,000 in the park assessment
making a total of \$35,000 is the most
galling of all the metropolitan bur-
dens, as the return to the citizens of
Newton for so large a sum is very
meagre. The water assessment of
\$10,000 is also a roast, but as it will
be materially reduced in 1906, can be
borne with some measure of patience.

We have given considerable space
to these metropolitan charges, as we
believe the time has come when
Newton should have some definite
share in determining what projects
should be undertaken and by whom
carried out. The metropolitan boards,
without responsibility to the people,
and interested in the perpetuation of
their own jobs, induce the legisla-
ture to favor this or that project,
if enacted by men who come from
other parts of the state and have no
local interest in this district, and the
persons who pay the bills are help-
less. Extravagant schemes are pro-
posed, involving heavy maintenance
charges, and the municipalities
affected can only complain and growl
when the bills come in.

The last straw on the camel's back
of the tax levy, was the failure of the
assessors to find any increase in valua-
tion. Heretofore, it could be confi-
dently expected that at least a million
in new values could be found. But
for the first time in the existence of
the city, the valuations have not in-
creased. This, we believe, is due to

the fine work done by the assessing
board in 1903, and proves beyond
doubt that all the available property
in the city has been found by the as-
sessors. Subsequent additions will
only come with new citizens and
buildings.

There is little to suggest in the
way of remedy for the present unfor-
tunate conditions. We know from
personal experience that the city is
run as economically as possible and
still maintain its valuable assets of
streets, schools and sewers. Strict
economy should be urged upon all
departments, however, and, above all,
permanent improvements should NOT
be placed in the tax levy. An agita-
tion should be started this fall towards
limiting the irresponsibility of the
metropolitan boards, and if possible
some direct system of government
for the metropolitan district proposed.
And finally every citizen should ad-
vertise the advantages of Newton as
a place of residence, emphasizing its
schools, its streets, its water and its
high grade of citizenship.

The civil service tenure of office
which has been such a leading feature
of the city charters of Newton for
twenty years is fittingly exemplified
this week by the completion of a quar-
ter century of work for the city by
Deputy Street Commissioner Stuart.
Many other instances might be also
noted. Our genial City Clerk is near-
ing 25 years in office, the City Audi-
tor is well along towards 30 years in
the harness, the City Messenger first
entered the city employ in 1879, and
the Water Commissioner has been
connected with that department since
1876.

No one can question the value of
the tenure of office clause as applied
to Newton when the services rendered
by these excellent officials is consid-
ered.

Prof. Jerome Sondericker.

Prof. Jerome Sondericker of Oak-
leigh road, Newton, died at his sum-
mer cottage in Wilmington, Vermont,
July 22 of uraemic toxæmia. Prof.
Sondericker was born in Woodstock,
Illinois, Dec. 21, 1859. He received his
education at the University of Illi-
nois, graduating in 1880, with the
highest record ever attained up to
that time, and two years later received
his master's degree in Civil Engin-
eering. For five years he was on the
instructing staff of his Alma Mater,
until in 1885 he came to the Massa-
chusetts Institute of Technology, with
which he was connected for nineteen
years as Instructor, Assistant Pro-
fessor, and later as Associate Pro-
fessor of Applied Mechanics. He was
the author of several pamphlets on
scientific subjects, and of a text book
"Graphic Statics" in use at the In-
stitute and elsewhere.



PROF. JAMES SONDERICKER.

He was married in 1889 to Miss
Ellen M. Carman of Ohio, and made
his home in Newton for the fifteen
years following up to his untimely
death. Early in June he went to
Vermont, hoping to regain his health
which had been failing for several
years. During the first weeks he
appeared to improve, but a period of
insomnia developed a serious condi-
tion, and after three days of acute
suffering he passed away on the
morning of July 22. The remains
were taken to his childhood home,
Woodstock, Illinois, where the funeral
was held, July 25th. He leaves a
widow, mother, sister and brother.
His retiring disposition and delicate
health largely prevented his participa-
tion in activities outside of his pro-
fessional work. The esteem in which
he was held at the Institute is shown
by a tribute from President Pritchett:
"His devotion and faithfulness, as
well as his high standard of work
and his grasp of intellectual processes
made him a most valued officer to
the Institute and we shall mourn his
loss."

At the Churches.

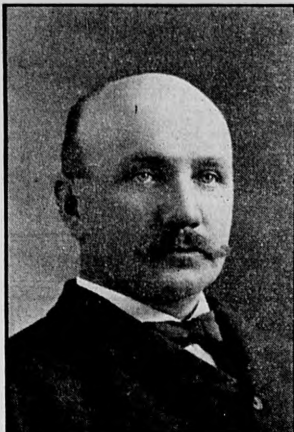
Rev. Dr. Shinn is a member of a
committee appointed by Bishop Law-
rence to consider the feasibility of
holding a General Mission in Boston
and vicinity during the autumn of
1905. If the plan is adopted many
Episcopal churches and some of the
largest halls will be opened every
day for special services and address-
es with the view of waking people
up from the prevailing neglect of religion.

25 YEARS.

Deputy Street Commissioner
Geo. E. Stuart

Completes Quarter Century of
Work for City.

Mr. George E. Stuart, deputy street
commissioner of this city, last Mon-
day observed the twenty-fifth anni-
versary of his official connection with
the city, August 1, 1879. Mr. Stuart
as a young man became a member of
the highway department, and has
worked himself upward to his present
responsible position, which was
created for him when the new city
charter went into effect in 1898. Mr.
Stuart has had charge of the Newton,
Newtonville and Nonantum districts for
many years, and has also managed
the work in other parts of the city
which required heavy machinery.



Geo. E. STUART,
Deputy Street Commissioner.

Mr. Stuart was born in Waverly in
1856 and attended the public schools
of Newton, in which city he has re-
sided since 1863. He is a son of the
late Timothy Stuart, and is a de-
scendant of Duncan Stuart, one of the
earliest settlers in New England. He
is a charter member of the Massa-
chusetts Highway Association, a member
of its present board of directors, and
is also prominently associated with
the Mass. Catholic Order of Foresters,
Channing Council, R. A., and other
fraternal orders.

City Hall Notes.

Col. Kingsbury is enjoying his an-
nual vacation at North Perry, Me.

Norumbega Park

Norumbega Park—It is the height
of the season now at Norumbega
Park and the first week in August
has opened the month with every in-
dication of an average attendance for
the coming four weeks that will far
surpass any record ever made at this
picturesque resort on the beautiful
Charles. In the heat of Sunday and
Monday the seeker of cool comfort
and outdoor amusement found an ideal
way to defy the oppressive tempera-
ture was to board the open electric
cars for Norumbega, and, having com-
pletely cooled off on the flying trip
out there, there was no question of
maintaining a cool state of mind until
the return home. Next week the
vaudeville program will include
among others the Otto Brothers, Ger-
man comedians; Craven and Carey
who have an eccentric comedy sketch;
the Village Choir, a quartette of
mixed voices; and the Komograph
with a new series of moving pictures.

Real Estate.

Henry H. Read sold for the heirs
of Richard M. Wilson the estate num-
bered 76 on Sumner St., Newton Cen-
tre, to Mrs. Mary A. Chamberlin of
Cambridge who will occupy at once.
The place is assessed on \$5000 and
consists of a frame house and ten
thousand feet of land.

Aban, Trowbridge and Co. have
sold the Purinton house, 130 Frank-
lin St., Farlow Hill, to a Newtonville
gentleman who will take possession
Sept. 1. It is an artistic 12 room
house with 11444 feet of land assessed
at \$10,000.

They have sold also the estate 31
Tarleton road, Newton Centre, 8
room house and 6318 feet of land, as-
sessed at \$5000 to Mr. Franklin Keith
of Boston.

They have sold also the Farrington
house 38 Carleton St., 8 rooms and
2,366 feet of land to Mrs. G. W. Blake
of Boston.

Among other rentals are 28 Boyd
St., Newton, to Mrs. F. B. Horn-
brooke; 129 Church St. to E. S.
Scourb of Boston; 150 Church St. to
Mrs. E. DeB. Page of Newton and 21
Turner St., Newtonville, to the Misses
Jones of Bellevue St.

Street Railway Notes

The new track between White's
Corner and East end of Washington
street has been completed. This
does away with all single track be-
tween White's Corner and Worcester.

A SICK ROOM NECESSITY.



Disinfectant. Antiseptic. Deodorant. Used and recommended by physicians and nurses as the only reliable and economical article for hospitals and homes. Arrests and prevents disease, cleanses, purifies and disinfects surfaces and packages. Avoid substitutes and imitations.

STRIKE RUMORS
FROM THE COAL REGIONS

have a tendency to make those who have not
had their orders filled, feel uneasy. If your order
is with us you need not feel so. We can fill the
orders that we have and can take care of many
more. There is certainly nothing gained in delay-
ing to place your order if you have not done so.

If your are looking for comfort this winter, allow
us to fill your bins with our Coal by careful men
who lay canvas on your walks, and around your
windows, who do not smoke in your cellar or loiter
about your premises.

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285 Newtonville Ave., Newton

Boston, Massachusetts

THE THEATRE.

We have heard Christian people say
"The theatre leads to perdition,"
nevertheless it must be an acknowl-
edged fact that the theatre has come
to stay, and it seems a very great
pity to give it up to the management
and control of Satan. This it seems
good people are doing who make
that assertion. The work of the
church is supposed to be striving for
the regeneration of the world, not
alone by teaching the doctrine of a
Christ, thereby fortifying humanity
to resist evil, but also by striving to
remove conditions of evil making it
easier for men to do right. Now let
us consider the bearing of the church
upon the theatre question. That men
and women young and old need recre-
ation and amusement is surely true
that they will seek it is also true.
The theatre offers the opportunity at
prices within the means of nearly
every one, the temptation then to go
is not resisted. The question to be
considered now is, the responsibility
of good men and women see to it that
in every way they exert their influ-
ence to bring the theatre up to the
high standard it should attain, that
it may become a resort free from all
corrupting influences, where the young
of both sexes may go and experience
innocent enjoyment without a cause
to blush or wish they were not there.
We are obliged to say that theatres,
generally speaking, have not hereto-
fore maintained a high standard in
this respect, and church members
have absented themselves from relig-
ious principles, not willing to run
the risk of seeing and hearing any-
thing objectionable. This criticism
does not apply to all theatres, but to
know or to be able to discriminate be-
tween them is not always possible.
What can be done to remedy the mat-
ter, is a question often asked. After
due reflection we would say the re-
sponsibility falls largely upon the
press. Its members have free access
to theatres. They can know the char-
acters of the plays and exhibitions
presented. The power of the press
may well be said to be the greatest
in the world. Newspapers find their
way daily into every household in the
land, and are read by men, women
and children. From them the public
may know what to patronize and what
to shun, consequently by this watch-
fulness, managers of theatres would be
induced to cater to please the moral
sentiment rather than the contrary.

Responsibility also rests upon the
authorities of every town and city.
They should have the power to forbid
every indecent performance. Living
pictures and the like and such as
these, are not allowed to be seen on
the street, or any other public place,
why then should they be permitted to
be seen by crowds at a theatre? The
fact is that the theatre has heretofore
taken an unlimited an unwarrantable
liberty. It may be said however, that
great improvement is seen in this re-
spect, and managers will no doubt
show a readiness to conform to the de-
mand of a moral public for purity
upon the stage.

"The Actors' Church Alliance"
movement is an influential factor
doing much toward ennobling the
stage and in placing the actor and the
profession upon a higher plane than
ever before. It is now assumed that
an actor may be Christian and enti-
tled to church membership. This will
insure respect for the profession from
an unprejudiced public. This organ-
ization numbers over a thousand
members, stars of the profession,
prominent literary men and women
and clergymen of different denomi-

nations. Rev. George W. Shinn our
own respected citizen is a member,
and by voice and pen has done much
to aid the movement. M. H. C.

Literary Notes.

The patriotic note is struck in the
National Magazine for August, in
recognition of the August encamp-
ment of the Grand Army of the Re-
public in Boston, the National's
home. Captain S. H. Beckwith,
known in the Union army as "Grant's
Shadow," writes a score or more of
fascinating brief character studies of
the famous Union generals whom he
knew during his four years with
Grant as chief cipher operator. Mary
C. Crawford tells the stories of the
seven famous American composers of
patriotic songs whose names were re-
cently commemorated on a tablet in
the Boston Public Library, and Wil-
liam G. Kirschaum writes a genial
chapter on "The 'Best of the Union
Bands.'" Mr. Chapple's "Affairs at
Washington" range from the capital
to the convention halls and the
World's Fair and is illustrated with
many portraits of current celebrities—
men and women. Michael A. Lane's
fourth paper in his "New Dawns of
Knowledge" deals with "Society,"
analyzing the new sciences of ethics
and political economy that are grow-
ing out of the new industrial advan-
ces of mankind. Mr. Lane's National
papers are attracting and deservedly
so, more attention than any other
current contributions to the literature
of science. The National's August
fiction includes stories that are keen
studies of femininity by two western
young women who are just now pub-
lishing for the first time—Jeanne
Olive Lizcaux of Des Moines and
Christobelle van Assens Bunting of
Chicago. Edwin L. Sabin tells a
very funny boy story, "The Old
Muzzle Loader." Katherine Lee
Bates, Hilton R. Greer and Frank H.
Sweet write the poetry of the number.
Miss Bates' poem, a work of great
distinction, is finely illustrated by
W. D. Goldbeck of Chicago. The Nation-
al's "Home Department" has made a
real hit with the women readers of
the magazine, and is better with
every new number. The National is
handsomely illustrated.

CITY ON NEWTON.

CITY HALL,
WEST NEWTON, MASS., AUG. 4, 1904.

TO PLUMBERS.

Sealed proposals for furnishing all the
materials and performing all the labor re-
quired to install the plumbing in the Waste
School building on Petter St., Ward 5, ac-
cording to the plans and specifications pre-
pared by Hartwell, Richardson & Brewer,
No. 62 Devonshire St., Boston (where plans
may be seen and further information ob-
tained), will be received at the office of the
Public Buildings Commissioner until 2 p. m.
Wednesday August 17th, at which time
they will be publicly opened and read. A
certified check for two hundred dollars (\$200)
payable to the City of Newton must accom-
pany each proposal. A bond for five hun-
dred dollars (\$500) will be required of the
successful bidder. The right is reserved to
reject any or all bids.

GEO. H. ELDER,
Public Buildings Commissioner.

MRS. ANNA FREEMAN

Nurse

1 Wales Street, Newton Lower Falls

Telephone Connections.

References:
Dr. S. A. Sylvester, Newton Centre.
Dr. E. J. Uley, Newton.
Dr. J. E. Baker, Newtonville.
Dr. Fred M. Low, West Newton.

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BUSINESS NOTICES.

Wants.

WANTED—By a girl 16 years, a place to
work the rest of the summer season
where she can work for her board, and at-
tend High School the school year. Address
"Graphic office."

To Let.

TO LET—4-room flat, gas range, bath, hot
and cold water, convenient to steam
and electric; \$12 month. Apply 843 Wash-
ington Street, Newtonville.

TO LET—Three furnished rooms in New-
ton Highlands. New house, centrally, 4
minutes from trains, 2 minutes from elec-
trics; all modern conveniences. Breakfasts
if desired. Call or address 25 Hillside Road.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Cabinet range, good as new,
medium size, excellent baker. Also a
Jewel gas stove in good condition. Apply to
J. B. Simpson, 57 Haverhill Ave., Newton.

Miscellaneous.

OST—On Sunday a gold crescent shaped
pin. Finder will be rewarded on leav-
ing it at 36 Vernon St., Newton.

You may want a Picture

of your home: a family reunion, an out-
door party, or something in your home-
life. The time to do it is NOW.



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Chapel and other special rooms connected
with establishment. Competent persons in
attendance day and night.
Telephones, Roxbury 72 and 73.

G. W. MILLS,

Funeral Director.

(10 Years Experience)

Office & Warerooms 813 Washington St. Newtonville
Open day and night. Lady attend. when desired.
Telephones 445-5, 176-6 Newton.

Newtonville.

—Pierce, Clairvoyant. See adv.

—Miss Alice H. Wakefield of Austin street is at New London, N. H.

—Mrs. H. F. Kingsbury of Chesley avenue is visiting friends at Brockton.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—Miss Vira Stowe of Walnut street celebrated her 18th birthday last Friday.

—Mr. Louis H. Freize of Central avenue is enjoying a stay at Murfreesboro, Vt.

—Mr. H. S. Chase and family of Birch Hill road are spending August in Maine.

—Mr. E. P. Hatch of Highland avenue has purchased a large motor touring car.

—Mr. L. E. G. Green and family of Watertown street are at Bath, Me. for a short stay.

—Mr. R. F. Hunt of Walnut street is enjoying a few weeks outing at Hanover, N. H.

—During August Dr. Cutting will be at his office for consultations only by appointment.

—Forward your baggage by Huntings Express to all boats and depots. Claim checks given.

—Master W. Burnham of California street is a member of a camping party at West Ossipee, N. H.

—Daniels and Howlett Co., Morse Building, Painting, Decorating and Hard Wood Finishing. tf

—Mrs. John E. Frost and family of Clyde street returned Wednesday from a visit in New Hampshire.

—Mr. J. Walter Allen of Foster street has returned from the White Mts. where he spent his vacation.

—Mrs. Horace E. Stowe and daughter of Walnut street are spending the month at Sterling Junction, Mass.

—Mrs. E. Langan of Chesley avenue is spending a few weeks with relatives and friends at Portland, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Mansfield of Walnut street will spend the greater part of August at Cottage City.

—Miss Ida Eames of Highland avenue is spending a few weeks at Cleveland, Ohio, and various other points.

—Mr. J. B. Eustis and family of Omar terrace are spending the month at their summer home at Sandwich, Mass.

—Mrs. George W. Mills of Walnut street has returned from Winthrop where she spent a few weeks with her father Mr. T. H. Martell.

—The Newton Street Railway Company is building a large fire proof vault in the basement of the Claflin building on Washington street.

—Miss Nellie Harrington of Court street returns Monday from New Haven, Conn., where she has been spending a few weeks with friends.

—Mrs. Ruth Hembler of Waltham was injured Saturday afternoon on Crafts street by the breaking of an axle of the automobile in which she was riding.

—The engagement is announced of Miss Aelora Nutt of Highland park to Mr. William Osgood Harrington of Court street. Both the young people are well known in this city and are very popular. The wedding will take place early in October.

—The Methodist and Congregational churches unite for Sunday morning services in August and will worship in the Congregational church, Walnut street. Services begin at 10:45. Members of other churches are cordially invited to attend these services. Rev. John L. Kilbon of Springfield, Mass., will preach next Sunday.

Upper Falls.

—Rev. O. W. Scott and family have returned from their outing at Cottage City.

—Mrs. Douglas Thompson of High street is entertaining her mother Mrs. Abbott of Nova Scotia.

—Mr. Broadbent formerly of this village but now of New York was a guest of Mr. William Dyson of Pennsylvania avenue.

—For the next two Sundays the Baptist and Methodist congregations will hold union services at the Methodist church, the Rev. O. W. Scott officiating.

—Rev. Mr. Gilbert left Wednesday for his vacation which will be spent at Northfield, Mass., Bennington, Vt., and Concord, N. H. He will be away two weeks.

—Mrs. Prudence Simson Dresser of Gallatin, Tenn., who was the guest of Mrs. L. P. Everett of High street the past week is spending a few weeks at Peaks Island, Me.

—Next Sunday the pastor of the Methodist church will speak at 10:45 on "Christ's Conquering Kingdom." At 7 o'clock on "The Mission of the Red Cross" sermon subject "Christ Revealed."

Waban.

—Mrs. Abbie E. Wilson, the widow of William H. Wilson, died yesterday at her home on Neholoden road, aged 82 years.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls at Rhodes' Drug store. Tel. N. H. 237-3.

MARRIED.

WILSON—DIXON—Aug. 3rd in Grace church, Newton, by the Rev. G. W. Shinn, D. D. Henry Wilson and Isabel Elizabeth Daniel Dixon both of Newton.

MOUNT IDA SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

NEWTON,
MASSACHUSETTS.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.
GEORGE F. JEWETT, PRINCIPAL.
P. O. BOX 5010.
6 MILES FROM COPLEY SQ., BOSTON.



LIEUT.-COL. W. L. SANBORN.

The many friends in this city of Lieut. Col. Walter L. Sanborn will be pleased to learn that one of the first official acts of Brig. Gen. Embury P. Clark was to appoint Mr. Sanborn assistant adjutant general, a position the colonel filled so acceptably under Gen. Matthews.

Col. Sanborn is one of the most enthusiastic members of the state militia and in whatever capacity he has served has thrown his full energies into the work and has many friends in the M. V. M. and especially in the first brigade.

He was born in Newton Center, March 28, 1871, and has been a life long resident of this village. He prepared for Harvard in the local schools and was graduated from the university with the class of 1893. Soon after graduation he entered the

employ of the publishing house of Silver, Burdett and Company remaining with them several years. At present he is engaged in smelting interests in Colorado, being treasurer of the Ouray Smelting Company. He is prominent in the social life of the city, being a member of the Newton Club. His military career began with his enlistment in Battery A, light artillery in April 1895. In 97 he became a corporal and in December 99, he was transferred to the non commissioned staff of the 2nd brigade as sergeant clerk. In June 1901 he became color bearer and later upon the retirement of Gen. Bancroft was transferred to the 1st brigade staff as sergeant major. In February 1902 he was commissioned provost marshal and last year he became assistant adjutant general.

West Newton.

—Pierce, Clairvoyant. See adv.

—Mr. M. Frank Lucas has returned from Cottage City.

—Mrs. Alice D. Hall and family are at their villa at Allerton.

—Miss Porter of Austin street is enjoying a visit at Epsom, N. H.

—The Misses Bond of Elm street are at Marshfield for the month.

—Miss Clapp has returned from White House Beach where she spent her vacation.

—Mrs. B. L. White of Greenwood avenue is spending the month of August, at Calais, Me.

—Miss Madge Lovell is the guest of Miss Marjorie Bullivant at her summer home at Marion.

—Miss Hazel Stanley of Hull Cove, Me. is spending a few weeks with friends, on Waltham street.

—Mr. Enoch C. Adams and family of Lenox street are spending the month at Camp Tacomet, Me.

—Miss Morton of Elm street has returned from Lake Sunapee, N. H. where she has been spending the month of July.

—Mr. George R. Eager has nearly completed the renovation of the Shattuck estate on Waltham street, which he recently purchased.

—Mrs. John Greenwood and daughter Miss Kathleen Greenwood are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Albert S. Glover at Clifton.

—Messrs Milo E. Lucas, E. Frank Lucas and the latter's daughter, Miss Marion H. Lucas are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. King at Cottage City.

—Mrs. T. B. Stutson and daughter Miss Marion of Fountain street returned Monday from Scarborough Beach, Me., where they have been spending the early part of the summer.

—Robert and Alexander Bennett represent five of the strongest fire insurance companies doing business in this country. Call upon them at the West Newton station for anything in this line.

—The members of the Myrtle Baptist church held their annual picnic at Revere beach Thursday afternoon of last week. The party numbered about 150 and was in charge of the pastor, Rev. L. C. Parish.

—Miss Edith Adams of Lenox street who has just completed two years study in music in Germany returned home Sunday. She was accompanied by her mother Mrs. Enoch C. Adams who joined her in Germany a short time ago.

—The many friends of Miss Maude Bixby, a former resident of Margin street, but now residing on West Newton Street, Boston, will be pleased to learn that she returned to her home from the Newton Hospital where she has been confined by an attack of appendicitis.

—George T. Lincoln, left last Saturday for the White Mountains in his touring car. He was accompanied by his son Wilson Lincoln who is to spend the month of August at the Sunset Hill House, Sugar Hill and by his brother Paul Lincoln. Mrs. Geo. T. Lincoln is at Ocean Point, Me.

West Newton.

—Mrs. Emily Webster is back from a trip to the Isles of Shoals.

—Miss Fowler of Balcarres road is enjoying an outing at Brant Rock.

—Mr. A. G. Hosmer of Austin street is enjoying an outing at Portland, Me.

—Mr. W. C. Warren and family of Lenox street are spending the month at Cotuit.

—Mrs. Edward Barnard is spending a few weeks with her father Mr. Edward C. Burrage.

—Rev. E. F. Snell and Mrs. Snell of Lincoln park are spending a few weeks at Allerton.

—Dr. N. E. Paine and family of Washington street are spending the month of August at North Heron, Vt.

—Mr. Roland F. Gammons of Parsons street has returned from a business trip to New York and Philadelphia.

—Miss Warren who is spending the summer at Gloucester is the guest of her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Wardsworth of Highland avenue.

—Mrs. J. W. Carter of Otis street has returned from Lake Sunapee, N. H. and is making extensive alterations and improvements on her beautiful estate.

—Mrs. John S. Alley and daughter Miss Ally of Chestnut street were among the passengers sailing on the White Star liner Celtic last week for Liverpool.

—Mrs. Philip Perrin of London, England, who has been the recent guest of her mother-in-law Mrs. J. Perrin at Malpeque, Prince Edward Island, is now the guest of Miss Ethel Perrin at Monhegan.

—Mr. and Mrs. Archibald E. Rice of Waterbury, Conn., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Rosamund, July 28th 1901. Mrs. E. L. Felton is visiting her daughter Mrs. Rice.

—Miss Charlotte E. Hatch died at the home of her brother, Capt. B. S. Hatch of Watertown street, on Wednesday afternoon after an illness of several months. The deceased was a native of Kennebunk, Me., and aged 78 years. The funeral services were held this afternoon from the residence of her brother. The interment will be at Kennebunk tomorrow.

—Mrs. Dr. Dutton of Otis street is entertaining 15 children whom she has received from the children's rescue mission in Boston. The youngsters have invaded this quiet burg and are having the time of their lives. At first they did not seem to know what to make of the country and appeared dazed. Soon they began to make use of the freedom which heretofore they had never experienced. They may be seen each day romping about with their faces wreathed in smiles and their pockets loaded down with all kinds of fruit. One little chap was seen going down Chestnut street munching a banana, while in either pocket was crowded a large ripe peach. Upon being asked how he was enjoying himself he said "Great, I ain't never going home, I am going to stay out here always."

THE PLAYHOUSE.

Keith's Theatre—The vaudeville show at Keith's for the week of Aug. 8 will not include a sketch of any kind, and six of the acts have never been seen at that playhouse previously. Among the more prominent entertainers scheduled to appear are Louise Montrose, who will be favorably remembered as the lively dancing and singing soubrette of "The Prince of Pilsen" during its first season's run at the Tremont Theatre; Tom Lewis, one of the most amusing blackface comedians in the varieties, and Sam J. Ryan, in one of their mirth-provoking burlesques; Conn and Conrad, in an original specialty, and Maddox and Wayne, cross-fire comedians. Some of the newcomers will be Belleclair brothers, a duo of clever athletes; Joe Belmont, the human bird; Julie Ralph, mimetic comedienne and baritone singer, and the sisters Dellberg, costume change vocalists. The Fadettes will make an entire change of repertoire, and the biograph will show all new pictures. Edwin Stevens, the noted "legitimate" comedian is underlined for the week of Aug. 22.

Tremont Theatre—If anybody had wished to know how popular is "Woodland," the musical fantasy that is running at the Tremont Theatre in Boston, he or she need only have seen the audiences at any performances of the last fortnight. It seemed as if, knowing the engagement was nearing an end nearly every body had determined to see the play before it left Boston. There are crowds at every performance, and there was no end to the applause, showing that everything in the play—music, comedy, dancing and stage pictures were enjoyed. All the new points of the play and the new songs and costumes were received with every expression of delight, and the freshness and novelty were fully appreciated. There will be only two weeks more after the present, so but little time is left for those who have not yet been to "Woodland."

Grand Opera House—The Boston Grand Opera House will open its new season Saturday night, Aug. 6, with Howard Hall in his new American play "The Wife's Paradise" which will also continue the attraction all the following week. There is an innovation in connection with this opening, the introduction of Nellie E. Chandler's Ladies Orchestra as the regular theatre orchestra for the season. The scene of the play is laid in Chicago and is staged in five acts. The plot is unique and tells the story of the secret marriage of a young man and woman who are almost immediately convinced by some scheming rascals that they are brother and sister. The climax of the last act has no equal for daring. It is where the villain throws a child into a den of ferocious lions and it is rescued by John Homan (Howard Hall) and restored unharmed to the mother.

Globe Theatre—The closing performances of that merry, piquant musical mixture, "The Isle of Spice," now in the fourth month of its run at the Globe Theatre, will be marked on Friday evening, August 12, by "Navy Night," and in the audience will be some of the most brilliant young officers of the present United States Navy. This will be the last week of "Isle of Spice" as it goes into New York for a run at the Majestic Theatre. The book has been largely rewritten and much laughter and odd situations injected in it. Two new choral numbers have been added, new scenery and costumes provided and the stage effects of Mr. Sohke command the admiration of theatregoers as their equal has never before been seen. On August 2, the 100th performance was celebrated by the distribution of handsome Japanese souvenirs to all reserved seat holders.

Nonantum.

Frank C. Parker of Bridge street was fined \$50 yesterday in the police court for larceny from the Nonantum Worsted Mills, the Empire Laundry Machine Co and the Martin Piano Co.

—The fire Wednesday afternoon from box 245 was in the house 214 California street owned by W. J. Butler and occupied by Jere McCarthy and Horace A. Fisher. The damage was about \$700.

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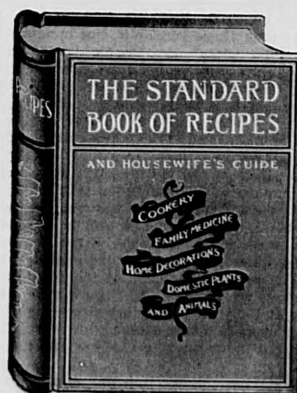
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The Blazed Trail

By STEWART
EDWARD
WHITE

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CHAPTER XX.

FIVE years passed. In that time Thorpe had succeeded in cutting 100,000,000 feet of pine. The money received for this had all been turned back into the company's funds. From a single camp of twenty-five men the concern had increased to six large, well equipped communities of 80 to 100 men apiece, using nearly 200 horses and hauling as far as eight or nine miles.

Near the port stood a mammoth saw-mill capable of taking care of 22,000,000 feet a year, about which a lumber town had sprung up. Besides its original holding the company had acquired about 150,000,000 more back near the headwaters of the Ossawinimakee.

During the four years in which the Morrison & Daly company shared the stream with Thorpe the two firms lived in complete amity and understanding. Northrop had played his cards skillfully. The older capitalists had withdrawn suit. Afterward they kept scrupulously within their rights and saw to it that no more careless openings were left for Thorpe's shrewdness.

And as the younger man on his side never attempted to overstep his own rights the interests of the rival firms rarely clashed. As to the few disputes that did arise Thorpe found Mr. Daly singularly anxious to please. In the desire was no friendliness, however. Thorpe was watchful for treachery and could hardly believe the affair finished when at the end of the fourth year the M. & D. transferred its operations to another stream a few miles east.

"They're altogether too confounded anxious to help us on that freight," Wallace said Thorpe, wrinkling his brow uneasily. "I don't like it. It isn't natural."

Thorpe's Camp One was celebrated in three states. Thorpe had set out to gather around him a band of good woodsmen. Except on a pinch he would employ no others.

"I don't care if I get in only 2,000 feet this winter, and if a boy does that," he answered Shener's expostulations, "it's got to be a good boy."

The result of his policy began to show even in the second year. Men were a little proud to say that they had put in a winter at "Thorpe's One." Those who had worked there during the first year were loyally enthusiastic. As they were authorities others perforce had to accept the dictum. There grew a desire among the better class to see what "Thorpe's One" might be like. In the autumn Harry had more applicants than he knew what to do with. Eighteen of the old men returned. He took them all, but when it came to distribution three found themselves assigned to one or the other of the new camps. And quietly the rumor gained that these three had shown the least willing spirit during the previous winter.

Tim Shearer was foreman of Camp One. Scotty Parsons was drafted from the veterans to take charge of Two. Thorpe engaged two men known to Tim to boss Three and Four, but in selecting the "push" for Five he sought out John Itadway and induced him to accept the commission.

"You can do it, John," said he, "and I know it. I want you to try, and if you don't make her go I'll call it nobody's fault but my own."

The result proved his sagacity. Itadway was one of the best foremen in the outfit. He got more out of his men, he rose better to emergencies, and he accomplished more with the same resources than any of the others excepting Tim Shearer. As long as the work was done for some one else he was capable and efficient. Only when he was called upon to demand on his own account did the paralyzing shyness affect him.

But the one feature that did more to attract the very best element among woodsmen was Camp One. Old woodsmen will still tell you about it, with a longing remnant of glimmer in the corners of their eyes as they recall its glories and the men who worked in it. To have "put in" a winter in Camp One was the mark of a master and the ambition of every raw recruit to the forest.

But Camp One was a privilege. A man entered it only after having proved himself; he remained in it only as long as his efficiency deserved the honor. Its members were invariably recruited from one of the other four camps, never from applicants who had not been in Thorpe's employ.

So Shearer was foreman of a picked crew. Probably no finer body of men was ever gathered at one camp. Some of them had the reputation of being the hardest citizens in three states; others were mild as turtles. They were all pioneers. They had the independence, the unabashed eye, the insubordination even, of the man who has drawn his intellectual and moral nourishment at the breast of a wild nature. They were afraid of nothing alive. From no one, were they chary boy or president, would they take a single word, with the exception always of Tim Shearer and Thorpe.

And they were loyal. It was a point of honor with them to stay "until the last dog was hung." He who deserted in the hour of need was not only a re-

egade, but a fool, for he thus earned a magnificent licking if ever he ran up against a member of the "Fighting Forty." A band of soldiers were they, ready to attempt anything their commander ordered, and, it must be confessed, they were also somewhat on the order of a band of pirates. Marquette thought so each spring after the drive, when, hat tilted, they surged, swearing and shouting, down to Deny Hogan's saloon. Denny had to buy new fixtures when they went away, but it was worth it.

Proud! It was no name for it. Bonst! The fame of Camp One spread abroad over the land. Some people thought Camp One must be a sort of hellhole of roaring, fighting devils. Others sighed and made rapid calculations of the number of logs they could put in if only they could get hold of help like that.

Thorpe himself, of course, made his headquarters at Camp One. During the five years he had never crossed the strait of Mackinaw. In company with his sister had made reputation to him all the southern country. All winter long he was more than busy at his logging. Summers he spent at the mill. Occasionally he visited Marquette, but always on business.

He was happy because he was too busy to be anything else. The insistent need of success which he had created for himself absorbed all other sentiments. He demanded it of others rigorously. He could do no less than demand it of himself. The chief end of any man, as he saw it, was to do well and successfully what his life found ready.

Success, success, success. Nothing could be of more importance. Its attainment argued a man's efficiency in the scheme of things. Anything that interfered with it—personal comfort, inclination, affection, desire, love of ease, individual liking—was bad.

Thorpe cared for just three people, and none of them happened to clash with his machine. They were Wallace Carpenter, Little Phil and Injun Charley.

Wallace was always personally agreeable to Thorpe. Lately, since the erection of the mill, he had developed unexpected acumen in the disposal of the season's cut to wholesale dealers in Chicago. Thereafter he was often in the woods both for pleasure and to get his partner's ideas on what the firm would have to offer. The entire responsibility of the city end of the business was in his hands.

Injun Charley continued to hunt and trap in the country round about. Once or twice a month the lumberman would snowshoe down to the little cabin at the forks. Entering, he would nod briefly and seat himself on a cracker box.

"How do, Charley?" said he.

"How do?" replied Charley.

They filled pipes and smoked. At rare intervals one of them made a remark tersely:

"Catch um beaver las' week," remarked Charley.

"Good haul," commented Thorpe.

Or:

"I saw a milpk track by the big bowl-der," offered Thorpe.

"It'm!" responded Charley in a long drawn falsetto whine.

Yet somehow the men came to know each other better and better, and each felt that in an emergency he could depend on the other to the uttermost in spite of the difference in race.

As for Philip, he was like some strange, shy animal, retaining all its wild instincts, but led by affection to become domestic. He drew the water, cut the wood—none better. In the evening he played atrociously his violin—none worse—beating his great white brow forward with the wolf glare in his eyes, swaying his shoulders with a fierce delight in the subtle dissonances of the horrible tunes he played. And often he went into the forest and gazed wondering at occult things. Above all he worshipped Thorpe. And in turn the lumberman accorded him a good natured affection.

Financially the company was rated high and yet was heavily in debt. This condition of affairs by no means constitutes an anomaly in the lumbering business.

The profits of the first five years had been immediately reinvested in the business. Thorpe intended to establish in a few years more a big plant which would be returning benefits in proportion not only to the capital originally invested, but also in ratio to the energy, time and genius he had himself expended.

Every autumn the company found itself suddenly in easy circumstances. At any moment that Thorpe had chosen to be content with the progress made he could have, so to speak, declared dividends with his partner. Instead of undertaking more improvements, for part of which he borrowed some money, he could have divided the profits of the season's cut. But this he was not yet ready to do.

He had established five more camps; he had acquired over 150,000,000 more of lumber lying contiguous to his own; he had built and equipped a modern high efficiency mill; he had constructed a harbor breakwater and the necessary booms; he had bought a tug; built a boarding house. All this cost mon-

ey now to construct a logging railroad. Then he promised himself and Wallace that they would be ready to commence paying operations. He had made all the estimates and even the preliminary survey. He was therefore the more grievously disappointed when Wallace Carpenter made it impossible for him to do so.

It was about the middle of July. He was sitting back idly in the clean painted mill office with the big square desk and the three chairs. Through the door he could see Collins perched on a high stool before the shelf-like desk. From the open window came the clear, misty note of the circular saw, the fresh, aromatic smell of new lumber, the bracing air from Superior sparkling in the offing. He felt tired. In rare moments such as these, when the muscles of his striving relaxed, his mind turned to the past. Old sorrows rose before him and looked at him with their sad eyes. He wondered where his sister was. She would be twenty-two years old now. A tenderness, haunting, fearful, invaded his heart. At such moments the hard shell of his rough woods life seemed to rend apart. He longed with a great longing for sympathy, for love.

The outer door, beyond the cage behind which Collins and his shelf desk were placed, flew open. Thorpe heard a brief greeting, and Wallace Carpenter stood before him.

"Why, Wallace, I didn't know you were coming!" began Thorpe, and stopped. The boy, usually so fresh and happily buoyant, looked ten years older. Wrinkles had gathered between his eyes. "Why, what's the matter?" cried Thorpe.

He rose and swiftly shut the door into the outer office. Wallace seated himself mechanically.

"Everything! Everything!" he said in despair. "I've been a fool. I've been blind."

So bitter was his tone that Thorpe was startled. The lumberman sat down on the other side of the desk.

"That 'il do, Wallace," he said sharply. "Tell me briefly what is the matter."

"I've been speculating!" burst out the boy.

"Ah!" said his partner.

"I thought on a margin. There came a slump. I met the margins because I am sure there will be a rally, but now all my fortune is in the thing. I'm going to be penniless. I'll lose it all."

"Ah!" said Thorpe.

"And the name of Carpenter is so old established, so honorable!" cried the unhappy boy. "And my sister?"

"Easy!" warned Thorpe. "Being penniless isn't the worst thing that can happen to a man."

"No, but I am in debt," went on the boy more calmly. "I have given notes. When they come due I'm a goner."

"How much?" asked Thorpe laconically.

"Thirty thousand dollars."

"Well, you have that amount in this firm."

"What do you mean?"

"If you want it you can have it."

Wallace considered a moment.

"That would leave me without a cent," he replied.

"But it would save your commercial honor."

"Harry," cried Wallace suddenly, "couldn't this firm go on my note for



Wallace Carpenter stood before him, thirty thousand more? Its credit is good, and that amount would save my margins."

"You are partner," replied Thorpe. "Your signature is as good as mine in this firm."

"But you know I wouldn't do it without your consent," replied Wallace reproachfully. "Oh, Harry," cried the boy. "When you needed the amount I let you have it."

Thorpe smiled.

"You know you can have it if it's to be had, Wallace. I was merely trying to figure out where we can raise such a sum as \$30,000. We haven't got it."

"But you'll never have to pay it," assured Wallace eagerly. "If I can save my margins I'll be all right."

"A man has to figure on paying whatever he puts his signature to," asserted Thorpe. "I can give you our note payable at the end of a year. Then I'll hustle in enough timber to make up the amount. It means we don't get our railroad; that's all."

"I knew you'd help me out. Now it's all right," said Wallace, with a relieved air.

Thorpe shook his head. He was already trying to figure how to increase his cut to 30,000,000 feet.

"I'll do it," he muttered to himself

after Wallace had gone out to visit the mill. "I've been demanding success of others for a good many years; now I'll demand it of myself."

CHAPTER XXI.

THIS moment had struck for the woman. Thorpe did not know it, but it was true. A solitary, brooding life in the midst of grand surroundings; an active, strenuous life among great responsibilities; a starved, hungry life of the affection whence even the sister had withdrawn her love—all these had worked unobtrusively toward the formation of a single psychological condition. Such a moment comes to every man. Then are happiness and misery beside which the mere struggle to dominate men becomes trivial, the petty striving with the forces of nature a little thing, and the woman he at that time meets is more than a woman; she is the best of that man made visible.

Thorpe found himself for the first time filled with the spirit of restlessness. His customary iron evenness of temper was gone, so that he wandered quickly from one detail of his work to another without seeming to penetrate below the surface need of any one task. But a week before he had felt himself absorbed in the component parts of his enterprise. Now he was outside of it. Thorpe took this state of mind much to heart and combated it. Invariably he held himself to his task. By an effort, a tremendous effort, he succeeded in doing so. The effort left him limp. He found himself often standing or moving gently, his eyes staring sightless, his will chained so softly and yet so firmly that he felt he ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~hardly~~ ^{hardly} the desire to break from the dream that lulled him. Then he was conscious of the physical warmth of the sun, the faint sweet wood smells, the soothing caress of the breeze, the sleepy cloud-like note of the pine creeper. He wanted nothing so much as to sit on the pine needles there in the golden flood of radiance and dream—dream on—vaguely, comfortably, sweetly.

"Lord, Lord!" he cried impatiently. "What's coming to me? I must be a little off my feed!"

And he hurried rapidly to his duties. After an hour of the hardest concentration he had ever been required to bestow on a trivial subject he again unconsciously sank by degrees into the old apathy.

"Glad it isn't the busy season!" he commented to himself. "Here, I must quit this! Guess it's the warm weather. I'll get down to the mill for a day or two."

There he found himself incapable of even the most petty routine work. He sat at his desk at 8 o'clock and began the perusal of a sheaf of letters. The first three he read carefully, the following two rather hurriedly, of the next one he seized only the salient and essential points, the seventh and eighth he skimmed, the remainder of the bundle he thrust aside in uncontrollable impatience. Next day he returned to the woods.

The incident of the letters had aroused to the full his old fighting spirit, before which no mere instincts could stand.

Once more his mental process became clear and incisive, his commands direct and to the point. To all outward appearance Thorpe was as before.

He opened Camp One, and the Fighting Forty came back from distant drinking joints. This was in early September. That able-bodied and devoted band of men was on hand when needed. Shearer in some subtle manner of his own had let them feel that this year meant 30,000,000 or "bust." They tightened their leather belts and stood ready for command. After much discussion with Shearer the young man decided to take out the logs from "eleven" by driving them down French creek.

To this end a gang was put to clearing the creek bed. It was a tremendous job. Centuries of forest life had choked the little stream nearly to the level of its banks. Old snags and stumps lay imbedded in the ooze; decayed trunks, moss grown, blocked the current; leaning tamaracks, fallen timber, tangled vines, dense thickets, gave to its course more the appearance of a tropical jungle than of a north country brook bed. All these things had to be removed one by one and either piled to one side or burned. In the end, however, it would pay. French creek was not a large stream, but it could be driven during the time of the spring freshets.

Each night the men returned in the beautiful dreamlike twilight to the camp. There they sat after eating, smoking their pipes in the open air. Much of the time they sang, while Phil, crouching wolf-like over his violin, rasped out an accompaniment of dissonances. The men's voices lent themselves well to the weird minor strains of the chantey. These times, when the men sang and the night wind rose and died in the hemlock tops, were Thorpe's worst moments. His soul, tired with the day's iron struggle, fell to brooding. He wanted something, he knew not what.

The men were singing in a mighty chorus, swaying their heads in unison and bringing out with a roar the emphatic words of the crude ditties written by some genius from their own ranks.

"Come all ye sons of freedom throughout old Michigan, Come all ye valiant lumbermen, list to a shanty man. On the banks of the Muskegon, where the rapid waters flow, Oh, we'll range the wild woods o'er while a-lumberin' we go."

Here was the bold unabashed front of the pioneer, here was absolute certainty in the superiority of his calling, absolute scorn of all others. Thorpe passed his hand across his brow. The same spirit was once fully and freely his.

"The music of our burnished ax shall make the woods resound, And many a lofty ancient pine will tumble to the ground. At night around our shanty fire we'll sing while rude winds blow, Oh, we'll range the wild woods o'er while a-lumberin' we go!"

That was what he was here for. Things were going right. It would be pitiful to fall merely on account of this idiotic lassitude, this unmanly weakness, this boyish impatience and desire for play. He a woodsman! He a fellow with these big strong men!

A single voice, clear and high, struck into a quick measure:

"I am a jolly shanty boy, As you will soon discover; To all the dodges I am fly, A hunting pine wood pretty. A penny hook it is my pride; An ax I well can handle; To get a tree or punch a bull, Get rattling Danny Randall!"

And then, with a rattle and crash, the whole Fighting Forty shrieked out the chorus:

"Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!"

Active, alert, prepared for any emergency that might arise; hearty, ready for everything, from punching bulls to felling trees—that was something like! Thorpe despised himself. The song went on:

"I love a girl in Saginaw; She lives with her mother. I defy all Michigan To find such another. She's tall and slim; her hair is red; Her face is plump and pretty. She's my daisy Sunday best-day girl, And her front name stands for Kitty."

And again, as before, the Fighting Forty howled frantically:

"Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!"

The words were vulgar, the air a mere minor chant. Yet Thorpe's mind was stirred. His aroused subconsciousness had been engaged in reconstructing these men entire as their songs voiced rudely the inner characteristics of their beings. Now his spirit halted. Their bravery, pride of caste, resource, bravado, boastfulness—all these he had checked off approvingly. Here now was the idea of the mate. Somewhere for each of them was a "Kitty," a "daisy Sunday best-day girl." At the present or in the past these woods rollers, this Fighting Forty, had known love. Thorpe rose abruptly and turned at random into the forest. The song pursued him as he went.

"I took her to a dance one night, A messack gave the bidding; Silver Jack tossed the shawl, And Big Dan played the fiddle. We danced and drank the living night, With lights between the dancing. Till Silver Jack cleaned out the ranch And sent the mossbacks prancing."

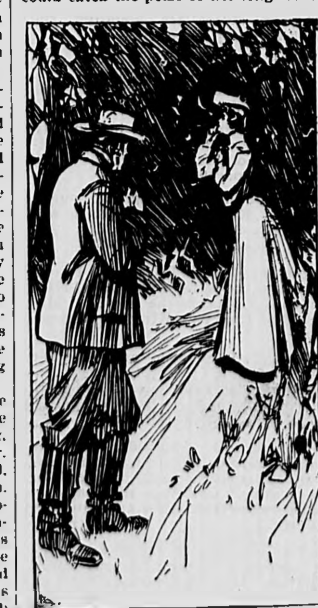
And with the increasing war and turmoil of the quick water the last shout of the Fighting Forty mingled faintly and was lost.

"Bung yer eye! Bung yer eye!"

Thorpe found himself at the edge of the woods facing a little glade into which streamed the radiance of a full moon.

There he stood and looked silently, not understanding, not caring to inquire. Across the way a white-throat was singing, clear, beautiful, like the shadow of a dream. The girl stood listening.

Her small, fair head was inclined ever so little sideways, and her finger was on her lips as though she wished to still the very hush of night, to which impression the inclination of her supple body lent its grace. The moonlight shone full upon her countenance. A little white face it was, with wide, clear eyes and a sensitive, proud mouth that now half parted like a child's. Her eyebrows arched from her straight nose in the peculiarly graceful curve that falls just short of pride on the one side and of power on the other to fill the eyes with a pathos of trust and innocence. The man watching could catch the poise of her long white



The girl stood listening, neck and the molten moon fire from her tumbled hair—the color of corn silk, but finer.

Behind her lurked the low, even shadow of the forest where the moon was not, a band of velvet against which the girl and the light-touched twigs and bushes and grass blades were etched like frost against a black window pane. There was something, too, of the frostwork's evanescent spiritual quality in the scene, as though at any moment, with a buff of the balmy summer wind, the radiant glade, the hovering figure, the filigreed silver of the entire setting would melt into the accustomed stern and menacing forest of the northland, with its wolves and its wild deer and the voices of its sterner calling.

Thorpe held his breath and waited. Again the white-throat lifted his clear,

spiritual note across the brightness, slow, trembling with ecstasy. The girl never moved. She stood in the moonlight like a beautiful emblem of silence, half real, half fancy, part woman, wholly divine, listening to the little bird's message.

For the third time the song shivered across the night; then Thorpe, with a soft sob, dropped his face in his hands and looked no more.

CHAPTER XXII.

FOR several days this impression satisfied him completely. He did not attempt to analyze it; he did not even make an effort to contemplate it. Curiosity, speculation, longing—all the more active emotions remained in abeyance, while outwardly for three days Harry Thorpe occupied himself only with the needs of the Fighting Forty at Camp One. He was vaguely conscious of a great peace within him, a great stillness of the spirit.

Little by little the condition changed. The man felt vague stirrings of curiosity. He speculated aimlessly as to whether or not the glade, the moonlight, the girl, had been real or merely the figments of imagination. Almost immediately the answer leaped at him from his heart. Since she was so certainly flesh and blood, whence did she come? What was she doing there in the wilderness? His mind pushed the query aside as unimportant, rushing eagerly to the essential point. When could he see her again? His placidity had gone. That morning he made some vague excuse to Shearer and set out blindly down the river. And so, without thought, without clear intentions even, he saw her again. It was near the "pole trail," which was less like a trail than a rail fence.

When the snows are deep and snow-shoes not the property of every man who cares to journey, the old fashioned "pole trail" comes into use. It is merely a series of horses built of timber, across which thick Norway logs are laid about four feet from the ground to form a continuous pathway. In summer it resembles nothing so much as a thick one rail fence of considerable height, around which a fringe of light brush has grown.

Thorpe reached the fringe of bushes and was about to dodge under the fence when he saw her. So he stopped short, concealed by the leaves and the thicker horse.

She stood on a knoll in the middle of a grove of monster pines. There was something of the cathedral in the spot. The girl stood tall and straight among the tall, straight pines like a figure on an ancient tapestry. She was doing nothing—just standing there—but the awe of the forest was in her wide, clear eyes.

In a moment she stirred slightly and turned. Drawing herself to her full height, she extended her hands over her head, palm outward, and with an indescribably graceful gesture bowed a ceremonious adieu to the solemn trees. Then, with a little laugh, she moved away in the direction of the river.

At once Thorpe proved a great need of seeing her again. In his present mood there was nothing of the awe-stricken peace he had experienced after the moonlight adventure. He wanted the sight of her as he had never wanted anything before. The strong man desired it. And finding it impossible he raged inwardly and tore the tranquillities of his heart.

So it happened that he ate hardly at all that day and slept fitfully and discovered the greatest difficulty in preserving the outward semblance of ease which the presence of Tim Shearer and the Fighting Forty demanded.

And next day he saw her again, and the next, because the need of his heart demanded it and because, simply enough, she came every afternoon to the clump of pines by the old pole trail. But now curiosity awoke and a desire for something more. He must speak to her, touch her hand, look into her eyes. He resolved to approach her, and the mere thought choked him and sent him weak.

When he saw her again from the shelter of the pole trail he dared not, and so stood there prey to a novel sensation, that of being bullied in an intention. As he hesitated he saw that she was walking slowly in his direction. Perhaps a hundred paces separated the two. She took them deliberately. Her progression was a series of poses, the one which melted imperceptibly into the other without appreciable pause of transition.

In a moment she had reached the fringe of brush about the pole trail. They stood face to face.

She gave a little start of surprise, and her hand leaped to her breast, where it caught and stayed. Her child-like down-dropping mouth parted a little more, and the breath quickened through it. But her eyes, her wide, trusting, innocent eyes, sought his and rested.

He did not move. One on either side of the spike-marked old Norway log of the trail they stood, and for an appreciable interval the duel of their glances lasted—he masterful, passionate, exigent; she proud, cool, defensive in the aloofness of her beauty. Then at last his prevailed. A faint color rose from her neck, deepened and spread over her face and forehead. In a moment she dropped her eyes.

"Don't you think you stare a little rudely, Mr. Thorpe?" she asked.

The vision was over.

"How did you know my name?" he asked.

She planted both elbows on the Norway and framed her little face delicately with her long pointed hands.

"If Mr. Harry Thorpe can ask that question," she replied, "he is not quite so impulsive as I had thought him."

"How is that?" he inquired breathlessly.

"Don't you know who I am?" she asked in return.

"A goddess, a beautiful woman!" he answered rapturously enough.

She looked straight at him. This time his gaze dropped.

"I am a friend of Elizabeth Carpenter, who is Wallace Carpenter's sister, who, I believe, is Mr. Harry Thorpe's partner."

She paused as though for comment. The young man opposite was occupied in many other more important directions.

"We wrote Mr. Harry Thorpe that we were about to descend on his district with wagons and tents and Indians and things, and asked him to come and see us."

The girl looked at him for a moment steadily, then smiled. The change of countenance brought Thorpe to himself. "But I never received the letter, I'm so sorry," said he. "It must be at the mill. You see, I've been up in the woods for nearly a month."

"Then we'll have to forgive you."

"But I should think they would have done something for you at the mill!"

"Oh, we didn't come by way of your mill. We drove from Marquette."

"I see," cried Thorpe, enlightened. "But I'm sorry I didn't know. I suppose you thought I was still at the mill. How did you get along? Is Wallace with you?"

"No," she replied, dropping her hands and straightening her erect figure. "It's horrible. He was coming, and then some business came up, and he couldn't get away. We are having the loveliest time, though. I do adore the woods. Come," she cried impatiently, sweeping aside to leave a way clear. "You shall meet my friends."

Thorpe imagined she referred to the rest of the tenting party. He hesitated.

"I am hardly in fit condition," he objected.

She laughed, parting her red lips. "You are extremely picturesque just as you are," she said, with rather undressing directness. "I wouldn't have you any different for the world. But my friends don't mind. They are used to it." She laughed again.

Thorpe crossed the pole trail and for the first time found himself by her side. The warm summer odors were in the air; a dozen lively little birds sang in the brush along the path; the sunlight danced and flickered through the openings.

Then suddenly they were among the pines, and the air was cool, the vista dim and the birds' songs inconceivably far away.

He said little, and that lamely, for he dreaded to say too much. To her playful sallies he had no rejoinder, and in consequence he fell more silent with another boding—that he was losing his cause outright for lack of a ready word.

And so the last spoken exchange between them meant nothing, but if each could have read the unsaid words that quivered on the other's heart Thorpe would have returned to the Fighting Forty more tranquilly, while she would probably not have returned to the camping party at all for a number of hours.

"I do not think you had better come with me," she said. "Make your call and be forgiven on your own account. I don't want to drag you in at my chariot wheels."

"All right. I'll come this afternoon," Thorpe had replied.

"I love her; I must have her. I must go—at once," his soul cried, "quick—now—before I kiss her!"

"How strong he is," she said to herself, "how brave looking, how honest! He is different from the other men. He is magnificent."

That afternoon Thorpe met the other members of the party, offered his apologies and explanations and was graciously forgiven. He found the person to consist of first of all Mrs. Cary, the chaperon, a very young married woman of twenty-two or thereabout; her husband, a youth of three years older, clean shaven, light haired, quiet mannered; Miss Elizabeth Carpenter, who resembled her brother in the characteristics of good looks, vivacious disposition and curly hair; an attendant satellite of the masculine persuasion called Morton, and last of all the girl whom Thorpe had already so variously encountered and whom he now met as Miss Hilda Farrand. Besides these were Ginger, a stout negro built to fit the galley of a yacht, and three Indian guides. They inhabited tents, which made quite a little encampment.

Thorpe was received with enthusiasm. Wallace Carpenter's stories of his woods partner, while never doing more than justice to the truth, had been warm. One and all owned a lively curiosity to see what a real woodsman might be like. When he proved to be handsome and well-mannered as well as picturesque his reception was no longer in doubt.

Nothing could exceed his solicitude as to their comfort and amusement. He inspected personally the arrangement of the tents and suggested one or two changes conducive to the latter comforts. Simple things enough they were—it was as though a city man were to direct a newcomer to Central park—yet Thorpe's new friends were profoundly impressed with his knowledge of occult things. The forest was to them, as to most, more or less of a mystery unfathomable except to the favored of genius. A man who could interpret it even a little into the speech of everyday comfort and expediency possessed a strong claim to their imaginations. When he had finished those practical affairs they wanted him to sit down and tell them more things—to dine with them, to smoke about their camp fire in the evening. But here they encountered a decided check. Thorpe became silent, almost morose. He talked in monosyllables and soon went away. They did not know what to make of him and so were of course the more profoundly interested.

The truth was his habitual reticence would not have permitted a great degree of expansion in any case, but now the presence of Hilda made any but an attitude of hushed waiting for her words utterly impossible to him.

However, when he discovered that Hilda had ceased visiting the clump of pines near the pole trail his desire forced him back among these people. He used to walk in swiftly at almost any time of day, casting quick glances here and there in search of his divinity.

"How do, Mrs. Cary," he would say. "Nice weather. Enjoying yourself?"

On receiving the reply he would answer heartily. "That's good," and taper into silence. When Hilda was about he followed every movement of hers with his eyes, so that his strange conduct lacked no explanation or interpretation, in the minds of the women at least. Thrice he redeemed his reputation for being an interesting character by conducting the party on little expeditions here and there about the country. Then his woodcraft and resourcefulness spoke for him. They asked him about the lumbering operations, but he seemed indifferent.

"Nothing to interest you," he affirmed. "We're just cutting roads now. You ought to be here for the drive."

Once he took them over to see Camp One. They were immensely pleased and were correspondingly loud in exclamations. Thorpe's comments were brief and dry. On the way back for the first time Thorpe found that chance—and Mrs. Cary—had allotted Hilda to his care.

A hundred yards down the trail they encountered Phil. The dwarf stopped short, looked attentively at the girl and then softly approached. When quite near to her he again stopped, gazing at her with his soul in his liquid eyes.

"You are more beautiful than the sea at night," he said directly.

The others laughed. "There's sincerity for you, Miss Hilda," said young Mr. Morton.

"Who is he?" asked the girl after they had moved on.

"Our chore boy," answered Thorpe, with great brevity.

The rest of the party had gone ahead, leaving them sauntering more slowly down the trail.

"Why don't you come to the pine grove any more?" he asked bluntly.

"Why?" countered Hilda in the manner of women.

"I want to see you there. I want to



A ceremonious adieu to the solemn trees. talk with you. I can't talk with all that crowd about."

"I'll come tomorrow," she said; then with a little mischievous laugh, "if that'll make you talk."

"You must think I'm awfully stupid," agreed Thorpe blithely.

"Ah, no; oh, no," she protested softly. "You must not say that."

She was looking at him very tenderly, if he had only known it, but he did not, for his face was set in discontented lines straight before him.

"It is true," he replied.

They walked on in silence, while gradually the dangerous fascination of the woods crept down on them. Just before sunset a hush fell on nature. The wind had died; the birds have not yet begun their evening songs; the light itself seems to have left off sparkling and to lie still across the landscape. Such a hush now lay on their spirits. Over the way a creeper was crawling sleepily a little faint, the only voice in the wilderness. In the heart of the man, too, a little voice raised itself alone.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart!" he breathed over and over again. After awhile he said it gently in a half voice.

"No, no, hush!" said the girl. And she laid the soft, warm fingers of one hand across his lips and looked at him from a height of superior soft-eyed tenderness as a woman might look at a child. "You must not. It is not right."

Then he kissed the fingers very gently before they were withdrawn, and she said nothing at all in rebuke, but looked straight before her with troubled eyes.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Harriet M. Fowler, late of Newton, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscriber.

Address, 117 Oakleigh Road, Newton, Mass., July 28, 1904.

SERMON

Recently Delivered by Rev. Albert Hammett

Before Class of 1904 Newton High School.

Revelation 21: 13th and 16th "And the city lieth four square: on the East three gates on the North three gates on the South three gates and on the West three gates."

These words refer to the city celestial but I desire to apply them to the Four Square Life.

1. Let the three gates on the North symbolize for us the Physical life. The first and the permanent condition of success is bodily health. The men who stand head and shoulders above their fellows, who are leaders in the professional, commercial, governmental worlds, are often distinguished by vigorous hearts, deep lungs, steady nerves, splendid vitality. Jesus said "the kingdom of heaven is within you." It depends not only upon a pure heart, but also upon a good digestion. Doubtless most of you are favored with robust health, but if you should be doctored with disease, the probabilities are strong that you can rid yourself of it by vigorous and systematic exercise. When a lad, Theodore Roosevelt was subject to asthmatic attacks that sapped his energies and greatly retarded his growth, but the wild, outdoor life of the West, enabled him to exchange his invalidism for athleticism. In the first place, see to it that you foster and fortify your health.

2. Let the three gates on the East typify for us the Intellectual life. If your studies have developed in you the genuine passion of the scholar, then they will inspire you to dig to the roots of things, to probe to the heart of great principles, to get a giant's grip on truth. There was that lad who was so poor, that he had to deny himself the privilege of the desired library book for lack of the requisite fee. Then he resolved that the masters of literature should surrender to him their priceless treasures. He read Shakespeare, Socrates, Shelling and Swendenborg; Plato, Plutarch, Plotinus and Pythagoras; Carlyle, Coleridge, Cowper and Channing; likewise the fifty-five volumes of Goethe. Then he wrote a book entitled "Nature." It was so profound, so mystical, that few could understand it. It took twelve years to dispose of a paltry five hundred copies. But today all the world knows that Ralph Waldo Emerson was a genuine scholar, because he was a brave independent seeker after truth; because he dug down to the roots of great principles; because he revealed God, not as an absentee, but as an immanent, indwelling God, as one who is in the star and the sun-beam, in the mountain and the man. You will soon be called upon to help solve the great questions of the 20th century: the negro question, the labor question, the question of peace or militarism. Be brave, impartial seekers after the truth.

3. The three gates on the South we will employ as emblematical of the Industrial. God is a Fore-knowing God. Paul said "For whom he did fore-know he also did predestinate." Millions of years before man needed marble for his monuments and palaces, the wise and beneficent Creator began to store it up for his children. The sea was alive with tiny creatures, who extracting lime from the water, devoured, digested and then deposited it around them for homes in which to dwell. In time these tiny creatures sank to the bottom of the sea to form marble for the subsequent use of man. Science estimates that it must have required forty-one billions of them to have constructed a cubic inch. You sense my thought; our God is a foreknowing God. He has called you to a specific work. You are to discover it by experiment. Whatever your hand findeth to do, do it with your might. No man marches directly to his God appointed task. Whitfield had to shine shoes before he learned that God had called him as a great evangelist to shine and to save souls. Booker T. Washington as a humble stover, had to unload a vessel, before he discovered that as the famous educator and emancipator, God had called him to lift the burden of oppression and suppression off the negro race. Find your God appointed niche, and then dignify and glorify it.

4. Finally my young friends, let the three gates on the West symbolize for us the Spiritual. Your class motto admirably expresses my thought: "Esse quam videri." To be rather than to seem. The imperative demand of the age is for genuineness. There are too many shoddy politicians who play to the galleries; who are more concerned about those things that will win votes, than about those laws that are sound and right. Too many counterfeit scholars who watch the clock, studying just enough to glide through their exams. Too many

sham ministers who are more interested in fame than faith; who forget to be about their Father's business, to be fishers of men. Be genuine in your speech; use plain, understandable English. Be the genuine friend, always like the Master estimating the lowest man at his highest and his best; be a friend through storm as well as shine. Be genuine in your religion; let it be known by its fruits.

As the legend runs, once a great ball was suspended from the skies, and he who touched it would be rewarded with eternal life. They formed a great circle of men; upon their shoulders another circle, and so on and on, until they almost reached it. Then they impressed into their service a beautiful lad, and when he touched that magic globe, they were all glorified with eternal life. Let that mystic sphere symbolize for you the Newton High School. That human pyramid, the toil and the tragedy which has rendered it possible. In the first tier we discover Cotton Mather and the Puritans; then George Washington and the patriots; then Abraham Lincoln and our brave boys in blue; then Horace Mann and the educationalists; Andrew Carnegie and the philanthropists, John Mitchell and the great industrial army. O my young friends what a debt of gratitude do you owe those who have made your alma mater possible. And how shall you repay it? By incarnating in your conduct and character this noble four-fold life. On the North the Physical, robust health. On the East the Intellectual; be brave, impartial seekers after the truth; digging to the roots of great principles. On the South the Industrial. "The Master is come, and He calleth for thee." Find your God given task and honor it. And on the West the Spiritual. Be honest, be candid, be genuine. And may you merit the Master's approving voice of "Well done."

"God give us men, for times like these—Demands strong minds, great hearts. True faith and willing hands. Men whom the lust of office has not killed; Men who possess convictions and a will; All men, sun crowned, who live above the Earth in public office and in private thinking. For while the rabble with their dumb worn creeds, Their great professions and little deeds, Flatter in the public eye, and in private thinking, Lo! freedom weeps: Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps. God give us this Four-fold man."

CANOE UPSET.

The Charles river at Riverside was the scene of a canoe upset Sunday in which the circumstances were unusual. A young woman canoeist and her male companion, while paddling just below Weston bridge, attempted to change seats and the canoe was overturned. The woman was imprisoned under the canoe, while her companion, being unable to swim, clung to the outside. He reached under the gunwale and managed, with one hand, to keep his companions head up in the small air chamber that had been formed.

A park officer came to the rescue in a boat. He did not know that anyone was underneath the canoe, and he caught the young man by the collar to drag him aboard. This caused the imprisoned woman to sink, but, as she was going down, she caught her companion by the leg.

As he was pulled into the officer's boat, she was brought to the surface to the surprise of the officer. The couple were taken to the park police office and after three hours work recovered from their bath and were sent home.

As customary in such cases, the names of the parties were withheld by the park police.

Legal Notices

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Ella F. Williams, late of Newton, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscriber.

M. S. CLARK WILLIAMS, Adm.
Address, 12 Lewis Wharf, Boston, Mass., July 28th, 1904.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of James B. Frothingham, late of Newton in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Anna M. Frothingham, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of September, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this Citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newton Graphic, a newspaper published in Newton, the last publication to be on or before said day of August, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE J. McLELLAN, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of August in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Sarah E. Allen, late of Newton in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, and appointing Alfred P. Carter of said Newton, Address 28 Tremont Building, Boston, Mass., his agent, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the subscriber.

FREDERICK R. BLOUNT, Executor.
Address 31 Nassau St., New York, N. Y. July 27, 1904.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William B. Goodrich to Nellie F. Goodrich dated March 24th, A. D. 1894, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, in Book 388, Page 149 and for the breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage, will be sold at public auction on Tuesday the twenty-third day of August, A. D. 1904 at nine o'clock in the forenoon upon the premises described below, all and singular that part of the premises described in said mortgage, which are still subject to said mortgage and have not been released from the operation thereof, to-wit:

A certain parcel of land in that part of Newton in the County of Middlesex and in the City of Boston, bounded and described as follows to-wit: Southerly by Webster Street fifty five feet; westerly by Columbus Place eighty feet; Northerly by other land now or late of said mortgagee about in the Easterly end and or late of one Fisher eighty feet. Being the same premises conveyed to the said William B. Goodrich by Caroline B. Allen by deed or deeds recorded with said mortgage, except so much thereof as have been released from the operation of said mortgage.

The premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes or assessments, and to any other incumbrances of record, if any. Two hundred dollars will be required to be paid in cash at the time and place of sale, other terms announced at sale.

HARRY N. SQUIRE, Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage.

10 School St., Room 52, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Arthur Kybert to George Hudson dated July 1st, 1894 and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, in Book 229, Page 33, and for the breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on Monday the 22nd day of August, 1904, at thirty minutes after twelve o'clock in the afternoon, for a breach of the conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit:

A certain parcel of land with buildings thereon in Boston, and bounded and described as follows: southerly by California Street sixty two feet, easterly by land formerly of Bridge Street fifty two feet, southerly by and of Bridge Street, westerly by land of Alfred Parker seventy three feet to point of beginning. The same being a portion of lot 4 on plan of land, owned by Josiah Rutter and John Moore in Newton, Mass., and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds of Plots in plan of lot before the same premises conveyed to said Arthur Kybert by said George Hudson.

One hundred dollars (\$100) will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

GEORGE M. WEED, Assignee of said mortgage.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William B. Towne to Emma J. Blackman, dated August 10, 1901 and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Southern District, volume 222, Page 23, and for the breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction at the office of the Waltham Coal Company, No. 62 Main Street, Waltham, Massachusetts, on Tuesday the twenty-fifth day of August, 1904 at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:

All the mortgagor's right, title and interest in and to all the real estate of the late Charlotte M. Towne of said Newton, situate in said Newton, except that part which has been previously sold, conveyed or otherwise disposed of, together with all the mortgagor's right, title and interest in and to all the real estate of the late William J. Towne of said Waltham, except that part which has been previously sold, conveyed or otherwise disposed of.

\$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

EMMA J. BLACKMAN, Mortgagee.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by William B. Goodrich to the William W. Babcock, dated May 6, 1904, and recorded in Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds in Book 398, Page 168, for breach of conditions contained in said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage, will be sold at public auction on the premises on Monday August 22, 1904 at 3 o'clock in the afternoon all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:

A certain piece or parcel of land situated on the Easterly side of a private way called Columbus Place in that part of said Newton called West Newton, shown on a plan of land belonging to William B. Goodrich, made by Harry L. Kimball Surveyor, dated April 23, 1904, and to be recited hereafter, bounded and described as follows, viz:—

Beginning at a point on the Easterly side of said Columbus Place, Eighty (80) feet distant from Webster Street, as shown on said plan, and thence running Northerly by said Columbus Place, Eighty (80) feet, thence turning and running Easterly by Lot No. Three (3) on said plan, Fifty seven and 3/4 (57 3/4) feet; thence turning and running Southerly by land of Charles E. Fisher, Eighty (80) feet; thence turning and running Westerly by Lot numbered one (1) on said plan, Fifty seven and 3/4 (57 3/4) feet to point of beginning. Containing about four square feet more or less, and being part of the premises conveyed to me by Caroline B. Allen, by deed dated April 28, 1904, and to be recorded hereafter.

Together with a right of way in said private way called Columbus Place, to use the same in common with others having a like right therein, said private way being fifteen (15) feet wide. Together with the buildings thereon.

One Hundred (100) Dollars will be required to be paid in cash at time and place of sale, other terms announced at sale.

WILLIAM W. BABCOCK COMPANY, Mortgagee.

Rocan 1103, Padlock Building, Boston, Mass.

Boston July 29, 1904.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
To the heirs-at-law next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Anna Smith, otherwise known as Mrs. Anna M. Smith, late of Newton in said County of Middlesex, deceased, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex, to be administered, and leaving a known husband or heir in said Commonwealth.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant letters of administration on the estate of said deceased to Frederick W. Bullinger, public administrator in and for said County of Middlesex.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of September, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the said public administrator is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newton Graphic, a newspaper published in Newton, the last publication to be on or before said day of August.

Witness, GEORGE J. McLELLAN, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of July, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

Ask For Yankee Cleaner.

The universal polish and cleaner. The only cleaner for highly polished or varnished and painted surfaces. For polishing brass, copper, nickel, steel, gold, silver, it has no equal. Yankee Cleaner contains no acid, lye, or other poisonous substances. Excellent for household use. At all grocers, hardware and harness dealers, or at

BOSTON OFFICE
333 Washington St., Room 2.
Telephone 6784 Main.

We Have the Most Attractive Selection of Artistic Wall Papers

ever shown in Newton. The designs are new and clever. The coloring is harmonious. Painting and Decorating when done by us is done in a thorough and satisfactory manner. Let us give you the benefit of our taste and experience.

HOUGH & JONES CO., Newton, Mass.

DO NOT

these burglaries which are happening all the time suggest anything to you. Burglary theft and all its attendant evils.

is the only protection. HICKLEY & WOODS, Insurance of all kinds, 32 Kibby street, Boston. Telephone Main 167 and 618.

Newton and Watertown

Gas Light Company.

All orders for Gas or Electric Lighting left at their office, 38 Washington street, will receive prompt attention.

Turner Centre Cream

50c a Quart.

G. P. ATKINS,

Centre Street, Newton.

PAXTON confectioner caterer

ELIOT-BLOCK-NEWTON

ORIENTAL TEA COMPANY.

Sole importers of Oriental (Siam) Berry Java (best coffee known) Tea and Coffee to suit every purse and every taste retailed at wholesale prices. Goods always uniform, always pure. Extra choice goods a specialty. Sign of the Big Tea Kettle, Seaville Sq., Boston

FRED A. HUBBARD, Pharmacist.

ASSOCIATES' BLOCK, 425 CENTRE ST NEWTON.

SUNDAY CLOSING HOURS:
From 10.30 A.M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P.M.



WORN OUT?

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Eminent physicians have been attracted by similar cases and after making a careful and scientific study of their requirements have compounded a remedy called *Vin-Tonic*, which builds up body and mind in a remarkably short time.

Vitality is what you need and vitality is what *Vin-Tonic* gives.

We tell you of this preparation hoping it may find its way into every home where man, woman or child is suffering from lack of energy.

Vin-Tonic can be procured at a very trivial expense and will build up your system as it has thousands of others.

Sold on a positive guarantee by

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Stevens Building,

Nonantum Square, Newton

JOHN IRVING, FLORIST

Cut Flowers, House Plants, Funeral Designs, Flowers for Weddings and Parties.

Pearl St. - - - - - Newton, Telephone Connection

Newton Centre.

—Mrs. J. F. Russell is at Franklin, N. H.

—Miss Julia L. Towle of Norwood avenue is ill.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Matthews of Ashton park are at Poulney, Vt.

—Mr. A. C. Walworth and family of Centre street are at Marblehead.

—Mills' undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—Dr. and Mrs. C. Arthur Boutele of Langley road left Monday for Brant Rock.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Burlingham of Irving street leave this week for Annapolis.

—Miss Hattie Ross has returned to her position in the Newton Centre Savings Bank.

—Miss Helen L. Cook of Cypress is spending two weeks at Robbins Farm, Keene, N. H.

—Mrs. and Mrs. H. S. Philbrick of Ashton park are enjoying a stay at Waterville, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kirkland of Parker street left this week for an outing at Westboro.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Norris of Glenwood avenue are at the Kearsarge, North Conway.

—Mr. L. R. Spear and family of Summer street are among the guests at the Hotel Preston, Marblehead.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Brayton of Cypress street are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marston of Cypress street are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

—Mr. and Mrs. William B. Merrill of Lake terrace are receiving congratulations on the birth of a little girl.

—Mr. Arthur C. Carroll of the Newton Centre Trust Company is visiting in Nova Scotia for two weeks.

—Tonight, at the Baptist church Fay Chi Ho and K'ung Siang Si, Chinese students at Oberlin, Ohio, will speak.

—Miss Margaret Noyes and her brother Mr. Edward Noyes of Warren street are spending August at Squirrel Island.

—Rev. Dr. Harry P. Dewey, D. D. of the Pilgrim church, Brooklyn, N. Y. will preach at the Baptist church Sunday August 7th.

—Mrs. I. Macomber and her daughter Miss Grace Macomber of Homer street are spending the remainder of the season at Brant Rock.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Edmonds and family are again occupying their Lake avenue residence, after a few weeks' stay at Buzzards Bay.

—The fire for which box 713 was rung last Friday evening was caused by spontaneous combustion in the residence of Mr. Baird, Elmore road.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bennett of Beacon street sailed last Tuesday on the Ivernia for England. They will visit the English lakes, and later in the season tour Scotland.

—The contractors have finished the new building of the First Church in Newton and the dedication exercises will take place Sunday Sept. 18. Rev. Samuel E. Herrick will preach the sermon of dedication.

—Mrs. Mary A. Chamberlin has purchased Mrs. R. M. Wilson's estate numbered 76 Summer street, consisting of a frame dwelling house and about 6500 square feet of land. Mrs. Chamberlin and family will occupy it after making improvements.

—Many well known residents of this section were present at the funeral of Joshua Loring which took place at his son's residence on Crescent street Saturday afternoon. The services were conducted by Prof. John M. English of the faculty of the Newton Theological Institution, and the burial at Mt. Auburn cemetery was private.

—Maj. Oliver H. Story, assistant inspector-general of rifle practice on Brig.-Gen. Whitney's staff, 24 brigade died yesterday morning at his country home in Wakefield. He was born in Gloucester, 33 years ago, but lived in Newton the greater part of his life. In April, 1903, he was married to Mrs. J. C. Pearson, who, with one infant son, survives him.

Newton Highlands.

—Mrs. Fletcher of Eliot is away for a summer outing.

—Rev. Dr. Smith has gone to meet his family in Maine.

—Mr. J. E. Peckham and family have gone to Maine.

—The Bassett family have returned from the St. Louis Fair.

—Mr. F. W. Giles and family have returned from Gloucester.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hanscom are at Minor Lake, N. H.

—Mr. Walter Adams and family are at New Found Lake, N. H.

—Mr. A. W. Small and family are home from a vacation stay.

—The Bonve family of Eliot have returned from Beaumont.

—Mr. E. C. Nash and family of Eliot have gone to Beaumont.

—The Bonve family of Eliot have returned from Beaumont.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Rev. and Mrs. C. G. Twombly are at "The Woodland" N. H.

—Mrs. W. B. Page of Walnut street is visiting relatives at Canton.

—The Misses Harvey of Hyde street are at Brooklyn, Me. for a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ogden have as their guest Mrs. Danforth of Newton Centre.

—The Durgin family have gone to New Hampshire for a stay of two weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Martin of Hartford street are away on a summer trip.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy of Erie avenue have returned from their stay in Maine.

—Mr. Merton Holmes and family have returned from a stay at the South Shore.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Greenwood are at Mr. Sydney Harwood's, Waverly Avenue, Newton.

—Rev. Chas. Harrison Davis, pastor of the Methodist church and wife are at Westfield, Mass.

—Wallace R. Hall has been awarded a half scholarship at the M. I. T. by the State Board of Education.

—Rev. D. Baines Griffiths of Boston will conduct the services at the Congregational church next Sunday morning.

—Mills' undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls with H. S. Hiltz, Eliot station. Tel. N. H. 21240.

—Mrs. E. H. Greenwood accompanied by Miss Sarah Thompson, Miss Jennie O'Connor and Miss Mabel Greenwood visited the Floating Hospital on Saturday.

—The services at the Newton Highlands M. E. church next Sunday evening at 7:30 will be in charge of Evangelists W. J. Cozens and Noble of Newton Highlands. A time of great profit is expected at this mid-summer rally.

Auburndale.

—Pierce, Clairvoyant. See adv.

—Mr. A. M. Hunt and family are at Allerton for the remainder of the season.

—Mrs. E. S. Naughton of Grove street has returned from a short visit at Douglas.

—Miss Minnie Gleason of Hancock street is visiting friends at Meltonboro, N. H.

—Mr. R. S. Douglas and family of Grove street are spending the month at Plymouth.

—Miss Blanche Noyes of Lexington street is visiting relatives and friends at South Acton.

—Mr. Frank Morris of Auburn place is enjoying a few weeks at Bay View, Michigan.

—Miss Helen Crane of Maple street left this week for Maple Farm at Whitefield, N. H.

—Miss M. H. Jackson of Lexington street is enjoying a few weeks outing at South Acton.

—Mr. E. B. Haskell and family of Vista Hill left this week for their summer home in Maine.

—Mr. W. F. Spooner of Aspen avenue is visiting relatives and friends at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

—Mrs. I. Noyes and family have moved from Fern street to the house numbered 232 Melrose street.

—Mr. George Peterson and family of Grove street left this week for their farm at Halifax, Mass.

—Mrs. Edward Purdy and family of West Pine street are at Gloucester for the remainder of the season.

—Mr. Leon Hackett of Woodbine street leaves next Wednesday on a business trip through the West.

—Mr. W. W. Heckman and family of Windermere road left this week for an outing at Green Harbor, Mass.

—Mrs. Mary Peloubet of Woodland road who is spending the summer at Waterville, N. H. is in town for a short time.

—Rev. and Mrs. John Matteson of Auburn street are spending a few weeks at Casco Lodge, Cape Elizabeth, Me.

—Mr. Charles S. Cowdrey of Owatona street left Wednesday on his annual vacation which he will spend camping in Maine.

—Mr. James W. Woodard and family of Greenough street are the guests of Mr. Woodard's sister, Mrs. Arthur L. Davis at her summer home at North Falmouth.

—The many friends of Miss Gladys Chandler of Maple street will be pleased to learn that she has returned from the Newton Hospital where she has been suffering with an attack of appendicitis.

—The Woodland Golf Club will hold a three days open tournament Sept. 29 to Oct. 1, with a qualifying round and match play. On October 11 a mixed foursome open handicap will be held, and on October 25 either a tournament for professionals or a four ball foursome in which amateurs will have professionals for partners is scheduled.

PEARMAN & BROOKS

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General Insurance

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BOSTON

REINSURANCE, 308 COMMONWEALTH AVE

NEWTON CENTRE.

Auburndale.

—Mr. Justin A. Gale and family of Weston are spending August at their summer home at Allerton.

—The letter carriers presented Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson, who were married on Wednesday evening with a beautiful oil painting of John Alden and Priscilla Allen. Mr. Thomas Jones made the presentation speech and Mr. Wilson responded in a few well chosen words. Mr. Wilson is a clerk in the office and is very popular with the men. The affair took place at the future home of the happy couple at 2 Crescent street on Wednesday evening.

—The Gordon Womans' Christian Temperance Union of Auburndale is invited to unite with the union of Greater Boston and vicinity in serving lemonade to the G. A. R. in Boston on parade day Aug. 16. Those who deem it a privilege to assist financially in this most appropriate service, will kindly send their contributions to Mrs. Conn. 94 Central street or to Mrs. Norton, 218 Grove street. Any ladies or young men who will volunteer to personally assist in this service will report to the same addresses.

—After an exciting chase along the railroad tracks at West Newton Sgt. Clay and officers M. J. Neagle and Coady, captured five boys, yesterday, and two others got away. In court this morning they were charged with vagrancy and the cases placed on file. They were Fred Higgins, Thos. M. Powers, Anthony Marshall, Jas. N. McGinty and Douglas Brown and resided in Cambridge.

—A series of petty breaks in Auburndale have annoyed the police this week. Among the places reported were Edw. Almy, C. Willard Carter, A. L. Gordon, J. W. Cookson, Geo. Bourne, R. M. Irwin and the Chinese laundry. There was also an attempted break at Newtonville, Wednesday night and one on Brighton hill the same evening.

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OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

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Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.

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CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.

GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

CLAIRVOYANT.

FRED H. PIERCE.

985 Watertown St., West Newton.

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KIDDER, PEABODY & Co.,

115 Devonshire Street,

BOSTON.

Investment Securities,

Foreign Exchange,

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Join the Procession to Vermont!

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MONTREAL AND

THOUSAND ISLANDS

Are most directly reached from Boston and New England Points via the scenic Central Vermont Railway line. Three fast express trains daily 8 A. M. 11:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. A hundred delightful beautiful and restful vacation resorts (4 to 10 a week) within half day's journey.

Six postage secured book of 120 pages, 150 pictures. "Among the Green Hills," describing attractions in the Green Mountains of Vermont, on the Shores and Islands of Lake Champlain, in Canada and along the River St. Lawrence.

F. H. HANLEY, N. E. P. A., Central Vermont Ry., 300 Washington St., Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Benben S. El-Hott and Sarah J. El-Hott, his wife, in her own right, to Anne L. Renton, dated January 15th, 1903, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book 1365, page 240, for breach of the condition thereof, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises hereinafter described, in Newton, the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on Monday, the twenty-ninth (29th) day of August, A. D. 1904, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, and therein described substantially as follows, viz: "A certain parcel of land, with a dwelling house thereon, situated in that part of said Newton called Auburndale, and bounded and described as follows: Easterly by Grove Street one hundred (100) feet; southerly by land formerly of Pickering one hundred and seventy-eight (178) feet and eight inches; westerly by land now or late of said Pickering one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet to the line of Grove Street, as it existed June 25, 1887, at a point two hundred and seventy-five (275) feet and eight inches southerly from land now or late of M. A. Noyes. Being the same premises conveyed to said Sarah by deed of the Cambridge Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of even date, and to be recorded herewith. This conveyance is made subject to whatever rights the City of Newton or others may have acquired by reason of any widening of Grove Street in front of the granted premises."

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes or assessments, if any such there be.

\$500 in cash will be required to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms at sale.

ANNE L. RENTON, Mortgagee.

August 4, 1904.

For further particulars apply to Frederick J. Banlett, 87 Milk St., Boston, Attorney for Mortgagee.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael C. Hayes of Malden in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and Mary J. Hayes his wife in her right to John C. Rogers as his Trustee under the will of Frederick Tudor, dated the twentieth day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-five, and recorded in Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book 2401, folio 42, for breach of the conditions named in said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at Public Auction, on the premises hereinafter described on Wednesday the 7th day of September, A. D. 1904, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit: A parcel of land situated in that part of Newton in the County of Middlesex, called West Newton, and being a part of lot numbered Three (3) on a plan made by J. Franklin Fuller, dated October 1st, 1892 and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds in Book of Plans 10 Plan 41, containing 17475 square feet, and the most westerly lot of the three lots shown on a plan of grantors land by David Hinckley & E. dated August 14, 1895 and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, and bounded: Westerly, South Westerly and Southerly by the curving line of Sterling and Fairfax streets as shown on said plan, in all one hundred and ninety nine and 8/100 feet;

Temple Court,
Parliament,
British Museum.

A Summer's Outing A "Graphic" Man's Experiences in Europe

London, July 3d 1904.

Dear Graphic: My last letter described St. Paul's cathedral and from there we walked up Fleet street, by the many stores, to the Temple which occupies the south side of the street, and extends to the Thames Embankment. It received its name from the Knights Templars who once occupied the site as a lodge. In 1313 the property fell to the crown and was presented by Edward II to the Earl of Pembroke. At the earl's death the Temple passed into the possession of the Knights of St. John by whom it was leased to the Students of Common Law in 1346 and from that time it has continued to be the leading law school of England. Down to 1609 it paid tribute to the crown, but in that year it was made, by Royal Charter, the free and hereditary property of the Inner and Middle Temple.

The two structures in the Temple are the Temple Church and the Middle Temple Hall. On the way to the former we stopped at 2 Brick court where Blackstone and Oliver Goldsmith lived and in the vicinity where Dr. Samuel Johnson and many prominent legal men moved. Temple Church is of the round type of Gothic architecture and has been used by the legal fraternity for 700 years. The inside is most artistic and the decoration to the ceiling cost \$450,000. The rich inlaid pavement, the beautiful stained glass windows, the monuments of the Templars and the triforium encircling the Round Church are all very fine. Oliver Goldsmith's grave is in the churchyard on the east side and a tablet to his memory has been placed on the north side of the choir.

In the Middle Temple or Gothic Hall, built in 1370, is where the barristers and students dine and on a raised dias at one end on February 10th, 1601, in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare's, "Twelfth Night" was presented for the first time. One of the tables was made from an elm tree from Windsor park, the gift of Queen Elizabeth, and is a remarkably straight piece of wood. On our way to our hotel we visited the court and had the pleasure of hearing Lord Chief Justice Alverstone speak, the Old Curiosity Shop on Portsmouth street, the home of Dickens' Little Nell, and the Soane Museum. This latter was the residence of the late Sir John Soane, the architect of the Bank of England building and in his will he left all his works of art, paintings and bric-a-brac for a museum with sufficient funds to carry it on.

The next morning several of us spent visiting the shops and walking past Buckingham palace, St James' palace, Marlborough house the town residence of the Prince of Wales and down Pall Mall. In the afternoon we visited the Tate Gallery composed entirely of the works of British painters during the 19th century. Some of the artists represented are E. M. Ward, William Linton, Sir David Wilkie, Sir Edwin Landseer, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris and J. S. Sargent.

We saw the famous horse guards on parade and attended His Majesty's Theatre where Sarah Bernhardt displayed her wonderful art in Sardou's "La Sorciere." Our last day in London was a busy one as we wanted to see as much as possible before our departure. Our leader took us first to the South Kensington Museum which was opened in 1857 under the direction of the Department of Education of England and Great Britain and is maintained at an annual expense of three hundred thousand pounds. It is the largest establishment of its kind in the world containing as it does all phases of domestic art and textiles also the famous original Raphael cartoons, seven in number, ordered by Pope Leo X for the purpose of being reproduced on tapestry. The subjects are biblical and are so fine that they were purchased by Charles I of England and finally were placed in this museum.

The art library consists of 50,000 volumes, 60,000 engravings and over 60,000 photographs and drawings. In the picture gallery are the most celebrated masterpieces as well as modern works of value and in the Foster collection portraits of men eminent in all the walks of life. A new building is in process of erection to be paid for by the government, the corner stone having been laid by Queen Victoria in 1899. We did not have time to visit the Natural History Museum on the other side of the street or the Kensington Gardens near by containing the palace where Queen Victoria was born but a view of the gardens could be had from the entrance to the museum.

A short walk brought us to the Houses of Parliament, the present building erected on the banks of the Thames six years after the old one was destroyed in 1834, being the largest Gothic structure in the world. The material used was chiefly iron and magnesium limestone from the Yorkshire quarries. The exterior is ornate in the extreme and comprises in its elaborate construction the statues and coats of arms of all the former sovereigns from the Conquest to the present time. The Victoria Tower at the south-west angle is 75 feet square and 340 feet high, the central tower 60 feet in diameter and rises 300 feet above the Grand Octagonal Hall and the Clock Tower which is nearest Parliament street is 40 feet square and has an elevation of 320 feet.

We went through one of the principal entrances into Westminster Hall and were much impressed when told that in the building there were 1100 rooms, 100 staircases, over two miles of corridors and that it took 16 miles of steam pipes to heat it. The present hall which forms a portion of the old palace of the Anglo-Saxon kings was built about 1400, is late Gothic in architecture and within its walls Charles I was tried and condemned and Cromwell afterwards acknowledged as Lord Protector. Here also William Wallace was condemned to death. Guy Fawkes and the Earl of Strafford were sent to the block and Warren Hastings underwent his trial covering the space of seven years.

Down to 1882 the Lord Mayors of London took oath of office in the hall but that ceremony now takes place in the Royal Law Courts in the Strand. Mr. Gladstone's coffin lay here in state for two days previous to his burial in Westminster Abbey. The hall is considered the largest hall in the world without columns and in the crypt underneath is the extravagantly decorated chapel and baptismal font. Our way led through the Kings' Robing Room, Royal Gallery, Prince's Chamber to the House of Lords, 97 feet long, 45 feet wide and 45 feet high.

The throne occupies the south end and on the right is the throne of the Prince of Wales. That of the Prince Consort is on the left and at the North end is the bar where all messages from the House of Commons are delivered. The galleries for reporters and strangers are above while foreign ministers and ambassadors have seats on either side and slightly above the throne. We saw the woollen sack covered with red near the centre of the hall where the Lord Chancellor sits and the fine wood carving is quite noticeable.

Beyond Central Hall is the House of Commons, 70 feet long, 45 feet wide and 45 feet high which is inadequate to hold all the members at the same time. Speaker Gully's chair is at the North end, above which is a gallery for reporters and opposite one for ladies and the public admitted by card from a member. The British Museum was visited in the afternoon where there is a fine collection of illustrated manuscripts made by the monks of the 9th and 10th centuries, some later in the 14th to the 16th centuries, fine early book bindings, historical autographs and papers. In another part of the museum are samples of the Ionic and Doric frieze, a model of the Pantheon, the Three Fates in marble considered the best type of Athenian art and the Rosetta Stone found by the French in 1798 on the Nile and which gives the clue and key to decipher the hieroglyphics in Egypt.

Our next stop will be in Paris.

Paris, The Louvre, Versailles.

Paris July 6th, 1904.

Dear Graphic: We left London on the evening train for Southampton and from there took a boat for Havre. After a smooth voyage across the English Channel the French shore was seen in the early morning and about seven o'clock the boat arrived at her dock. A ride of a little more than three hours in carriages much after the pattern of the English ones brought us to Paris. We were conveyed in a bus to the Hotel Louis le Grand on the Rue Louis le Grand and found the place pleasant but rather old fashioned.

Paris the capital of the French Republic is one of the most interesting of the continental cities, in shape approaching the circular, and having a circumference of nearly fifteen miles. It is about 270 miles from London and being in a southerly direction is much warmer and dryer in climate. According to the last census taken

three years ago the number of inhabitants was in round numbers 2,660,000. One is impressed at once with the love of the people for flashy articles in dress and ornamentation and with the lack of that stability so prominent in all things American or English. As it was Sunday several members of our party took a walk in the afternoon, across a part of the city along the Avenue de l'Opera, which begins at the Grand Opera House, and to the magnificent gardens of the Tuileries. These extend along the river Seine from the Louvre across the Place de la Concorde and beyond the Palace where the Avenue des Champs Elysees continues its magnificent length for more than half a mile to the Arc de Triomphe.

The following morning we began our sightseeing by visiting the cathedral of Notre Dame the corner stone of which was laid by Pope Alexander III in 1163. It has undergone extensive renovations and alterations in the course of centuries and since 1845 the edifice has been completely restored. It is of mediaeval Gothic in architecture, has two impressive square towers in front and is covered with elaborate carving. The length of the cathedral is 390 feet, the width of the transept 144 feet and the height of the vaulting 182 feet. The gargoyles used for water spouts, are noted for their unique style and originality and show the strong sense of humor of the men who designed them. Around the walls of the church are 37 chapels and the fine wood carvings of the choir and the decorations of the stalls are deserving of special notice.

Monuments of the archbishops of Paris surround the choir and the heart of Prince Talleyrand, the veteran diplomatist, is buried here. Among the objects exhibited by the custodian is a piece and a nail of the true cross and the coronation robes of Napoleon I who was crowned in Notre Dame with the Empress Josephine by Pope Pius VII in December 1804. A graphic account of the cathedral and its surroundings, with a picture of Paris of four centuries ago is given in Victor Hugo's wonderful romance "Notre Dame de Paris."

The united University and Copley parties gathered in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, the great university of Paris later in the morning, when Professor Powers, the president of the bureau gave us a lecture on decorative art with special reference to the fine allegorical painting by Purvis de Chavannes which extends half way around the room. In the afternoon we visited the Hotel des Invalides, a fine building founded by Louis XIV in 1670 for the reception of soldiers who have grown old or been wounded in the service of their country and from there continued our way beyond to the tomb of Napoleon. The gilded dome, which is a conspicuous object from all parts of the city, forms in itself a separate church and was erected by the famous architect Mansart in 1706. There are Doric and Corinthian columns on the exterior and a broad flight of stone steps lead to the entrance. The building is 340 feet high and an additional decoration is secured by statues representing Justice, Temperance, Prudence and Strength and effigies of Charlemagne and St. Louis.

A handsome mosaic design of the time of Louis XIV is in the pavement and in the various chapels are the tombs of Joseph Bonaparte, formerly king of Spain and Jerome, Napoleon's younger brother, once king of Westphalia. This circular interior seems to draw the eye, after a survey around, to the centre where leaning over a balustrade, one looks down into the open crypt and exactly beneath the lofty dome, in a great sarcophagus of red Finland granite the gift of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia are deposited the remains of the "Little Corporal." In 1840, nineteen years after his death, Prince de Joinville, a son of King Louis Philippe brought the remains to France, thus fulfilling the Emperor's wish, expressed in his will and now inscribed over the bronze entrance of the crypt: "I desire that my ashes repose on the borders of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well." Twelve colossal figures representing the chief victories of Napoleon surround the gallery and between the statues are placed fifty four flags arranged in six trophies and taken in the battle of Austerlitz. The Church of St. Louis adjoins and is the religious part of the building. In the evening Professor Powers gave us a most interesting lecture on France and its people.

During our stay in Paris we visited the Louvre several times and revelled in its art treasures. It would not be doing justice to describe the artistic and financial wealth of this great building, covering three sides of a square as it does, in the brief space that can be given to it. The Palace of the Louvre, with the exception of Notre Dame, is the most ancient, as it is undoubtedly the grandest, monument of Paris. It has a varied history, as under the special patronage of several of the kings and now contains eleven different collec-

tions of art treasures, forming one of the most complete displays in the world.

The Italian, Flemish, Spanish and French schools are represented, also Greek, Roman, Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, sculpture, ancient and mediaeval jewelry, cameos, Oriental curiosities and a naval and ethnographical collection. Among the gems of the Louvre are the Venus de Milo, the famous statue of the Winged Victory, da Vinci's paintings, "The Last Supper" and "Mona Lisa;" Titian's "The Burial of Christ;" Bellini's "Holy Family;" Millet's "The Gleaners," and works from the brush of such artists as Botticelli, Cimabue, Giotto, Lippi, Fra Angelico, Andrea del Sarto, Murillo, Rubens, Raphael, Rembrandt and others.

Several students were copying some of the old masterpieces and many of them were most peculiar in dress and personal appearance. A fine statue of Gambetta we noticed in front of the Louvre and later our party enjoyed a bus ride through the principal avenues and streets to the Place de la Bastille. The famous prison, so feared and hated by the people, was levelled with the ground by a decree of the Republican government. The foundations were rediscovered some years ago and a line of white granite on the western side of the pavement marks the boundary of the ancient fortress. Under Louis Philippe a lofty and handsome monument was erected to commemorate the Revolution of 1830.

Several impressions of the city and people are worthy of mention. Many of the hotels and stores are reached from the street by passage ways and courts, and several of the former have grass plots and gardens in hollow squares inside the walls. The chambermaids are of the male sex and the parlor of the hotel goes by the grand name of Salon.

A custom of Parisian life is the outdoor cafes on the sidewalk where one can purchase food or drinks varying in strength. One of the unique features is the cab men with their tall hats made of shiny oil cloth; others are the push cart market wagons, the men wearing smocks and baggy velvet trousers, and in strong contrast the salesman or drummer with his swell clothes, silk hat and cane. In the tram cars or buses the fare is twenty centimes to ride inside or to stand up and on the top outside fifteen centimes. How long would the American people at home stand this? We kick if we have to stand and certainly would not be willing to pay extra. Other places visited during the week were the Palace of Justice and the exquisite little Sainte Chapelle in the Court yard, Hotel Clugny, a Gothic old mansion once the home of the French Court and now used for a museum; the Luxembourg National Museum devoted mainly to the works of the modern French painters and the part of the building where the senate meets.

The work of the Gobelins Tapestry Manufactory is a wonderful example of man's ingenuity and we saw men busy weaving the wonderful tapestries which are not purchasable in the market but are used by the government in public buildings or given as presents to royal, princely and high diplomatic personages. The weaving of the carpets is equally interesting and I was informed that it took from ten to fifteen years to complete one of these designs.

The Pantheon is one of the most satisfactory places to spend an hour with its exquisite wall paintings and frescoes by Chavannes and others illustrating the life of St. Genevieve and Joan of Arc. The top of the dome inside is higher than Bunker Hill Monument and among the 50 bodies interred in the crypt are those of Victor Hugo, Voltaire, Carnot and Rousseau. The Eiffel Tower was passed on the way to the Trocadero, used for a hall and museum, and to the Arcade Triumphe where a climb of 263 feet gave us a fine view of the 12 boulevards radiating from its base and of the city beyond.

Several trips were taken on the river Seine, under bridges with Napoleon's initial carved on the side, the palace where President Loubet resides, and the church of La Madeleine. We saw the interior of this church at its best as we attended the wedding of a count to the daughter of a duke, one noon. The decorations were beautiful, the costumes were the most elaborate and the guests comprised the most exclusive society of Paris.

A party of us went to the Grand Opera House one evening and saw

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Brief Sketch of the Sarah Hull Chapter, D. R.

GENERAL SOCIETY ORGANIZED IN 1891—MASSACHUSETTS STATE SOCIETY ORGANIZED IN 1893—SARAH HULL CHAPTER OF NEWTON ORGANIZED OCTOBER 3RD, 1896.

The Society, Daughters of the Revolution, was organized in 1891 and incorporated in 1892 under the laws of the State of New York, and at the present time claims organization in twenty states and numbers between six and seven thousand members. Massachusetts claims over one thousand in membership. This society was formed to perpetuate the patriotic spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence, to commemorate prominent events connected with the War of the Revolution, to collect, publish and preserve the rolls, records and historic documents relating to that period, to encourage the study of our country's history, to promote sentiments of friendship and common interest among the members of the Society, and to provide a home for, and furnish assistance to such Daughters of the Revolution as may be impoverished when it is in its power to do so.

The local Chapter of this Society was organized in Newton on October 3rd, 1896.

An article had previously appeared in the local papers giving the infor-

the first few years, but there are now one hundred and thirty members, making it the largest chapter in the General Society.

Meetings are held about once a month from October to June, at the houses of the members formerly, but recently at one of the club houses on account of increase in numbers. Besides necessary business an interesting program is given consisting of music, papers by the members on matters of history, of family archives, with occasional topics treated in a lighter and brighter vein, sometimes dramatic in form. Addresses have been given by President William Goodell Frost of Berea College, Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke, Prof. Augustus Bedford, Rev. Adelbert L. Hudson, S. Curtis Smith, Esq., Miss Sarah E. Hunt, Mrs. Everett Holbrook, Mrs. Mary Chapman, Mrs. Caroline P. Heath, Miss Lilian Clarke, Mrs. Adeline F. Fitz, Rev. Ida C. Hultin. After the conclusion of the special program a social hour is always much enjoyed, with interchange of friendly greetings. The custom has been established of commemorating certain days each year, New Year's Day, Abraham Lincoln's Birthday, Memorial Day, when the graves of Gen. and Madam Hull are decorated, and

also aided materially in the G. A. R. Fair held some years ago. Our next good work was along educational lines, when three scholarships were established at Berea College. This work has been carried on annually, the preference being given to descendants of revolutionary ancestors. Barrels of books and clothing are sent yearly to Berea and other similar colleges, also the George Junior Republic at Freeville, New York. Beautiful pictures of George and Martha Washington have been presented to the Newton High School. A framed picture of Sarah Hull was given to the Elizabeth Hull Chapter, D. A. R. A picture of Abram Fuller was presented to the City of Newton by our real daughter, Madam Sarah Fuller Read. To the schools of Newton has been given a travelling library consisting of fifty volumes of Revolutionary history carefully selected. This is in a book case and is to be moved from one grammar school to another for the use of the pupils. We have also aided in many good works with an interest that is commendable, giving toward the patriotic work of the State and General Societies, donating generously toward the expenses of the bronze tablet recently placed in the Boston Public Library in memory of the composers of Patriotic Music. Beautiful silk flags are mounted and presented to our young members as wedding gifts from the Chapter. The greatest work however was the generous contributions from the members and their friends towards the General Society's patriotic work at Valley Forge where a monument was erected, and dedicated on Yorktown Day, October 19th, 1901. This monument is an obelisk of Barre granite adorned with bronze panels, and is placed a few feet from the only marked grave in Valley Forge, that of Lieutenant John Waterman of Rhode Island. The plot of ground upon which the monument stands was deeded to the Society, Daughters of the Revolution, by the owner, Major I. Herten Todd of Port Kennedy. At the base of the monument appear two bronze panels, one containing the seal of the society, and the other representing a scene of camp life at Valley Forge. Above these the original colonial flag with thirteen stars has been carved on the shaft. The inscription reads, "To the memory of the Soldiers of Washington's Army who sleep in Valley Forge. 1777-1778." This chapter contributed the largest amount of any chapter throughout the country for this work which proved so successful. Mrs. Alexander M. Ferris, the founder of the Sarah Hull Chapter, and now Honorary Regent, was the General Chairman of the Valley Forge Memorial, and largely through her efforts was the work so promptly and successfully accomplished. After five years as Regent Mrs. Ferris laid down the gavel to her successor, Mrs. Francis E. Stanley, and a beautiful loving cup was presented to her by her faithful and loving Daughters.

The Chapter was very highly favored in retaining for five years the same Regent, secretary and treasurer who most nobly and loyally fulfilled every duty, raising the chapter to a high standard, as is recognized by both state and general society, as at present three members are on the board of management of the former, and three others on the general board. Mrs. F. E. Stanley has held the position of Regent the past three years and the Chapter has continued to grow in numbers, in interest and influence under her reign.

There has also been organized a local branch of the Junior Sons and Daughters, named The Caleb Stark Chapter. The membership there also is increasing, great interest is shown, and their ability to conduct their own meetings with some aid from their director, is remarkable. They have contributed to the work of the Chapter and State Society as well as aiding in other philanthropic causes, making themselves an important adjunct to the mother chapter. The present officers of the Sarah Hull Chapter are:

Regent—Mrs. Francis E. Stanley, Newton.
Honorary Regent—Mrs. Alexander M. Ferris, Newton.
Vice Regents—Mrs. S. Curtis Smith, Newton; Mrs. George B. King, Newton Highlands; Mrs. James H. Wheeler, Jr., Newton.
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Auditor—Mrs. S. D. Whittemore, Newton Highlands.
Director Caleb Stark Chapter Junior Sons and Daughters—Miss A. M. Whiting, Newton.

A slight sketch of some parts of the life of Sarah Hull is added as being of interest to Newton residents. Sarah Fuller Hull, daughter of Judge Fuller and his wife Sarah Dyer, was born in Newton, April 27th, 1759, and in 1781 she married

General William Hull of Derby, Connecticut, born June 24th, 1753. Madam Hull's two great grandfathers were John Fuller and Edward Jackson, and they may be designated as the "fathers of Newton," their posterity far outnumbering that of any other of the early settlers of the town, and twenty-two of their descendants served in the Revolutionary War.

William Hull entered the army at the breaking out of the War of the Revolution, and won many laurels for his bravery. In 1777 he received a major's commission and in 1779 was made Lieutenant Colonel and was regarded by General Washington as one of his most efficient officers. His wife went with him to the army, and was his constant companion, being in several campaigns, where she proved herself always cheerful and courageous, even when the days were darkest. After peace was declared they returned to Newton, living at the Nonantum House for a short time, then in the old Fuller house. Isaac Fuller, a nephew afterwards famous as commander of the frigate Constitution lived in Newton with his uncle more than a year during this period.

In 1800 William Hull was appointed Major General of the military division of his county, and rendered efficient aid in quelling Shay's Rebellion. In 1805 General Hull was appointed governor of Michigan Territory, holding the office until 1814. He was a very popular governor, and Mrs. Hull was admirably fitted for the position she was called upon to occupy. "At her table were mind, taste, letters and good manners." In 1814 they returned to Newton and made large additions to the house built one hundred and thirty years before. In after years this estate came into the possession of Gov. Claflin, and the house was sold at auction. It was bought by Mr. J. L. Roberts, moved to the corner of Walnut and Austin streets, Newtonville. After Mr. Roberts' death it was used as a clubhouse for a few years by the Newton Club, and in June 1895 it was torn down to make way for the march of improvement.

Gen. and Madam Hull had seven children, six daughters and one son. Their only son gave his life for his country in the War of 1812. One of the daughters, Rebecca Parker Hull married Dr. Samuel Clarke, and was the mother of the eminent Unitarian divine, Rev. James Freeman Clarke. Isaac McLellan, grandson of Sarah Hull, poet and author, passed away a few years ago at the advanced age of ninety-four years. The services of the Wheeler family in the late war with Spain have been remarkable. General Joseph Wheeler, a great-grandson of Sarah Hull, at the age of sixty-three years, enlisted at the opening of the late war, leaving his Congressional work in consequence, and his services are now a matter of history. The services of his daughter, Annie Laurie Wheeler, the Red Cross nurse are well known. Mrs. Ella Wingate Ireland, great-granddaughter of Sarah Hull formed an auxiliary of the Red Cross Society, and rendered efficient aid to the soldiers at Camp Wickoff.

Madam Sarah Fuller Read presented to the chapter a fine picture of her grandmother Sarah Hull, and several interesting relics and papers have been given for the chapter's archives by different members of the family and other friends. Two gavel have been given, one made from the frigate Constitution, the other from the old Hull and Fuller House, given by Mr. Lewis E. Coffin. A pamphlet written by General Hull giving an account of his campaign in the northwest was given by Hon. Samuel L. Powers, and by one of the Fuller family a manuscript letter written to General Hull by his only son.

A Summer's Outing.

Continued from page 2.

an opera the name of which in English meant, "The Son of a Star." The orchestra of 80 pieces was fine and between the acts most of the audience promenaded in the corridors and up and down the grand marble staircase. Our last trip was to Versailles and to the palace where resided Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, later Napoleon I and Josephine and lastly Louis Philippe. It took 3600 men and 1000 horses to build the buildings and lay out the miles of parks and groves and when one thinks that all this extravagance meant to the poor people it is no wonder that they rose in rebellion and that the revolution followed. The Petit Trianon was the home of Marie Antoinette and near by is the building containing the state carriages used by the Emperor Napoleon and the rest.

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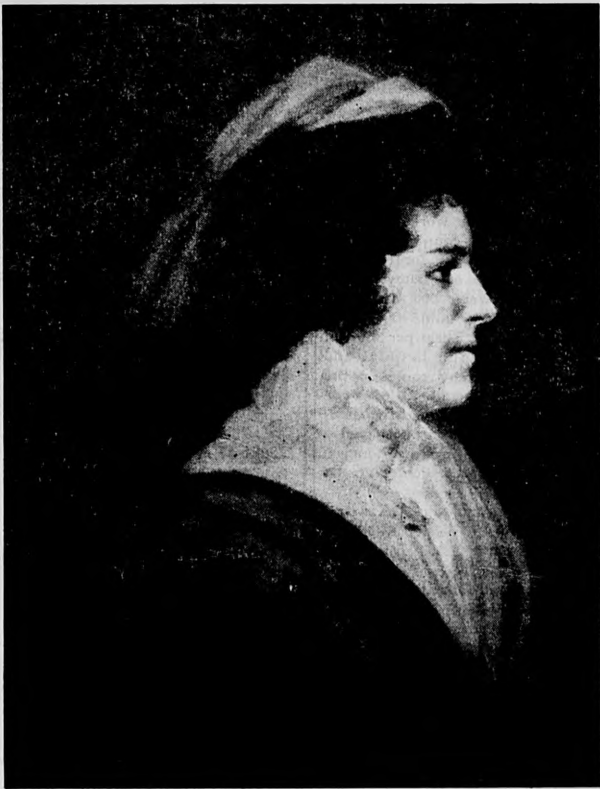
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SARAH HULL.

mation that a meeting was to be held in the Newton Club House, and a cordial invitation was extended to all those interested in the society. About twenty-five ladies assembled in the Tea-room of the Newton Club. Miss Sarah E. Hunt, at that time State Regent of Massachusetts, and other officers and members of the State Council were present, and the Chapter was organized, the five original members being Mrs. Sewall C. Cobb of Newton Highlands, Mrs. William T. Logan of Newton Highlands and Mrs. Alexander M. Ferris, Miss Anna M. Whiting and Miss Susan A. Whiting of Newton. These ladies were the only members of the D. R. Society at that time throughout the city. Mrs. Ferris having been a member at large for five years. Miss Hunt presided at the meeting and appointed the following officers: Regent, Mrs. Alexander M. Ferris; secretary, Miss Susan A. Whiting; treasurer, Mrs. William T. Logan.

The first business meeting of the Chapter was held at the residence of the Regent, December 2nd, 1896. Constitution and By-laws were adopted and the name Sarah Hull proposed and accepted, that being the name of a woman born in Newton, of high character and descent, prominent in position and in Revolutionary Society, as daughter of Judge Fuller, and wife of Gen. William Hull. During the year after its organization the Chapter made a surprising growth in numbers and in interest. Before the chapter was given the number had increased to forty-two, and at the first annual meeting, the membership numbered ninety one. The increase has been steady ever since, though of course the growth was more rapid

sometimes services are held. June 14th, Flag Day, is observed by an outing to some place of historic interest. Visits have been made to Concord, Lexington, Duxbury, Amesbury and Haverhill (Whittier Land), Squantum and Quincy. The Wayside Inn at Sudbury and Southboro. The Chapter has also been well represented in attendance at the meetings held by the State Society in commemoration of other historic anniversaries, The Boston Tea Party, Washington's Birthday, Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and in sending delegates to the annual meeting of the General Society.

Our first Regent, Mrs. A. M. Ferris, established the custom of holding a New Year's reception at her home, and the present Regent, Mrs. F. E. Stanley has most cordially continued this delightful custom, and they have all been gala days in our annals. For two years lawn parties have been held in June on the grounds of some of the members, making an acceptable variety in the form of the meetings. Pleasant interchange of social courtesies are often extended among the other chapters and with the state officers and council, increasing the interest and the knowledge of the work done by others as well as widening the social outlook. We have co-operated with the Lucy Jackson Chapter, D. A. R. in a petition to induce the city fathers to improve and keep in order the Eliot Memorial, with some slight result, but not what we hoped.

During the Spanish American War the Sarah Hull Chapter contributed over fifteen hundred articles through the Massachusetts Aid Association for our soldiers in the Philippines. They

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC

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returned by mail unless stamps are en-
closed.Notices of all local entertainments
to which admission fee is charged must be
paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line
in the reading matter, or \$1.00 per inch in
the advertising columns.

The circulation of a petition to place the Newton postal system in the Boston district, at the present time is premature to say the least and is particularly to be deplored at the beginning of a presidential campaign. As the appropriations for the post office department are fixed to July 1, 1905, and Congress will not convene until next December, there will be plenty of time to consider this important matter after the fall campaign, and we warn the public that signatures should not be given to this document without thorough consideration.

We can see many disadvantages to the scheme and feel quite certain from the experiences of Cambridge and Malden, that the specious promises of more deliveries and better service are a delusion and a snare.

Our Watertown friends are discussing the question as to the advisability of combining with Newton in political matters. There should be no doubt of the result, 28 votes are worth more than 5 in any convention, and our interests in all metropolitan improvements, the development and use of the Charles river and in other things are very close. Watertown has considerable to gain and nothing to lose in a political alliance with us.

The Massachusetts Highway Association had an excellent opportunity to test the quality of our fine streets last Tuesday, when they toured the city in automobiles. It is safe to say that our boasted reputation was fully sustained.

Matters are in excellent shape in the candidacy of Captain Weeks for the congressional nomination. Senator Bemis' friends had better climb onto the band wagon while there is yet room.

The time has gone by when enthusiasm for a Newton Old Home Week could be developed. It would be easier to obtain a reunion of former occupants of a Harvard dormitory.

We fancy that acceptance of Mr. Darius Cobb's challenge to men of seventy, will be few and far between.

The Graphic office will be closed next Tuesday in honor of the National encampment G. A. R.

Mayor Weed will now begin to figure on the tax rate for 1905.

Norumbega Park

Norumbega Park—As soon as the visiting Civil War veterans and their friends learn what elaborate preparations have been made for their special entertainment at Norumbega Park next week it is safe to say that this resort will be at least a popular objective point in their sight seeing tours and trolley trips. A fine quartet has been secured to sing the old songs such as "Marching Through Georgia," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Red White and Blue," etc., while a stereopticon will project appropriate illustrations in the way of portraits of famous American generals and views of various battle grounds and scenes of the Civil, Spanish and Japanese and Russian wars. Kelly's Zouaves give an exhibition of military tactics, drilling, marching, wall scaling, etc.

Darius Cobb Celebrates 70th Birthday.

Surrounded by the members of his family, hale and hearty despite his three score years and ten, Darius Cobb the famous artist and lecturer, quietly observed the 70th anniversary of his birth at his cozy little home on Boylston street, Eliot last Saturday. Time has not dimmed the eye of Darius Cobb, nor has it robbed his hand of the master touch which has made so many of his canvases famous. With the cheery smile and hearty handgrasp which, combined with the genial personality have made the man beloved by all who know him, he greeted his guests as he has often done before as they came to offer their congratulations and well wishes. The observance of the occasion was marked by no elaborate program.

"NO MEAN CITY."

(Continued from page 7.)

It is claimed that there were settlers here in 1630, but the permanent settlers began to come in 1639. The first of these was Timothy Jackson who made his home on Brighton Hill. Then came the Hydes, and the Fullers, the Parks, the Wards the Hammonds, the Parkers and others whose descendants still live in the territory opened up so long ago.

Between 1639 and 1679, 42 freemen migrated to Newton, and that was upon an average of one family each year. There were only 65 freemen here when in 1679 the district was divided from Cambridge and made a town with the name of Newtown. This name afterwards by general usage became Newton to avoid confusing the place with Cambridge which was sometimes called the New Towne.

If you will go into the old cemetery on Centre street you will find a stone monument on which are carved the names of the first settlers. That they were long lived people, is proven by the records which show that 12 of the first 18 names on the list lived to be over 70 years old. Some of the first settlers reached their 90th year. They were a staunch, sturdy industrious body, and they laid here the foundations upon which a beautiful city has since been built.

It was the inconvenience of being a part of Cambridge that led to the organization of Newton as a town in 1679. All the law business and property matters and political affairs had to be attended to at Cambridge, and the meeting house for religious services was also in Cambridge.

It took twenty-five years of agitation and petition before the General Court granted Newton the right to form itself into a town. Cambridge people opposed it, and the wisdom of the scheme was not apparent to many, but the Newton people carried their point and this became a town. This early persistency of the residents of Newton has been continued all along through the later history, and may be said to be one of the dominant traits of its citizens.

No doubt the most important event within the territory of Newton in the period before it became a town was the beginning of a mission to the Indians by John Eliot in 1646. In fact the work of John Eliot has always challenged the admiration of the world. It was one of the noblest experiments ever made for the Christianizing of a pagan race, and for organizing a Christian community out of pagan elements. Off of Waverly avenue, beyond Farlow Hill there is the foundation of a monument to mark the spot where this noblest of all the Puritans began his work by preaching the Gospel to the Indians.

If we had no other reasons for being proud of Newton we can press that one. It was the scene of some of the wisest and most faithful efforts for the spread of our religion.

Here in Newton, after years of preparation, John Eliot began to instruct the Nonantum Indians in the principles of the Christian faith. Here some of these Indians gave up their imperfect religion and became followers of Christ. Here Eliot organized these once pagans into a Christian community and had teachers for them in useful arts. Why, when you see how broad and wise were his plans, how faithful his own personal efforts, and how so much of what he did received the blessing of the Lord, you cannot but feel that it is an honor to live where Eliot once labored.

Our people do not all realize what a noble character John Eliot was and how grand were his endeavors. Why this man towers far away up above the average Puritan. He is on a line with the best of them. There are few, if any, who are more worthy of honor than he. In my judgment he was the noblest of them all. The common notion about him is that he was an over enthusiastic, pious missionary who attempted an impossible task. The true view is that he was one of the finest scholars of his day, one of the purest souls ever sent into this world, and his work was planned upon noble lines. Still more, he succeeded in accomplishing some of the things he set out to do.

There was no failure of his plans because they were poor or badly conceived. There was no failure of his work because it was not practicable.

Eliot and his work became the victims of a cruel and stupid policy on the part of the local colonial government. They broke up his Christian settlements at Natick and elsewhere by compelling the Indians to take up arms in the King Philip War. It is a sad story and it does not add to the glory of the colonial government.

The work of John Eliot among the Indians which began here has made Newton forever famous in the annals of the onward movement of Christianity among the tribes of men.

Every resident of this place should know the story of this man's wonderful life, and should understand the

significance of the work he attempted. Every man and woman and child in Newton should be able to reply to the question, "For what is your city noted?" "Why, it is here that John Eliot labored."

Passing now to the next feature in our local history it is hardly necessary to say that the people of this place have always shown themselves exceedingly patriotic, so that in all the wars in which our country has engaged there has been a full proportion of Newton men who have answered the call to arms. No appeal has ever been made for men to defend the honor and integrity of the nation to which the people here have not responded.

They went into the French and Indian War, into the Revolution of 1775; into the war of 1812, into the civil war of 1861 and into the Spanish war of 1900, and they made a noble record for bravery wherever they were. Newton will not forget those who were loyal to their country.

Another important feature in the history of this place is the religious character of the people who have given tone and shape to our city.

When you speak of Newton you can always declare that it is a place that was settled by Christian people. Their churches and the institutions of religion were part of their settlement from the beginning. And so all along to the present this place has been noted for its interest in religion.

For a long time church and state were connected here. Congregational churches were formed and managed by the popular voice declared at the town meeting until as late as 1830. There was virtually but one form of faith here down to 1812. There were some Episcopalians but they attended services in Boston or Cambridge. There were some members of other bodies, but the early colonial laws against other kinds of worship than that of the Congregational body were very rigid, and no successful efforts were made at organizing other bodies of Christians here until 1812 when St. Marys Lower Falls came into being.

Others followed later, and by degrees the various denominations became fully represented by organizations and buildings. There are today in this city 40 congregations.

There is one interesting feature of the religious condition of our city at the present time which deserves mention. Prefer to the kindly, the fraternal spirit which exists among the different religious bodies. There is probably less friction here, and a more thorough harmony of spirit than is usually found in places where each denomination struggles to establish itself at the expense of others.

The Ministers' Union has done something to bring about this better condition of things, but I think the Spirit of God is preparing His people in Newton to do some special work in the future in bringing together the now severed portions of Christian churches. It would seem as if the Christian people of Newton seeing how pleasant it is to dwell together in unity would become everywhere they went the advocates and champions of His unity. People who have grown up in places where bickerings and strife were the rule learn to thank God for the blessings of peace.

But while I speak thus of the good feeling that prevails and of the healthful condition of religious interests here I am reminded of what seems to me one of the saddest facts in connection with the present history of our city. I refer to the fact that a large number of our citizens, descendants of positively religious fathers and mothers, are living in neglect of their own Christian duties. They are respectable, moral people, because the impulse of their parents' piety still has force in them, but what will their descendants become? Unless the heart's strength be kept up the blood will cease to flow. So will it be here. A cruel wrong is being done by those who are living in neglect of religion. It would be better for them, better for their children, better for the city, if those who are neglectful would return to their allegiance, and take up with fresh earnestness whatever would advance the interests of the Church of Christ.

I pass on next to consider the educational institutions of Newton as one of the features of which all our people may be honestly proud.

It would be hard to tell how many families have been drawn here by the good reputation of our public and private schools. People will still come here to have their children well educated, and that reason alone justifies the use of money for proper buildings and appliances and for the very best teachers that can be employed.

But apart from this view of an educational plant as a community's investment, we must think of the advantages our young people have in growing up here the facilities are so abundant for their training for their future callings and where they live in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. It may not be known by all who are here how many men and women Newton has educated who are already making their mark in various lines of activity.

Some of our Newton boys have entered the ministry, some are lawyers,

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doctors, teachers, business men.

I could go over a long list of boys whom I have known here who are today doing well in their chosen callings. Some of them are not only doing well but have already achieved special distinction.

But not only Newton boys have brought honor to our city. Our Newton girls have done well. To say nothing of those who have been called to the beautiful vocation of wifehood and motherhood we have sent out splendid women teachers, writers and workers in various departments. Perhaps Newton has sent more girls to college than any city of its size, and perhaps it has within its bounds today a larger proportion of well educated women than can be found elsewhere, even in New England.

Our educational work in this city is such a fascinating topic that one is tempted to dwell longer upon it but I must hasten to conclude by saying a few words upon the work done here for the relief of suffering. We are situated somewhat differently from other communities in that we do not have congested centres of population. There are no slum districts yet. I hope we can always keep clear of them although there are clusters of buildings here and there which will speedily become dangerous unless the most rigid supervision is exercised by the authorities. No landlord should be permitted to imperil the health of the people or to destroy the beauty of a neighborhood by putting up these cheap tenements. Then there are no drinking saloons here. When they come if they do come, we shall have a rapid crop of all kinds of suffering.

But at present—thank God—Newton is almost a Paradise for the poor, except in the way of rents and the cost of living. The poor man has advantages here for himself and for his family such as are hard to find elsewhere. And yet no matter what may be the beauty, the healthfulness and the good order of a city, suffering will come. There will be sickness, accident, poverty, old

age, death and helpless childhood.

The private benevolence of our citizens and the bounty of the churches relieve a great deal of the suffering that comes from poverty and the like causes. Then we have our Home for Orphans, and the Home for the Aged, but the great Newton institution which appeals to everyone is the Hospital.

So extensively has the reputation of the Newton Hospital gone that some people far away from here know more about it than do some of our own citizens. It has been a pioneer and a model in the work of small hospitals in this country, and it stands today in the very forefront as to convenience and efficiency. It is now treating between 900 and 1000 patients every year, and expending at the rate of about \$4000 per month.

When we think of this hospital and what it does, and then consider the willingness of the people all over the city to help each other in all times of need we surely can find another reason for feeling that we are honored in being residents of such a goodly city.

The lot has fallen to us in a fair place. We have a goodly heritage. Any one of you is justified in replying to questions about Newton by saying that Newton stands in the forefront of places where attention is paid to the relief of suffering. Here are exhibitions of brotherhood which permit us to have glimpses of what may be when men everywhere put into exercise the teachings of the Divine Master.

As the Christian faith has always been maintained here so let it be perpetuated. Stand by your religion. As the works of benevolence have ever been carried on with generous hand so let that generosity continue.

As this place has always been noted for the intelligence and refinement of many of its citizens, so may it be that a citizen of Newton shall stand well wherever he goes.

May it indeed be the case that to be a citizen of Newton shall be a passport to public confidence everywhere.

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Newtonville.

—Mrs. A. H. Decatur is home from Exeter, N. H.

—Ada Welles of Otis street is at Holdennis, N. H.

—Mrs. Henry Tole has gone to Charleston, N. C., for a vacation.

—Miss Hardy of Edinboro street has returned from Springfield, Mass.

—Mrs. C. M. Howell of Elm road is spending August at Roach River, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. Griffin are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—Mrs. G. A. Strout and Miss Gertrude Strout are in Maine for two months.

—Mr. Wallace C. Boyden and family are at Camp Tacconnet, Rome, Me., for August.

—Forward your baggage by Huntings Express to all boats and depots. Claim checks given.

—Mr. George Morse has been the guest of Mrs. W. D. Smith of Lowell avenue for a few days.

—Miss Lillian Williams of Washington park is spending August at South Orleans, Mass.

—Mr. George Breeden of Walker street has returned from his summer home at Cataumet.

—Mr. J. E. Frost and Mr. S. K. Billings had good success on their fishing trip Wednesday.

—Daniels and Howlett Co., Morse Building, Painting, Decorating and Hard Wood Finishing.

—Miss Mary Payne of Otis street has returned from an outing with friends at Old Orchard, Me.

—Mr. A. H. Sisson of Edinboro street spent Sunday with his two sons at Bristol Ferry, Rhode Island.

—Mr. and Mrs. Albert P. Carter of Highland avenue are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

—Mr. Paul Wing of East Sandwich is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clapp of Chesley avenue.

—Mrs. H. W. Orr of Bowen street is visiting friends and relatives at her old home in Washington County, N. Y.

—Miss Lillian Swords of New York has been the guest of her cousin Edith E. Mowry during the past week.

—Mrs. H. M. French of Newtonville avenue has been attending the 150th anniversary of the settlement of Petersham, N. H.

—The Littlefield estate on Washington street has been purchased by H. W. Orr who will erect a business block on the property.

—Mrs. J. F. Davis and Miss Davis of Walnut street have returned from a delightful trip including Montreal, Quebec and the Saguenay river.

—Miss Bertha Hackett entertained a large party of poor children from the rescue league at her home last Saturday afternoon on Highland avenue.

—Messrs John Frost of Clyde street and S. K. Billings of Walnut street attended the annual reunion of the Frost family held at Salem Willows on Wednesday.

—Mr. Joseph C. Atkinson has recently purchased all the right, title and interest in the Bay View House, Jamestown, R. I. and has formed a corporation of which he is treasurer.

—The following Newtonville people are at the French House, South Bristol, Maine: Mr. A. R. Andrews and family, Mrs. Alfred Doane and daughter of Central avenue, Mr. Louis Greene's family of Watertown street and Mr. Mark Taylor and family of Walnut street.

—Mr. Charles Jordan celebrated his 89th birthday last Saturday at his home on Walnut street. Mr. Jordan is one of the oldest residents of this village and during his residence here has seen many changes. Mr. Jordan still enjoys excellent health and is up and around each day.

—Mr. and Mrs. John E. Frost celebrated the 25th anniversary of their wedding at their Clyde street home last Saturday evening. The happy couple were the recipients of many beautiful silver articles among which were 25 silver dollars from the Arcanum of which Mr. Frost is a member.

—The following clergymen will supply the pulpit at the Central Congregational church at the union services during August and September. Aug. 14, Rev. W. F. Slocum, D. D., President Colorado College; Aug. 21, Rev. David N. Beach, D. D., President Bangor Theological Seminary; Aug. 28, Rev. F. E. Emrich, D. D., State Secretary Home Missionary Society; Sept. 4, Rev. Robert A. MacFadden, Danvers, Mass.; Sept. 11, Communion Sunday, Rev. Oza S. Davis, D. D.

Real Estate.

Henry H. Read has rented the following houses the past week: A. E. Bricketts house No. 68 Floral avenue and Walnut street Newton Highlands to W. J. Cozens; Mr. W. O. Evan's new house corner Centre and Allerton road, Newton Highlands, to Mr. Fred Sumner Hinds who moves from Dorchester. House No. 6 Allerton street to Mr. Wm. H. Weston.

Alvord Brothers were the brokers in the sale of the property No. 31 Stearns street near Parker street, Newton Centre, from Alton Babcock to Jas. Jiddell who buys for occupancy. The estate consists of a new house and 7500 feet of land assessed for \$5250 of which \$750 is on the land.

West Newton.

—Mrs. W. H. Rand is at Stony Brook Camp, Bolton, Mass., for the remainder of the month.

West Newton.

—Mr. William B. Colligan spent Sunday with friends at Provincetown.

—Mr. Jarvis Lamson and family of Temple street have returned from a stay at Ogunquit.

—Mr. S. Warren Davis of Balcarres road has taken the Morton house, on Webster street.

—Mr. Philip Carter of Otis street is back from an enjoyable sojourn at New Boston, N. H.

—Prof. and Mrs. Thomas B. Lindsay of Balcarres road are entertaining friends from Kentucky.

—Mr. H. L. Fairbrother and family of Greenwood avenue are spending a few weeks at Brandon, Vt.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Witherbee of Berkley street are spending August among the Berkshire Hills.

—Miss Agnes Curtis who has been the guest of Miss Bertha A. Morash has returned to her home at Annisquam.

—The many friends of Mrs. James Luke of Prince street will be grieved to learn that she is confined to her bed at the beautiful summer residence of her son Mr. Otis Luke at Beverly.

—Robert and Alexander Bennett represent five of the strongest fire insurance companies doing business in this country. Call upon them at the West Newton station for anything in this line.

—While Mr. E. J. Rockwell of Washington street was making a call at a home on Washington street last Monday evening a thief stole his bicycle and left an old broken down machine in its place. The police were notified but failed to apprehend the guilty man.

—Mr. and Mrs. Shattuck who are spending the summer at Megansett were in town the early part of the week in order to superintend the extensive alterations and repairs which they are having made upon the Leatherbee home on Austin street, which is to be their future home.

—The St. Bernard's Aid Society of this village are making preparations for a lawn party to be given on Allen Field, Saturday, August 20. A splendid program of athletic sports has been arranged and dancing will be enjoyed during the afternoon and evening. This society has done a grand piece of work in its attempts to alleviate the suffering of the poor of West Newton and it is hoped that a large sum of money will be realized from the fete.

Street Railway Notes

Preparations are being made for extra service during G. A. R. Encampment week, as the Boston terminal of the Trolley Air Line, Park Square, is right in the centre of attraction.

Several of the G. A. R. Posts on the route are making arrangements for special cars on Tuesday as they find the Trolley Air Line the most convenient way to reach the city.

THE PLAYHOUSE.

Tremont Theatre—"Woodland," the delightful musical fantasy that has charmed theatre patrons all summer at the Tremont in Boston, is now at the end of its run, next week being the last. "Woodland" will be followed at the Tremont by George Ade's latest work, "The Sho-Gun." This is a Korean comic opera and the music was written by Gustav Luders. "The Sho-Gun" comes to Boston with a record of a most successful run of ten weeks in Chicago. It will be presented at the Tremont by a splendid company, and the production has been described as decidedly beautiful. Seats for "The Sho-Gun" will be on sale August 15, and there is certain to be a big demand for the opening.

Grand Opera House—The second attraction for the Boston Grand Opera House, commencing Monday, Aug. 15 Grand Army week, will be the world famous Russell Brothers in the great melodrama, "The Female Detectives." Mirth and melodrama are a hard pair to beat. Likewise the Russell Brothers. That is why Charles A. Taylor's new play, "The Female Detectives," has proven such a winner. Patrons should take special note of the fact that the regular Tuesday matinee will not begin until 2:30, giving an opportunity to witness the G. A. R. parade first. The matinees on Thursday and Saturday will be given at the usual hour, 2 o'clock.

Keith's Theatre—Special arrangements have been made for the celebration of G. A. R. week at Keith's. The principal feature of the vaudeville bill will be a spectacular drilling act by a score of young men calling themselves "Boys in Blue," which has never been seen in Boston before. In addition to the fancy drill movements, there is singing and a great wall scaling finish. Other numbers for the week of Aug. 15 will be Clara Ballerini, the noted trapeze performer; Carlin and Otto, German dialect comedians; Falardo, "The instrumental man"; Toledo and Price, eccentric acrobats; the Golubruks, Russian national dancers, and Lyster and Cook, xylophone players and equilibrista. Many of these entertainers have never before been seen at Keith's. The Fadettes woman's orchestra will play a special program of national airs, and in the biography will be motion pictures showing scenes at previous G. A. R. encampments.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.

How Iron and Steel in Losing Heat Rise in Temperature.

The phenomenon of a substance rising in temperature while losing heat, known as "recalcence," which was first observed by Professor Barrett and investigated by Dr. Hopkinson, has been noticed in the case of iron at a high temperature. A piece of iron was heated to about 800 degrees C. and then allowed to cool slowly. At this temperature it is bright red, but on cooling to about 785 degrees C. a sudden disengagement of heat takes place. The iron rises in temperature and glows with a brighter red.

This phenomenon was investigated more accurately by Hopkinson in the case of steel. Round a bar of this metal he wound a coil of copper wire insulated with asbestos and jacketed with layers of asbestos paper. The temperature of the wire was followed during the experiment by connecting the coil to a Wheatstone's bridge to find the variation in its resistance and from this the variation in temperature. The steel bar was then heated bright red in a furnace and allowed to cool. The temperature fell regularly to 680 degrees C., then rose to 712 degrees C., when it again diminished.

COAL TAR PRODUCTS.

Some of the Things We Get From This One Time Nuisance.

When coal gas was first introduced as an illuminant for large towns the tar which is condensed from the gas was looked upon as a nuisance. However, chemists discovered that coal tar was an exceedingly complicated compound and lent itself admirably to the production of a great number of useful chemicals. So we find today that all the various brilliant and beautiful dyes employed for coloring various kinds of fabrics are produced from this substance.

Coal tar also furnishes the basis for several kinds of medicines, such as trional, sulphonal and so on. Saccharine, which is a substitute for sugar, is also made from coal tar. Carbollic acid (phenol), the most important and best known antiseptic and disinfectant, is a product of coal tar. Benzol, a clear and colorless liquid resembling alcohol to some extent, is another distillate which is employed for removing grease spots.

Then we have naphthalene, a substance which to some extent resembles camphor and is employed, like camphor, to protect woolen fabrics from moths.—Harper's Weekly.

THE FIRST BANKS.

They Were Established in Italy in the Ninth Century.

The first banks of which we have record were established in Italy so far back as 808 by the Lombard Jews, who had benches, or counters, erected in the market places for the exchange of money and bills. It is from their benches, or bench, that banks have taken their name.

The earliest bankers were also goldsmiths and dealers in precious stones, but with the advance of civilization banking became a distinct business. Merchants had deposited their cash in the mint in the Tower of London until Charles I. laid hands upon the money in 1640. In 1645 traders agreed to lodge their money with the goldsmiths of Lombard street, who had strong chests for their own valuables, and this was the origin of banking in Britain.

The chief banks in Europe were established as follows: Venice, 1171; Genoa, 1345; Hamburg, 1610; Holland, 1635; Bank of England, 1694; Scotland, 1695; Ireland, 1783; France, 1803; United States, 1816.

Handwriting on Iron.

It was an accident that led to the discovery of the method of transferring handwriting to iron. An iron founder while experimenting with molten iron under different conditions accidentally dropped a ticket into a mold. He presently found that the type of the ticket was transferred to the iron in distinct characters. Following up the idea which this fact suggested, he procured a heatproof ink, with which he wrote invertedly on ordinary white paper. This paper was introduced into the mold before the molten iron was poured in. When the mold cooled the paper had been consumed by the heat, but the ink, which had remained intact, had left a clear impression on the iron.

Unusually, but King of Soaring Birds. No one would be likely to imagine, for example, that so heavy and, in fact, apparently ungainly a bird as a pelican is a king among soaring birds. After much flapping when these great birds have acquired headway the broad wings are spread, and in majestic circles they mount skyward, with only an occasional flap of the wing, often passing beyond the range of one's vision.—Country Life in America.

A Modest Petition.

Little Johnnie had been taught to ask a blessing at the table. One morning there was company present to breakfast, and Johnnie, being a little embarrassed, made the following brief petition, "O Lord, forgive us this food."—Lippincott's.

Boarding House Amateurs.

First Landlady (pointedly).—Well, thank heaven I haven't got no skeletons in my cupboard. Second Landlady (sweetly).—Nobody thought for a minute that you kept your boarders there.

Never pose as an angel until you are sure that your wings have sprouted a good crop of pin feathers.—Philadelphia Bulletin.



334 BOYLSTON ST.
(opposite the Arlington Street Church).
WILL RE-OPEN IN ITS NEW BUILDING, SEPT. 6, 1904.

This school now has the most elegant, complete and extensive private school building in America. In the planning and furnishing of its NEW BUILDING.

expense has not been considered even in the minutest detail. New fittings of special design will be found to have taken the place of the ordinary furniture used in school buildings. The entire outfit of the school in its old building has been sacrificed for the school in the new home which will have only the newest and best obtainable.

EXPERIENCED TEACHERS.
The only feature recognizable will be the able and experienced corps of teachers who have given this school its wide-spread reputation. The tuition fees are the same as during the previous ten years, and pupils who contemplate attending may congratulate themselves that this year was the chosen time for their commercial course and the fulfilling of their school work.

COURSE OF STUDY.
The course of study prepares pupils thoroughly for all the duties of the counting-room. Book-keeping (by any system); Stenography (Graham and Pitman systems); English Composition; Commercial Correspondence; Commercial Law; Commercial Geography; Commercial Handwriting; Typewriting; Civil Service (preparation for examinations); Normal School Course (preparation for teaching).

Pupils will find the location of the school most accessible from all points; over 1000 cars daily, with a stopping place directly in front of the school building.

No agents, solicitors or canvassers are employed by this institution.

For full particulars see Year Book for 1904-5, sent free.

H. E. HIBBARD, Prin.

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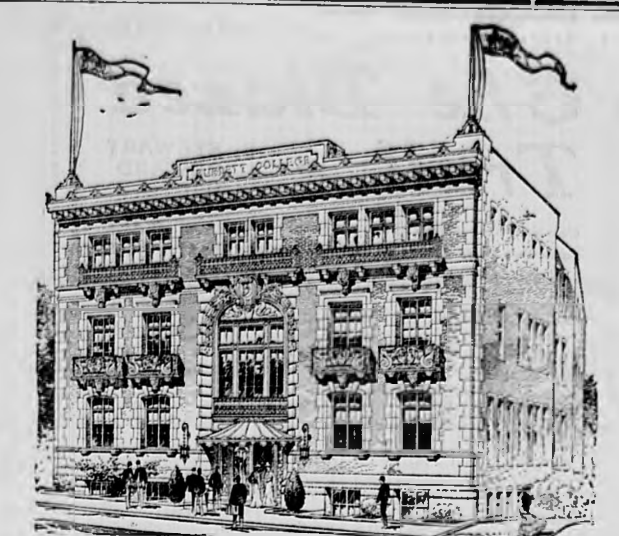
OFFICES:—113 Devonshire St., Boston.
Opp. Station, Newton Centre

Telephone: Main 1601
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CLARK'S AGENCY,
11 Central Street, Boston.

Houses for sale and to let in all the Newtons, furnished or unfurnished. Terms, \$20 per month; 5 rooms, \$25; 11 rooms, \$35. For cashed houses from \$35 to \$100 per month. Immediate possession June 10, 1904.

46 Hopley St., Newton Centre.



BURDETT COLLEGE, LYNN BRANCH.

This beautiful building is being rapidly pushed to completion for September 6th opening. It is located on Mt. Vernon Street, opposite B. & M. Station. This model school building has many novel features, and is planned for 500 students in its Business, Shorthand, and English Departments. There is a hall with stage, dressing rooms and balcony, for school lectures and entertainments for students. The Shorthand Department opens into an Italian Garden with fountain, flower beds, etc. The courses and methods will be the same as at Burdett College, Boston. This is the only school of its kind in New England, owning the building it occupies.

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BANK HOURS—Every business day, 9 to 12 m., and 2 to 4 p. m.; Saturdays, 9 to 12 m. and 7 to 9 p. m., for deposits only.

WARREN SANBORN, President. EDWARD D. BLISS, Treasurer

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CHATHAM, MASS.

Open June 30 until September.

Situated on the "RAGGED ELBOW" of Cape Cod. Sailing, boating, fishing, surf and still water Bathing, Tennis, etc. The hotel has electric lights and is thoroughly modern. For information and booklet, address

FREDERICK WILKEY, Woodland Park Hotel, AUBURNDALE, MASS

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SAFE, EFFECTIVE, PAINLESS, and
CHICHESTERS' ENGLISH
in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no others. Beware of Dangerous Substitutions and Imitations. Box of four pills, 25 cents. Box of six pills, 50 cents. Box of twelve pills, \$1.00. Box of twenty-four pills, \$1.50. Box of thirty-six pills, \$2.00. Box of forty-eight pills, \$2.50. Box of sixty pills, \$3.00. Box of seventy-two pills, \$3.50. Box of eighty-four pills, \$4.00. Box of ninety-six pills, \$4.50. Box of one hundred and twenty pills, \$5.00. Box of one hundred and forty-four pills, \$5.50. Box of one hundred and sixty-eight pills, \$6.00. Box of one hundred and ninety-two pills, \$6.50. Box of two hundred and sixteen pills, \$7.00. Box of two hundred and forty pills, \$7.50. Box of two hundred and sixty-four pills, \$8.00. Box of two hundred and eighty-eight pills, \$8.50. Box of three hundred and twelve pills, \$9.00. Box of three hundred and thirty-six pills, \$9.50. Box of three hundred and sixty pills, \$10.00. Box of three hundred and eighty-four pills, \$10.50. Box of four hundred and eight pills, \$11.00. Box of four hundred and sixteen pills, \$11.50. Box of four hundred and thirty-two pills, \$12.00. Box of four hundred and sixty-four pills, \$12.50. Box of four hundred and ninety-six pills, \$13.00. Box of five hundred and twenty pills, \$13.50. Box of five hundred and thirty-six pills, \$14.00. Box of five hundred and sixty-eight pills, \$14.50. Box of five hundred and ninety-two pills, \$15.00. Box of six hundred and sixteen pills, \$15.50. Box of six hundred and forty pills, \$16.00. Box of six hundred and sixty-four pills, \$16.50. Box of six hundred and eighty-eight pills, \$17.00. Box of seven hundred and twelve pills, \$17.50. Box of seven hundred and thirty-six pills, \$18.00. Box of seven hundred and sixty-eight pills, \$18.50. Box of seven hundred and ninety-two pills, \$19.00. Box of eight hundred and sixteen pills, \$19.50. Box of eight hundred and forty pills, \$20.00. 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The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THORPE returned to Camp One shortly after dark. He found there a number of letters, among which was one from Wallace Carpenter.

After commending the camping party to his companion's care the young fellow went on to say that affairs were going badly on the board.

"Some interest that I haven't been able to make out yet has been hammering our stocks down day after day," he wrote. "I don't understand it, for the stocks are good and intrinsically are worth more than is bid for them right now. Some powerful concern is beating them down for a purpose of its own. Sooner or later they will let up, and then we'll get things back in good shape. I am amply protected now, thanks to you, and am not at all afraid of losing my holdings. The only difficulty is that I am unable to predict exactly when the other fellows will decide that they have accomplished whatever they are about and let up. It may not be before next year. In that case I couldn't help you out on those notes when they come due. So put in your best looks, old man. You may have to pony up for a little while, though of course sooner or later I can put it all back. Then, you bet your life, I keep out of it. Lumbering's good enough for yours truly."

"By the way, you might shine up to Hilda Farrand and join the rest of the fortune hunters. She's got it to throw to the birds and in her own right. Seriously, old fellow, don't put yourself into a false position through ignorance; not that there is any danger to a hardened old woodsman like you."

Thorpe went to the group of pines by the pole trail the following afternoon because he had said he would, but with a new attitude of mind. He had come into contact with the artificiality of conventional relations, and it stiffened him.

They sat down on a log. Hilda turned to him with her graceful air of confidence.

"Now talk to me," said she. "Certainly," replied Thorpe in a practical tone of voice. "What do you want me to talk about?"

She shot a swift, troubled glance at him, concluded herself mistaken and said:

"Tell me about what you do up here—your life—all about it."

"Well," replied Thorpe formally, "we haven't much to interest a girl like you. It is a question of saw logs with us. And as we went on in his dryest, most technical manner to detail the process of manufacture. It might as well have been bricks.

The girl did not understand. She was hurt. As surely as the sun tugged in the distant pine front, she had seen in his eyes a great passion. Now it was coldly withdrawn.

"What has happened to you?" she asked finally out of her great sincerity.

"Me? Nothing," replied Thorpe.

A forced silence fell upon him. Hilda seemed gradually to lose herself in reverie. After a time she said softly:

"Don't you love this woods?"

"It's an excellent bunch of pine," replied Thorpe bluntly. "It'll cut 3,000,000 at least."

"Oh!" she cried, drawing back, her hands pressed against the log either side of her, her eyes wide.

After a moment she caught her breath convulsively, and Thorpe became conscious that she was studying him furtively with a quickening doubt.

After that, by the mercy of God, there was no more talk between them. Unconsciously the first strain of opposition and of hurt surprise relaxed. Each thought vaguely his thoughts. Then in the depths of the forest, perhaps near at hand, perhaps far away, a single hermit thrush began to sing. His song was of three solemn, deep, liquid notes, followed by a slight rhetorical pause as of contemplation, and then he liberally sang three notes more on a different key. It is the most dignified, the most spiritual, the holiest of woods utterances. Combined with the evening shadows and the warm soft air it offered to the heart an almost irresistible appeal. The man's artificial antagonism modified, the woman's disenchantment began to seem unreal.

Then subtly over and through the bird song another sound became audible. At first it merely repeated the three notes faintly like an echo, but with a rich, sad undertone that brought tears. Then thickly and still softly it elaborated the theme, weaving in and out through the original three the glitter and shimmer of a splendid web of sound, spreading before the awakened imagination a broad river of woods imagery that reflected on its surface all the subtler moods of the forest.

With the first sigh of the wonder music the girl had started and caught her breath at the exquisite pleasure of it. As it went on they both forgot everything, but the harmony and each other. "Ah, beautiful!" she murmured. "What is it?" he whispered, marveling.

"A violin—played by a master."

The bird suddenly hushed, and at once the strain abandoned the woods note and took another motif. At first it played softly in the higher notes, a tinkling, lightsome little melody that

stirred a kindly surface smile over a full heart. Then suddenly, without transition, it dropped to the lower register and began to sob and wail in the full vibrating power of a great passion.

And the theme it treated was love. At last the poignant ecstasy seemed slowly, slowly to die. Fainter and fainter ebbled the music. Through it as through a mist the solemn aloof forest began to show to the consciousness of the two. They sought each other's eyes, gently smiling. The music was very soft and dim and sad. They leaned to each other, with a sob; their lips met; the music ceased.

And over behind the trees, out of the light and the love and the beauty, little Phil huddled, his great shaggy head bowed in his arms. Beside him lay his violin and beside that his bow, broken. He had snapped it across his knee. That day he had heard at last the



They sought each other's eyes.

heart song of the violin and, uttering it, had bestowed love. But he had that day lost what he cared for most in all the world—his friend.

Little Phil disappeared utterly, taking with him his violin, but leaving his broken bow. Thorpe has it even to this day. The lumberman caused search and inquiry on all sides. The cripple was never heard of again.

"I saw you long ago," said Hilda to Thorpe—"long, long ago, when I was quite a young girl. I had been visiting in the woods, any way all alone to catch an early train. You stood on the corner thinking, tall and straight and brown, with a weather beaten old hat and a weather beaten old coat and weather beaten old moccasins, and such a proud, clear, undaunted look on your face. I have remembered you ever since."

And then he told her of the race to the land office, while her eyes grew brighter and brighter with the epic splendor of the story. She told him that she had loved him from that moment, and believed her telling, while he, the unsentimental leader of men, persuaded himself and her that he had always in some mysterious manner carried her image prophetically in his heart. So much for the love of it.

In the last days of the month of delight Thorpe received a second letter from his partner, which to some extent awakened him to the realities.

"My dear Harry," it ran, "I have made a startling discovery. The other fellow is Morrison. I have been a blind, stupid dolt and am caught nicely. You can't call me any more names than I have already called myself. Morrison has been in it from the start. By an accident I learned he was behind the fellow who induced me to invest, and it is he who had been hammering the stock down ever since. They couldn't look you at your game, so they tackled me at mine. I'm not the man you are, Harry, and I've made a mess of it. Of course their scheme is plain enough on the face of it. They're going to involve me so deeply that I will drag the firm down with me."

"If you can fix it to meet those notes, they can't do it. I have ample margin to cover any more declines they may be able to bring about. Don't fret about that. Just as sure as you can pay that \$20,000, just so sure we'll be ahead of the game at this time next year. For heaven's sake, get a move on you, old man. If you don't, the firm'll bust because she can't pay. I'll bust because I'll have to let my stock go on margins. It'll be an awful smash. But you'll get there, so we needn't worry. I've been an awful fool, and I've no right to do the getting into trouble and leave you to the hard work of getting out again. But as partner I'm going to insist on your having a salary," etc.

The news aroused all Thorpe's martial spirit. Now at last the mystery surrounding Morrison & Daly's unnatural complacency was risen. It had come to grapple again. He was glad of it. He thrust the letter in his pocket and walked buoyantly to the pines. The two lovers sat there all the after-

noon drinking in half sadly the joy of the forest and of being near each other. In a week the camping party would be breaking up, and Hilda must return to the city. It was uncertain when they would be able to see each other again.

Suddenly the girl broke off and put her fingers to her lips. For some time dimly an intermittent and faint sound had been felt rather than actually heard, like the irregular muffled beating of a heart. Gradually it had insisted on the attention.

"What is it?" she asked. Thorpe listened. Then his face lit mightily with the joy of battle.

"My axmen," he cried. "They are cutting the road."

A faint call echoed. Then without warning nearer at hand, and the sharp ring of an ax sounded through the forest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOR a moment they sat listening to the clear staccato knocking of the distant blows and the more forceful thuds of the man nearer at hand.

"What are they doing? Are they cutting lumber?" asked Hilda.

"No," answered Thorpe; "we do not cut saw logs at this time of year. They are clearing out a road."

"Where does it go to?" "Well, nowhere in particular—that is, it is a logging road that starts at the river and wanders up through the woods where the pine is."

"How clear the axes sound. I would like to know more about it," she sighed, a quaint little air of childish petulance graving two lines between her eyebrows. "Do you know, Harry, you are a singularly uncommunicative sort of a being. I have to guess that your life is interesting and picturesque. Sometimes I think you are not nearly poet enough for the life you are living. Why, you are wonderful, you men of the north, and you let us ordinary mortals who have not the gift of divination imagine you entirely occupied with how many pounds of iron chain you are going to need during the winter." She said these things lightly, as one who speaks things not for serious belief.

"It is something that way," he agreed, with a laugh. "Sit there," she breathed very softly, pointing to the dried needles on which her feet rested. He obeyed.

"Now tell me," she breathed, still in the fascinated monotone. "What?" he inquired.

"Your life; what you do; all about it. You must tell me a story."

Thorpe settled himself more lazily and laughed with quiet enjoyment. "The story of the woods," he began. "The story of the saw log. It would take a bigger man than I to tell it. I doubt if any one man ever would be big enough. It is a dream, a struggle, a battle. Those men you hear there are only the skirmishers extending the firing line. I'll have to hurry now to get those roads done and a certain creek cleared before the snow. Then we'll have to keep on the keen move to finish our cutting before the deep snow, to haul our logs before the spring thaws, to float them down the river while the freshest water lasts. When we gain a day we have scored a victory, when the wilderness puts us back an hour we have suffered a defeat."

The girl placed her hand on his shoulder. He covered it with his own. "But we win?" he cried. "We win?" "That is what I like," she said softly. "The strong spirit that wins." She hesitated, then went on gently: "I went walking yesterday morning before you came over, and after awhile I found myself in the most awful place—the stumps of trees, the dead branches, the trunks lying all about and the glaring hot sun over everything. Harry, there was not a single bird in all that waste, a single green thing." She seized his fingers in her other hand. "Harry," she said earnestly, "I don't believe I can ever forget that experience any more than I could have forgotten a battlefield were I to see one."

The man twisted his shoulder uneasily and withdrew his hand. "Harry," she said again after a pause, "you must promise to leave this woods until the very last. I suppose it must all be cut down some day, but I do not want to be here to see after it is all over. Men do not care much for keepsakes, do they, Harry? But even a man can feel the value of a great beautiful keepsake such as this, can't he, dear? Our meeting place—do you remember how I found you down there by the old pole trail staring as though you had seen a ghost? It must always be our most sacred memory. Promise me you will save it until the very, very last."

Thorpe remained silent. In selecting the districts for the season's cut he had included in his estimates this very grove. Other bodies of timber promising a return of \$10,000 were not to be found near the river, and time now lacked for the cutting of roads to more distant forests.

"Hilda," he broke in abruptly at last. "The men you hear are clearing a road to this very timber."

"What do you mean?" she asked. "This timber is marked for cutting this very winter."

She had not a suspicion of the true state of affairs. "Isn't it lucky I spoke of it?" she exclaimed. "You must see to it today, now!"

She sprang up impulsively and stood waiting for him. He arose more slowly.

"Hilda, I cannot," he said. She stood very still for some seconds. "Why not?" she asked quietly.

"Because I have not time to cut a road through to another bunch of pine. It is this or nothing."

"Why not nothing, then?" "I want the money this will bring."

His choice of a verb was unfortunate.

"Will you tell me for what you want the money?" she asked.

The young man caught the note of distrust. At once, instinctively, his own confidence vanished. He drew within himself again the power of justifying himself with the needed money.

"The firm needs it in the business," said he.

Her next question countered instantaneously.

"Does the firm need the money more than you do?"

They stared at each other in the silence of the situation that had so suddenly developed as a dust cloud springs up on a plain.

"You do not mean that, Hilda?" said Thorpe quietly. "It hardly comes to that."

"Indeed it does," she replied, every nerve of her organization strung to excitement. "I should be more to you than any firm."

"Sometimes it is necessary to look after the bread and butter," Thorpe reminded her gently, although he knew that was not the real reason at all.

"If your firm can't supply it, I can," she answered. "It seems strange that you won't grant my first request of you merely because you need a little money."

"It isn't a little money," he objected, catching manlike at the practical question. "You don't realize what an amount a clump of pine like this stands for. Just in saw logs, before it is made into lumber, it will be worth about \$30,000. There's \$10,000 profit in it."

The girl, exasperated by cold details at such a time, blazed out. "I never heard anything so ridiculous in my life!" she cried. "Either you are not at all the man I thought you, or you have some better reason than you have given. Tell me, Harry; tell me at once. You don't know what you are doing."

"The firm needs it, Hilda," said Thorpe. "In order to succeed. If we do not cut this pine we may fail."

"If I were a man," she said, and her voice was tense—"If I were a man and loved a woman, I would be ready to give up everything for her. My riches, my pride, my life, my honor, my soul even, they would be as nothing, as less than nothing, to me if I loved, Harry, don't let me think I am mistaken. Let this miserable firm of yours fail, if full it must for lack of my poor little temple of dreams." She held out her hands with a tender gesture of appeal. The affair had gone beyond the preservation of a few trees. It had become the question of an ideal. Gradually, in spite of herself, the conviction was forcing itself upon her that the man she had loved was so different from the rest that the grove of the dollar had corrupted him too. By the mere yielding to her wishes she wanted to prove the suspicion wrong.

"I cannot, Hilda," he answered steadily. "You sell me for \$10,000! I cannot believe it! Harry, must I put it to you as a choice? Don't you love me enough to spare me that?"

He did not reply. As long as it remained a dilemma he would not reply. He was in the right.

"Do you need the money more than you do me, more than you do love?" she begged, her soul in her eyes, for she was begging also for herself. "Think, Harry, it is the last chance!"

He was face to face with a vital decision. He experienced no conflict of mind, no hesitation, for the moment no regret. During all his woods life he had been following diligently the trail he had blazed for his conduct. Now his feet carried him unconsciously to the same end. There was no other way out. In answer to Hilda's question he merely inclined his head.

"I have seen a vision," said she simply, and lowered her head to conceal her eyes. Then she looked at him again. "There can be nothing better than love," she said.

"Yes, one thing," said Thorpe—"the duty of success."

The man had stated his creed, the woman hers.

She left him then and did not see him again. Four days later the camping party left. Thorpe sent Tim Shearer over as his most efficient man to see that they got off without difficulty, but himself retired on some excuse to Camp Four. Three weeks gone in October he received a marked newspaper announcing the engagement of Miss Hilda Farrand to Mr. Hildreth Morton of Chicago.

CHAPTER XXV.

WINTER set in early and continued late, which in the end was a good thing for the year's cut. The season was capricious, hanging for days at a time at the brink of a thaw, only to stiffen again into severe weather. This was trying on the nerves, for at each of these false alarms the six camps fell into a feverish haste to get the job finished before the breakup. It was really quite extraordinary how much was accomplished under the nagging spur of weather conditions and the cruel roweling of Thorpe.

The latter had now no thought beyond his work, and that was the thought of a madman. He had been stern and unyielding enough before, goodness knows, but now he was terrible. Not for an instant was there a resting spell. The veriest chore boy talked, thought, dreamed, of nothing but saw logs. Men whispered vaguely of a record cut. The difficulties of snow, accident, topography, were swept aside like straws. Little time was wasted and no opportunities. It did not matter how smoothly affairs happened to be running for the moment; every advantage, even the smallest, was eagerly seized to advance the work. A drop of five degrees during the frequent warm spells brought out the sprinklers even in the dead of night. At night the men fell into their bunks like sand bags, and their last

conscious thought, if indeed they had any at all, was of eagerness for the morrow. It was madness, but it was the madness these men loved.

For now to his old religion Thorpe had added a fanaticism, and over the fanaticism was gradually creeping a film of doubt. To the conscientious energy which a sense of duty supplied was added the tremendous kinetic force of a love turned into other channels. And in the wild nights while the other men slept Thorpe's half-crazed brain was revolving over and over again the words of the sentence he had heard from Hilda's lips. "There can be nothing better than love."

His actions, his mind, his very soul, vehemently denied the proposition. He clung as ever to his high Puritanic idea of man's purpose. But down deep in a very tiny, sacred corner of his heart a very small voice sometimes made itself heard when other more militant voices were still: "It may be. It may be."

The last month of hauling was also one of snow. Each day a little fell. By and by the accumulation amounted to much. In the woods where the wind could not get at it it lay deep and soft above the tops of bushes. On either side of the logging roads the snow piled so high as to form a kind of rampart.

When all this water in suspense should begin to flow and to seek its level in the water courses of the district the logs would have plenty to float them at least.

So late did the cold weather last that, even with the added plowing to do, the six camps beat all records. On the banks at Camp One were 9,000,000 feet. The totals of all five amounted to 33,000,000. About 10,000,000 of this was on French creek, the remainder on the main bank of the Ossawinimakee. Besides this, the firm up river, Sadler & Smith, had put up some 12,000,000 more. The drive promised to be quite an affair.

About the 15th of April attention became strained. Every day the mounting sun made heavy attacks on the snow; every night the temperature dropped below the freezing point. The river began to show more air holes, occasional open places. About the center the ice looked worn and soggy. Some one saw a flock of geese high in the air. Then came rain.

One morning early Long Jim Pine came into the men's camp bearing a huge chunk of tallow. This he held against the hot stove until its surface had softened, when he began to swab liberal quantities of grease on his spiked river shoes, which he fished out from under his bunk.

"She's comin', boys," he said. He donned a pair of woolen trousers that had been chopped off at the knee, thick woolen stockings and the river shoes. Then he tightened his broad leather belt about his heavy shirt, cooked his little hat over his ear and walked over in the corner to select a peavey from the lot the blacksmith had just put in shape. A peavey is like a cant hook except that it is pointed at the end. Thus it can be used either as a hook or a pike. At the same moment Shearer, similarly attired and equipped, appeared in the doorway. The opening of the portal admitted a roar of sound. The river was rising.

"Come on, boys; she's on!" said he sharply. "Livey, boys, livey!" shouted Thorpe. "She'll be down on us before we know it!"

Above the creaking of dead branches in the wind sounded a steady roar like the howling of a wild beast lashing itself to fury. The freshest was abroad. The men heard it, and their eyes brightened with the lust of battle. They cheered.

At the banks of the river Thorpe issued his directions. The affair had been all prearranged. Immediately above the first railways was Dam Three, with its two wide sluices through which a veritable flood could be loosened at will; then four miles farther up the railway of Sadler & Smith, the lay river firm, and above them tumbled over a forty-five foot ledge the beautiful Siscoe falls. These first railways of Thorpe's, spread in the broad marsh flat below the dam, contained about 8,000,000. The rest of the season's cut was scattered for thirty miles along the bed of the river.

Already the ice cementing the logs together had begun to weaken. The ice had wrenched and tugged savagely at the locked timbers until they had, with a mighty effort, snapped asunder the bonds of their hibernation. Now a narrow lane of black rushing water pierced the railways to boil and eddy in the consequent jam three miles below.

To the foremen Thorpe assigned their tasks.

"Moloney," said he to the big Irishman, "take your crew and break that jam. Then scatter your men down to within a mile of the pond at Dam Two and see that the river runs clear. You can tent for a day or so at West Bend or some other point about half way down, and after that you had better camp at the dam. Just as soon as you get logs enough in the pond start to sluicing them through the dam. You won't need more than four men there if you keep a good head. You can keep your gates open five or six hours. And, Moloney—"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to be careful not to sluice too long. There is a bar just below the dam, and if you try to sluice with the water too low you'll center and jam there as sure as shooting."

Bryan Moloney turned on his heel and began to pick his way down stream over the solidly banked logs. Without waiting the command a dozen men followed him. The little group bobbed away irregularly into the distance, springing lightly from one timber to the other, holding their quaintly fashioned peaveys in the manner of a ropedancer's balancing pole. At the

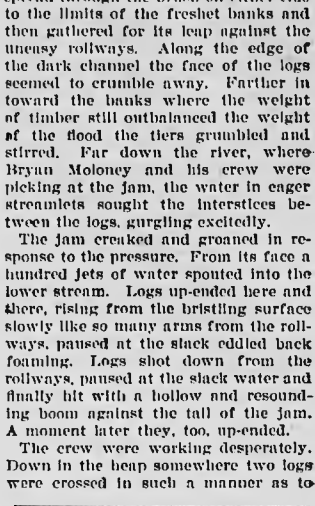
lowermost limit of the railways each man piled a log into the water and, standing gracefully erect on this unstable craft, floated out down the current to the scene of his dangerous labor.

"Kerlie," went on Thorpe, "your crew can break railways with the rest until we get the river fairly filled, and then you can move on down stream as fast as you are needed. Scotty, you will have the rear. Tim and I will boss the river."

At once the signal was given to Ellis, the dam watcher. Ellis and his assistants thereupon began to pry with long iron bars at the ratchets of the heavy gates. The chore boy bent attentively over the ratchet pin, lifting it delicately to permit another inch of raise, dropping it accurately to enable the men at the bars to seize a fresh purchase. The river's roar deepened. Through the wide sluiceways a torrent foamed and tumbled. Immediately it spread through the brush on either side to the limits of the freshest banks and then gathered for its leap against the uneasy railways. Along the edge of the dark channel the face of the logs seemed to crumble away. Farther in toward the banks where the weight of timber still outbalanced the weight of the flood the tiers grumbled and stirred. Far down the river, where Bryan Moloney and his crew were picking at the jam, the water in eager streamlets sought the interstices between the logs, gurgling excitedly.

The jam creaked and groaned in response to the pressure. From its face a hundred jets of water spouted into the lower stream. Logs up-ended here and there, rising from the bristling surface slowly like so many arms from the railways, paused at the slack eddied back foaming. Logs shot down from the railways, paused at the slack water and finally hit with a hollow and resounding boom against the tail of the jam. A moment later they, too, up-ended.

The crew were working desperately. Down in the heap somewhere two logs were crossed in such a manner as to



lock the whole. They sought those logs. Thirty feet above the bed of the river six men clamped their peaveys into the soft pine, jerking, pulling, lifting, sliding the great logs from their places. Thirty feet below, under the threatening face, six other men coolly picked out and set adrift, one by one, the timbers not inextricably imbedded. From time to time the mass creaked, settled, perhaps even moved a foot or two, but always the practiced river men after a glance bent more eagerly to their work.

Outlined against the sky, big Bryan Moloney stood directing the work. He knew by the tenseness of the log he stood on that behind the jam power had gathered sufficient to push the whole tangle down stream. Now he was offering it the chance.

Suddenly the six men below the jam scattered. Four of them jumped lightly from one floating log to another in the zigzag to shore. The other two ran the length of their footing and, over-leaping an open of water, landed heavily and firmly on the very ends of two small floating logs. In this manner the force of the jump rushed the little timbers end-on through the water. The two men, maintaining marvelously their balance, were thus ferried to within leaping distance of the other shore.

In the meantime a barely perceptible motion was communicating itself from one particle to another through the center of the jam. The men redoubled their exertions. A sharp crack exploded immediately underneath. There could no longer exist any doubt as to the motion, although it was as yet sluggish, chafed. Then in silence a log shifted—in silence and slowly, but with irresistible force, Jimmy Powers quietly stepped over it just as it moved its end. Other logs in all directions up-ended. The jam crew were forced continually to alter their positions, riding the changing timbers bent knee, as a circus rider treads his four galloping horses.

Then all at once down by the face something crashed. The entire stream became alive. It hissed and roared; it splashed and grumbled. At first slowly, then more rapidly, the very forefront of the center melted inward and forward and downward until it caught the fierce rush of the freshest and shot out from under the jam. Far up stream, bristling and formidable, the tons of logs, grading savagely together, swept forward.

The six men and Bryan Moloney, who, it will be remembered, were on top, worked until the last moment. When the logs began to curve under

Newton Centre.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Tyler of Crescent street are at North Conway.

—Mr. Samuel Ward and family of Crescent avenue are at Eggamogon, Me.

—Mills' undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—Mrs. R. L. Remnitz of Homer street has returned from a stay at Peterboro, N. H.

—Mr. C. H. Dimpsey and family of Ridge avenue returned yesterday from Ossipee, N. H.

—Carrier Newell has returned from Long Island, Portland Harbor where he has been camping.

—Miss L. D. Greene of Pleasant street has returned from a brief sojourn at Bay View, Me.

—Mr. Fred Keith has taken the house numbered 31 Tarleton road, formerly occupied by Mr. C. D. Sage.

—Alderman Elias B. Bishop has been appointed a master of chancery for Middlesex County by Governor Bates.

—Mr. George L. Forristall and family of Ward street returned this week on the steamer Winifred from their European trip.

—The marriage of Mr. Donald Tucker, the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Tucker and Miss Frances Louise Allen of Dorchester will take place soon.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Joselyn of Lyman street announce the engagement of their daughter Miss Helen T. to Mr. Gardner H. Crafts son of Mr. George E. Crafts of Beacon street.

—Mr. B. S. Evans of the Brae Burn Golf Club made the best record of the season at the North Conway golf links in the team match between the Intervale Golf Club and the Kearsarge teams yesterday afternoon. Mr. Evans made the course in 77, beating the bogey score by three points in 18 holes.

—The funeral of Major Oliver H. Story who died on Thursday of last week was held at the Emanuel Episcopal church, Wakefield, on Sunday afternoon, Rev. David C. Garret of the Church of the Redeemer and Rev. H. Learoyd rector of Emmanuel church officiating. A large number of people from this village were in attendance as well as many prominent club men of New York and Boston. At the grave in Lakeside Cemetery, Wakefield, three volleys were fired by a battalion and taps were sounded.

GRANT-PAUL.

Miss Florence Helen Paul, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Paul of Newton Centre became the bride of Lieutenant Homer Blaikie Grant of the Artillery Corps, United States Army, last Tuesday evening at the residence of her parents 1402 Centre street. The ceremony was performed at 7:30 o'clock by the Rev. Theodore J. Holmes of Concord, assisted by the Rev. William H. Cobb of Newton Centre.

Miss Paul was daintily gowned in white messaline trimmed with rose point duchess lace, and was attended by her sister Miss Harriet O. Paul, dressed in white broad crepe, with rose point duchess lace and pearl trimming. Dr. Luther G. Paul of Boston was the best man, and Captain Thomas E. Merrill, Lieut. George Diess, Lieut. John L. Roberts Jr., all of the Artillery Corps and Irving C. Paul of Newton Centre and J. Maxwell Murdock of Winchester were the ushers.

Following the ceremony, a largely attended reception was held until ten o'clock, the house being handsomely decorated with palms, laurel, asparagus vine and sweet peas. The bride and groom were assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. Paul, and Miss Beatrice Grant, sister of the groom.

After a wedding trip Lieut. and Mrs. Grant will reside at Fort Sumner where the groom is now stationed.

TEMPERLEY-KELLAWAY.

The marriage of Mr. John Temperley, a well known business man of Newton Centre and a resident of Newton Upper Falls, to Miss Clara Louise Kellaway daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kellaway of Irving street Newton Centre, took place last Tuesday evening at the home of the bride. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by the Rev. O. W. Scott of the Upper Falls Methodist church. Miss Alice H. Ireland of Newton Centre was the maid of honor and Miss Elsie M. Kellaway, the brides sister and Miss Ethel L. Cooper of Somerville were the bridesmaids. The groom was attended by Mr. George L. Marcy of the Upper Falls was best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Temperley will be at home to their friends after October 1st at 943 Chestnut street Upper Falls.

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NEWTON CENTRE.

Newton Highlands

—Mr. E. H. Tarbell and family are at East Gloucester.

—The Rust family of Boylston street have gone to Rockport.

—Mr. Loring and daughter of Erie avenue have gone to Maine.

—The family of Dr. Eaton are at their summer home at Saybrook, Conn.

—Mr. P. T. Lowell and family of Cushing street are away on a summer outing.

—The Lingham family of Lake avenue have returned from an extended absence.

—Rev. D. Bairns Griffiths of Boston will conduct the service at the Congregational church next Sunday.

—Dr. Eaton has as his guests his father, Rev. Mr. Eaton and a brother, the president of Colorado college. Rev. Mr. Eaton is now quite ill.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls with H. S. Hiltz, Eliot station. Tel. N. H. 21240.

—Orrin Ensor a nephew of Mr. Richard Wright who was badly burned about the feet on account of stepping into a pile of coals at the sewer work, is improving.

—Out of respect to the Grand Army and in order to give their clerks a chance to see the parade in Boston the following firms will close their store all day Tuesday: E. Moulton and Son, Richardson's Market, The Write Grocery Co and Murphy's Market.

Upper Falls.

—Mrs. John Gould's family are expected home from Maine the first of the week.

—Mrs. Fred Brene will entertain her parents from Bangor during the Grand Army encampment.

—Mrs. Allen, teacher at Wade school, was married at her home at Eliot on Thursday. Her future home will be in Attleboro.

—Mrs. Chas. Brown and Miss Ida Hinton accompanied by Mrs. Alex. Dresser leave Saturday for a two weeks stay at Wells Beach.

—Mr. Albert E. Waite and daughter Dorothy, have returned to their home in Rockville, Conn., after a few weeks visit at the Methodist parsonage.

—Next Sunday at the Methodist church at 10:45 sermon subject "Divine and Human Government Contrasted." At 7:15 lecture "The G. A. R. in Boston", sermon lecture "Christian Citizenship".

—The wedding of Mr. John Smith, agent for Adams Express, and Miss Margaret Daley of Chestnut street was solemnized at St. Mary's church on Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock. Rev. Edmund Daley of Boston, brother of the bride, performed the ceremony.

Waban.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls at Rhodes' Drug store. Tel. N. H. 237-3.

—Mrs. Abbie E. Wilson, widow of the late William H. Wilson died at her home 178 Nehodien road on Thursday of last week. The funeral was held on Sunday at her old home at Manchester, N. H.

Police Paragraphs.

Frank C. Parker until recently a night watchman for the Nonantum Worsted Co., and who was fined \$50 last week for larceny from various employers, was re-arrested last Friday charged with the larceny of some woollens, which were found secreted in his house on Bridge street.

Geo. J. Penny, a deserter from the U. S. Marine Corps was arrested last Friday night at 61 Pelham street Newton Centre, and later taken to the navy yard at Kittery Point Me.

Lower Falls.

—Mr. Desoe of Grove street returned home Saturday from the St. Louis Fair.

—Mr. Guy B. Kimball of Grove street left home this week for Denver, Colorado.

—Mrs. Herbert Brown of Cornell street has gone to Waterville Maine to visit her parents.

—Miss Kathryn Frank Calhoun of Winona, Minn., is visiting Mrs. Jennie H. Hayden of Cornell street.

Auburndale.

—Mr. Leon A. Hackett of Auburndale and Mr. A. Seymour Newhall of Lynn, both Harvard '04 men, have joined an excursion to Alaska, Yellowstone Park, Colorado and Utah. They tour the Great Lakes, thence take a six days coaching trip through the Yellowstone, go to the summit of Pike's Peak and returning in September via St. Louis take in the Exposition.

Auburndale.

—Mrs. A. R. Welles of Auburn place left this week for a visit at Kingston, R. I.

—Mr. William Fuller and family of Maple street are at Eagle Camp, South Hero, Vt.

—Mrs. E. B. Haskell and family of Vista avenue are enjoying the month at Rangley, Me.

—Miss Louise Coering of Grove street is spending a few weeks at Woodstock, Me.

—Mrs. E. S. Johnson of Studio road is spending a few weeks at Portsmouth, N. H.

—Mrs. R. E. Ashenden of Walcott street is spending a few weeks at Pennequin Beach, Me.

—Mr. George Johnson of Hawthorne avenue has returned from an enjoyable trip to York Beach.

—Mrs. Beardsly and son, Hoytt, of Crescent street are enjoying an outing at Provincetown.

—Mr. Henry Snow is making extensive repairs and alterations upon his house on Fern street.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Douglas are spending the month at their Boot Pond cottage at Plymouth.

—Mr. Henry O. Ryder is the guest of G. Lyman Snow at his summer cottage, Bootbay Harbor, Me.

—Mr. F. H. Underwood and family of Commonwealth avenue are spending August at South Coventry, Conn.

—The Misses Pearl F. and Anna M. Thorn of Lexington street are enjoying a few weeks stay at Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

—Mrs. Walter P. Thorn of Lexington street has returned from Providence where she has been spending a few weeks with relatives and friends.

—Mr. Thomas E. Pahey of Rockwood terrace is building a large double dwelling house on Commonwealth avenue near Lexington street.

—A frightened dog jumped through the front window of the post office last Saturday afternoon and created considerable excitement for a short while.

—Mrs. Mary Eliza Conn died at the home of her son Mr. Chauncey B. Conn on Central street last Sunday. The deceased was 62 years old. The funeral will be held at her former home at Woburn this afternoon.

—Mr. Hezekiah Earl, one of the oldest and best known residents of this village died suddenly at his home on Grove street last Sunday. The deceased was 87 years old and had been connected with the Boston and Albany railroad for 61 years, holding many responsible positions. The funeral was held from his late residence on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. John Matteson officiating. The interment was at the Newton Cemetery.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Austin T. Sylvester to Cora L. Carter, now Cora L. Webber, and Stella B. MacColl, dated May 21, 1893 and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds Book 161 Page 27, of the condition of the said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, the premises hereinafter referred to, on Wednesday, the seventh day of September, 1904, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the City Hall, in Room 16, Plan 26 and bounded: Beginning at a point on Linwood Avenue and at the Northwest corner of lot No. 33, thence Southerly by lot numbered 10 on said plan two hundred eighty three and one fourth feet, thence Easterly seventy two and one third feet to the line of lot numbered 31 on said plan, thence Southerly by lots numbered 34 and 32 three hundred and sixteen feet to Linwood Avenue, thence Westerly by said Linwood Avenue seventy eight and three fourths feet to the point of beginning. Excepting from the above described premises that portion thereof released by Cora L. Carter, now Cora L. Webber, and Stella Jones MacColl to Austin T. Sylvester by instrument dated April 8, 1895, duly recorded in Book 263 Page 21 being the Northwesterly portion of lot 35 on said plan to be found in Book 16 Plan 26 and bounded: Beginning at a point at the intersection of Lots 32, 34 and 33 thence running Southerly along the line of lot 35, 75 feet to a line of Fleming thence running Southerly along said Fleming line 75 feet to the line of Lot 36 thence running Northwesterly along the line of Lot 36, 81 feet to the point of intersection of Lots 10, 33, 35 and 36 thence running Southerly along the line between Lots 33 and 35 to the point of beginning. Said premises will be sold subject to any existing mortgages, liens, taxes and to any unpaid taxes and assessments and any tax titles of record, \$300. at time and place of sale.

STELLA B. MACCOLL

and present holders of said Mortgage.

Frank A. Mason, Atty. at Law, Boston, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Morris L. Messer to Sarah L. Tourjee, dated May 16, 1898, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 256, Page 67, which mortgage was assigned by Sarah L. Tourjee to Roswell L. Douglas by assignment dated April 11, 1904, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 106, Page 22, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same on Tuesday the sixth day of September, 1904, at four-thirty in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by the said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

All that parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in said Auburn, and bounded Northwesterly by Central street by a curved line as represented on said plan, seventy-two (72) feet, four (4) inches, Southerly by land now or late of William F. Tyler, one hundred and twenty-three (123) feet, Southwestwesterly by land now or late of George N. Noyes, fifty-eight (58) feet, and Middlewesterly by land now or late of said Noyes, eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches; or however otherwise bounded, measured or described, together with all the rights, easements, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.

The said premises will be sold subject to a first mortgage of nineteen hundred (1900) dollars, given May 16, 1898, to the Trustees of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church of Auburndale, together with accrued interest, and to any benefit assessments, unpaid taxes and other encumbrances.

Two hundred (200) dollars of the purchase money must be paid at the time and place of sale. Other particulars and terms will be announced at the sale.

ROSWELL L. DOUGLASS,

Present Owner of the Mortgage.

HOME SAVINGS BANK

(Incorporated 1889)

75 TREMONT STREET BOSTON

OPPOSITE TREMONT TEMPLE

Deposits and Surplus

\$9,500,000

Interest allowed on deposits of three dollars and upwards.

Office Hours:—Every business day 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.

CHARLES H. ALLEN, President.

GEORGE E. BROCK, Treasurer.

Join the Procession to Vermont!

GREEN MOUNTAINS

LAKE CHAMPLAIN

WINDOSKI VALLEY

MONTREAL AND

THOUSAND ISLANDS

Are most directly reached from Boston and New England Points via the scenic Central Vermont Railway line. Three fast express trains daily 9 A. M., 11:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday 11:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. A hundred delightful healthful and restful vacation resorts (\$4 to \$10 a week) within a half day's journey.

Six postage secured book of 150 pages, 150 pictures, "Among the Green Hills," describing attractions in the Green Mountains of Vermont, on the Shores and Islands of Lake Champlain, in Canada and along the River St. Lawrence.

T. H. HANLEY, N. E. P. A., Central Vermont Ry., 390 Washington St., Boston.

Are most directly reached from Boston and New England Points via the scenic Central Vermont Railway line. Three fast express trains daily 9 A. M., 11:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday 11:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. A hundred delightful healthful and restful vacation resorts (\$4 to \$10 a week) within a half day's journey.

Six postage secured book of 150 pages, 150 pictures, "Among the Green Hills," describing attractions in the Green Mountains of Vermont, on the Shores and Islands of Lake Champlain, in Canada and along the River St. Lawrence.

T. H. HANLEY, N. E. P. A., Central Vermont Ry., 390 Washington St., Boston.

Sneak Thieves in Newton.

This is the time of year when people have their windows and doors open or go away for the summer and

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All Goods Delivered Free of Charge to Residences in Newton

John H. Pray & Sons Co., Pray Building

Pray's

646-658 Washington St.

Boston

For the Summer Home

CANTON MATTINGS in every variety
JAPANESE MATTINGS in all grades
CREX MATTING of great sanitary merit
ORIENTAL RUGS from the far East
DOMESTIC RUGS of every description
REED FURNITURE in the latest designs

Represented in Newton by Mr. E. E. STILES.

Towel Snaps.

Three (3) Cases of Turkish Towels
Direct from the Mills.

One Case, 50 Dozen

Good size extra heavy Pure White Turkish Towels

12 1-2c each

Other stores have this price (it's a very ordinary price) but there the likeness stops. They have not the Towel.

35 Dozen Extra Large and Heavy

Fringed Turkish Towels.

19c each, 3 for 50c, \$1.85 a dozen

25 Dozen Hemmed Turkish Towels

Wide, long and heavy. The kind that make a rub down a real pleasure,

25c each, 5 for \$1.00

Thousands of Towels of All Kinds.

Central Dry Goods Co.,

107 to 115 Moody St.,

WALTHAM.

KIDDER, PEABODY & Co.,

115 Devonshire Street,

BOSTON.

Investment Securities,

Foreign Exchange,

Letters of Credit.

SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

MISS AGNES LEAVITT

Will teach a class in the Newtons during the months of July and August, meeting two or three times per week at various places in picturesque neighborhoods in Newton. Apply or write to No. 255 Homer Street, Newton Centre.

VACATION STATIONERY

BUY A Fountain Pen

A Writing Tablet

AT A Kodak Album

WARD'S

87-63 FRANKLIN ST BOSTON

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Walter C. Scarborough deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

HOWARD G. SCARBOROUGH, Executor.

Address, Sharon, Mass. August 10, 1904.

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Address, Sharon

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXXII.—NO. 48.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1904.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Promptness and Neatness.

Estimates Free.

J. A. MANLEY ..Decorator..

7 Bacon Street, Newton

Painting and Paper Hanging performed quickly and in the very best manner.

Telephone 323-2 Newton.

P. O. Box 41, Newton.

THE IDEAL SILK STORE,

Room 2, 20 Temple Place, BOSTON.

We are offering some special values in White Wash Silks and Crepe-de-chine. The prices we mention below will convince you that these prices and goods cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

27 in. White Wash Silk.	Regular value 75c.	Our price 48c
27 in. " "	" 75c.	" 48c
27 in. " "	" 85c.	" 65c
27 in. " "	" \$1.00	" 75c
27 in. White Mouton de Sussie.	Regular value \$1.00.	Our price 75c
24 in. Colored and White Crepe de chine.	Reg. value 75c.	Our price 65c

H. E. BARTON.

H. A. EATON.

H. M. NASH.

JEAN WHITE MUSIC PUBLISHER

521 Washington Street, Boston

Music for Orchestras and Bands, large and small, Solos, Duets, Trios, Quartets for all String and Wind Instruments.

Patronage of Teachers solicited. Special Discount Opposite R. H. White

After the Cold Winter

which we have just passed through you may wish to consider a change in your Heating Apparatus.



Can We Help You

by giving you figures on a new outfit?



Hot Water, Hot Air, Steam. Also Combination HOT WATER & HOT AIR.

WALKER & PRATT MFG. CO.

MAKERS OF

Crawford Cooking-Ranges

24 Main St., Watertown

31 and 35 Union St., Boston

We will Sell, Deliver and Connect to your Wires a Fan Motor for \$14.00.



Electrical Department

Newton and Watertown Gas Light Co.

Gents' Suits

Pressed - 50c

Pants 15c

Goods Called for and Delivered.

B. B. JAFERIAN & CO.,
TAILORS,

307 Centre St., Newton

Tel. Newton 478-4.

Great Reduction Sale

Trimmed Hats
At the Juvenile

Elliot Block, Newton, Mass.

MORRIS, MURCH & BUTLER,

BRASS AND IRON BEDS.

BEDDING, CHAMBER AND

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

97 and 99 Summer Street.

BOSTON.

Broiled Live Lobsters
English Mutton Chops

AND OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE

Are Specialties at the

CRAWFORD HOUSE, BOSTON

Table d'hôte Dinners served daily from 12 to 2 P. M., at No. 17 Stratte Street.

PHOTOGRAPHS

High Grade Portraits.

Children's Pictures.

BAKER & CO.,

Nonantum Sq., Newton

Tel. 89-5 Newton.

BURNS

I want your house to Rent or Sell. Great demand for Real Estate. List your property with me for good results.

TO LET IN NEWTON

8 Room up-to-date house, all hard wood floors, open plumbing, set tubs, everything convenient. Rent \$33 1-3

8 Room, 4 year old half house, all hard wood floors, porcelain bath-tub, open plumbing throughout, 1 minute to electric cars. \$25 per month

6 Room flat, new bath, hot and cold water and range, convenient to everything. \$14

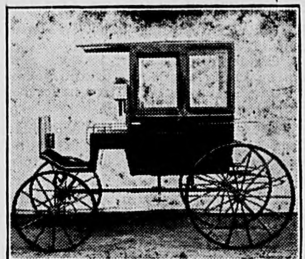
Also other houses to Rent from \$9 to \$75.

Great Bargains in Houses and Land For Sale in all the Newtons.

Call me Up on 'Phone 391-2.

Real Estate 363 Centre Street, NEWTON.

KIMBALL'S, SUDBURY STREET.



STATION WAGON.

One of our new designs for Spring, 1904. It embodies all the qualities which have made the name "Kimball" on a carriage mean something. Solidity of construction, artistic lines, luxurious fittings and details of detail and workmanship. This is only one of the many new spring styles we are showing at our Boston store. All at reasonable prices. We want you to call and see them for yourself.

KIMBALL BROS. COMPANY.
500 Carriages Under One Roof.
112 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

Buller's 90 Tremont St.

Upholstering and Furniture Repairing.

Our upholstery department is by no means a side feature with us. We are giving this work our especial attention and will give our customers every advantage to know that our workmanship is of the best quality, our large assortment of coverings and hangings of the newest, up-to-date patterns and materials, and our prices the very lowest consistent with high grade work.

Furniture Repaired. Carpets Cleaned and Relaid.

BEMIS & JEWETT,

Painters and Decorators

NEWTON CENTRE and NEEDHAM

Telephone Connection.

KRANICH & BACH PIANOS took gold medal at Mechanics' Fair in Boston in 1897, '92 and '93 on their unequalled uprights and grands. Finest tone and best to wear. Also the first class H. W. Berry and fine Keller & Sons. Special bargain on slightly used Kranich & Bachs. Also taken in exchange at low prices, George Steck, Behr Brothers, Merrill, Stark & Bauer, Schubert and others, from \$25 to \$200. Terms easy and prices reasonable. H. W. BERRY, No. 646 Washington Street, Boston.

DINE AT CROSBY'S 19 School St., Boston

Packing of Furniture,

Brick-Work: Cut Glass, China, Silverware, done by most experienced workmen; 8 years experience. Wedding presents a specialty.

Office, 13 Avon Street, Boston.

Tel. Oxford 1941-4. THEODORE PATTEN

PEAT MOSS For Stable Bedding.

The best and cheapest in the world, keeps the horse clean, feet soft, and giving pure air in the stable. Send for circular.

C. B. BARRETT, Importer,

44 North Market Street, Boston, Mass.

Newcomb's Express Agents.

"KRAKAUER."

A Piano with a Human Voice.

"BEHNING."

Models of the Piano Makers' Art.

LINCOLN & VANDER PYL,

211 Tremont Street, up one flight, opp. Hotel Touraine, Boston.

Newton.

Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn. 4t

—Mrs. Harry Stebbins of Eldredge street returned Saturday from the White Mountains.

—Mr. Lowell Hunt of Waverly avenue is spending a few weeks with friends on the cape.

—Rev. Dr. George W. Shinn of Eldredge street is enjoying a few weeks at Orient, L. I.

—Mr. Douglas W. Smeaton of Mt. Ida street has returned from South Barnstead, N. H. where he has been camping.

—Mrs. L. P. Elliott-Anderson, 171 Charlesbank road, manufactures switches and all kinds of first class hair work.

—Mrs. A. Kempton Dean of Pearl street is entertaining Mrs. Benton and her daughter, Mrs. John Hodge, from Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Rev. Robert Keating Smith has returned from Westbury, R. I. and will conduct the services at Grace church during August.

—Mr. E. A. Edwards and family of Magnolia street returned yesterday from Barre where they have been spending a few weeks at their summer home.

—Rev. Clarence F. Smith of Fall River conducted the services at Eliot church last Sunday. Rev. William M. Kincaid of Honolulu, H. I. will preach next Sunday.

—Mr. F. E. Stanley has been invited to compete in the carnival of automobile racing which is to be held today and tomorrow at the Glenville race track at Cleveland.

—The engagement is announced of Miss Blanche Miriam Forknall of California street and Mr. Solon Melville Westgate of Lowell. The wedding will take place in October.

—Mrs. John A. Evans of Brooks street, while running for a train Wednesday slipped and fell, receiving a serious fracture of the leg. She was taken to her home by the police.

—Mr. W. A. Wetherbee, chairman of the committee on Decorations for the G. A. R. week in Boston is entitled to the credit for the excellent electrical effects given nightly on the Common and Public Garden.

—About 500 automobiles passed through this city yesterday carrying the G. A. R. delegates. There were two divisions. One route led through Cambridge to Arlington, Lexington and Concord returning through Newton. The other party passed through the Newtons and met their comrades on the way returning to Boston through Concord, Lexington, Arlington and Cambridge. Several Newton machines took part in the tour.

WE DO...

FUR

Repairing and Remaking

with specially skillful workmanship and thoroughness, assuring the fullest satisfaction.

Place your orders before the busy season, to have them ready when wanted, with the advantage of low summer prices.

WOODBURY & REBNER

Manufacturers of High Grade Furs

140 Boylston St., Boston.

MISS MacCONNELL

(Formerly with Madame May & Co.)

ELECTRO TONIC FACE TREATMENT.

Manicuring, Chiropody, Shampooing, Toilet Articles.

Moles, Warts and superfluous hair removed.

Parlor: Newton Bank Building, Room H.

Tel. 845-2.

Telephone Back Bay 2184-6.

REFRACTIONIST AND OPTICIAN.

ANNA ELYSA MACMASTER,

Assistant to the late Dr. Fred. W. Payne.

Office, Hours: Mon. Wed. and Fri. 2 to 5, Thurs. and Sat. 10 to 1. Tues. and Sun. by appointment.

2 Commonswealth Ave., Boston.

Terms Reasonable.

Ostrich Feathers

We have

greatly increased our facilities for the

handling of Feather Work,

thereby enabling us to give

prompt attention to all orders.

WE DYE, CLEANSE, CURL, REPAIR

AND DRESS TIPS, PLUMES,

POMPONS AND BOAS.

We Solicit Your Patronage.

H. B. WOODWARD & CO.,

Office and Salesroom

39 West St., Boston, Mass.

ACE PENSIONS

New pension order applies to officers and enlisted men, over 62 years of age, of the army, navy or marine corps of the United States who served 30 days or more during the war of the rebellion and who were honorably discharged and are in receipt of a pension of less than \$12 per month, and those who are not pensioned, call or write to ELMER C. RICHARDSON, 35 Tremont St., Boston.

Newton.

—Chiropody parlors at Anderson's, 171 Charlesbank road. 1f

—Mr. L. B. Hall, and family of Franklin street have returned from the White Mountains.

—Street Commissioner Ross has placed some sand beds in Farlow Park for the use of the children.

—Captain and Mrs. Carlo Montanari sailed Wednesday on the steamer Winifred for Liverpool.

—Mrs. C. E. Eddy and family of Franklin street are back from their sojourn in New Hampshire.

—Our paper hangers and painters are artistic and gentlemanly. Hough & Jones Co. Newton, Mass. 1f

—Mr. Nathan Heard left Friday of last week for a canoeing trip on the Evangeline Lakes in Nova Scotia.

—Hon. and Mrs. H. E. Hibbard have opened their residence on Washington street after a season at Woods Hole.

—Mrs. E. H. Byington of Franklin street and Miss Hamilton of Cambridge are at Saratoga Springs, New York.

—Mr and Mrs. J. B. Simpson of Hunnewell avenue are enjoying an automobile trip to Old Orchard Beach.

—Mr. I. Newton Pierce who has recently purchased the Tuttle house on Franklin street is making extensive alterations.

—Mr. Thomas Kingsbury and family of Centre street have returned from their annual outing in New Hampshire.

—Mr. Gawn Wilson has contracted for the erection of a six apartment house on Orchard street from plans of W. J. Forbush.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thurlow Bergen of New York are the guests of Mrs. Bergen's father, Mr. Samuel Farquhar of Sargent street.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hanley of Braintree have taken the house formerly occupied by Mr. F. A. Hubbard on Richardson street.

—Mr. John Ward and Mr. Walter Connor of Eliot street leave next week for Camp Buena Vista at Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

—The children of the Chinese Mission in Boston will be the guests of the Eliot Sunday School on Sunday afternoon at the regular service.

—Prof. Bridgewater, late "Institute of Health," Boston, with assistant will give treatment here several weeks. Particulars 129 Jewett St.

—Don't forget the auction sale of household goods at the Crosby estate 5 Eldredge street, Thursday August 25 at 10 a. m. For particulars apply to John T. Burns, Auctioneer, 356 Centre St. Newton.

—The music for the Leap Year party given by the young ladies of Hingham at the Cushing House in that town last Saturday evening was under the direction of A. H. Handley of Richardson street.

—Have your upholstering work done now and take advantage of the summer prices. The busy season will soon fall. We have just received our full line of upholstery material which we would be pleased to show you, and estimate on your work. J. L. Phillips, 244 Washington street. Tel. 545-3.

—Upon the invitation of R. H. Stearns and Co the boys of the Eliot summer Sunday School viewed the G. A. R. parade on Tuesday from the windows of their store, while the girls, through the kindness of one of the committee on arrangements occupied seats in the Boylston street grand stand.

—The Hon. H. V. Freeman of Chicago and Dr. H. H. Belfield, Dean of Chicago University, have been spending this week at the home of the former's cousin, Mr. W. H. Bangs on Waverly avenue. Judge Freeman is on General Black's staff and was Captain of a colored company in the Civil War. Dr. Belfield is a member of Thomas Post of Chicago, and was a cavalry officer during the war and is enrolled as a prison veteran.

—A horse belonging to W. H. Mague of West Newton was being led from Tremont street to Park streets about midnight Wednesday night when it was struck by an automobile operated by Arthur Harrigan and Daniel Cronin. The shock threw Harrigan into the street and knocked over the driver of the horse. The horse was thrown in front of a Boston bound elevated electric, which struck the animal, breaking its legs. It was shot. The automobile was wrecked. Harrigan and Mague's employee were slightly injured.

Letter to Hon. S. L. Powers

Newton.

Dear Sir: "Three-quarter paint" is a good phrase for the best outside of Devoe.

Devoe is the standard; mark it 100. The next-best—there are several not far apart—are three-quarter paints; you may mark them 75 to Devoe's 100.

The bulk of the paints in market are 40 or 50 or 60; a few are better than 60; a few are worse than 40. How do they act? They cover from one to three-quarters as much as Devoe; and they last from one to three-quarters as long as Devoe.

What are they worth? The same rule don't hold; it costs more to put on some paints than they are worth; they are not worth anything; the "put-on" costs two or three times as much as the paint.

Yours truly

F. W. Devoe & Co.

J. M. Briggs and Son sell our paint.

COCHRANE-ALLEN.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride, 44 Harrison street, Newton Highlands "Eliot" Thursday evening August 11, 1904, at 8 o'clock, when Ada Gallison Allen and Samuel Henry Cochrane, of Attleboro, Mass., were united in marriage by the Rev. Geo. G. Phipps.

The matron of honor was Susan L. Greely of Auburndale, Mass, sister of the groom, and William B. Marshall of Everett, Mass., was best man. A reception was held from 8:30 to 10 o'clock and a large number of relatives and friends were present to congratulate the happy couple.

The house was prettily decorated throughout with plants and flowers, while music and light refreshments added to the pleasure of the evening.

Many beautiful presents were received from their innumerable friends among them being an elegant cut glass punch bowl and solid silver lade from the neighbors of the bride.

The bride has been a valuable teacher at Newton Upper Falls and is highly esteemed by a host of friends throughout the Newtons.

After a short trip Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane will reside at Attleboro, Mass.

Nonantums Defeated Newton Upper Falls.

The Nonantums of Newton defeated the strong Upper Falls team at Newton Upper Falls last Saturday in the first of a series of three games for the championship of Newton by the score of 10 to 2. The game was well played by both teams. Enthusiasm ran high until the Nonantum players displayed their superiority by batting out 5 runs in the third inning. The battery work of Howard and Dunn was worthy of special mention. While Halliday and Simpson excelled for the home team. The game was replete with brilliant plays with but few errors on either side. The next game of the series will be played at Cabot Park, Newton, Saturday August 27 at 3:30 p. m.

R. R. Accident.

Passengers in the Newton express leaving the South station at 10:30 were badly jolted Friday evening by the sudden stopping of the train just beyond Faneuil. While the express was running at a 40 mile an hour rate the piston rod of the locomotive snapped. The forward section dropped to the sleepers, and the other remnant smashed the cylinder to pieces. The engine was so disabled that she came to a stop. The jarred and shaken passengers thought that the train had jumped the track. Investigation of the accident showed that the usefulness of the locomotive was temporarily gone, and word was sent to Boston for a wrecking outfit. The damaged piston rod was disconnected and the engine was able to proceed on her way slowly by means of the other rod. It arrived in Newton 55 minutes late.

Street Railway Notes

The Newton street railway company was put to its triumph last Wednesday in handling the enormous crowd at Waltham. Fully 5000 people were in Nonantum square about 6 o'clock that evening and every car was crammed, jammed full. 150 cars were in commission between Newton and Waltham and with the extra service towards Arlington, about 100,000 people were handled without an accident save a derailling of one car on Elm street, West Newton, caused by overloading. One party of 3240 veterans were carried from Mechanics Building, Boston, around the loop at Norumbega Park and thence to Waltham. Another party of 300 from Dalgren Post of South Boston was carried to Norumbega Park in the afternoon, given a lunch, witnessed the performance at the theatre and then went to Waltham for the carnival.

City Hall Notes.

City Clerk Kingsbury attended the reunion of the 32d Mass. Regt. at Nantasket Point last Wednesday and favored his comrades with a song.

Street Commissioner Ross, Chief Randlett and George Darmody handled the automobiles sent by the city for the veterans' use yesterday.

Chas. Ward Post.

Charles Ward Post of G. A. R. turned out 90 men at the great parade in Boston last Tuesday. Commander Patten was in charge and the men marched in platoons, marshalled by Col. Kingsbury, Major Randlett, Geo. M. Fiske, S. S. Whitney and Col. W. D. Tripp.

Today the post entertains the Geo. H. Thomas Post of Chicago with a trolley ride and lunch at Concord, and a reception and banquet this evening at headquarters and the Newton Club.

The Democrats might have been dangerous opponents of the Republicans this year if they had repudiated Bryanism at St. Louis instead of compromising with it.

Lucerne,
Milan,
Venice.

A Summer's Outing

A "Graphic" Man's
Experiences in Europe

Venice, July 18th, 1904.
Dear Graphic. My last letter closed with our visit to places of interest in and about Paris. The following morning we took an early train, our objective point being Lucerne. As it was very warm and our ride a twelve hour one we prepared ourselves for a hard and tedious day. The country proved to be rather uninteresting the houses of gray brick with red tiled roofs, and the only unique feature being the many shades of green in the fields and foliage. I should judge that the ground was excellent for farming and the people industrious for quite often women could be seen helping the men, the costume the short dress, norman caps and heavy shoes.

At Alt-munsterol the train reached the German border and we were hustled out to have our luggage examined by the custom house officials. For several hours we travelled through Germany and finally at Bale went over the line into Switzerland. Here another interview was had with government officers and a change was made to an unusually fine train which conveyed us to the end of our journey. The scenery rapidly changed hills began to appear in the distance, tunnels became frequent and many quaint villages were seen at intervals. Over the entrance of one building, in a large town, was the words, "Restauration Zur Hard Egge," and the majority of the houses were hotels or lunch rooms. Peat seemed to be in abundance, the bogs were being worked and small blocks were piled up in all directions. The guards at the stations showed a certain amount of military training and when the train is ready to start a small horn is blown three times alternating with the ringing of a bell. The last few miles were along the Lake of Sem-pach and with fine views of Mounts Pilatus and Rigi in the far distance. We were driven to the Hotel Krone which proved to be comfortable and homelike. Lucerne is the capital of the Canton of that name, lies picturesquely on the borders of the lake and has a population of 28,000. It is full of hotels and pensions and gives one the impression of a fashionable summer resort. It is enclosed by a well preserved wall with nine watch towers while its location in the valley, facing the snow clad Alps, is most striking.

The two parts of the town are connected by seven bridges, several of them roofed over, and the Quays are worthy an hour's visit. In the older parts of the town the crooked streets are still seen and many quaint and picturesque houses of the 16th and 17th centuries. Early the next morning our party took the tram cars and cable railway to the Gutsch, a height on the left bank of the river Reuss where a fine view was had of the town and lake, the Rigi and the Alps. Our next walk was to a pretty wooded dell where on the face of an immense sandstone rock, rising perpendicularly from a pool of water, is the famous Lion of Lucerne carved by the Danish sculptor Thorvaldsen. It was executed in 1821 to the memory of the officers and soldiers of the Swiss guard who fell in defending the Tuilleries on August 10th, 1792. The dying lion is 25 feet in length and is reclining in a grotto transfixed by a broken lance and sheltering a Bourbon lily with his paw. The model was on exhibition in an adjoining building where curios were for sale, including a fine collection of wood carving.

On the slope of the hill near by was the interesting Glacier Garden, a relic of the ice period and containing 32 pot holes or glacier mills connected by means of steps and bridges. The shortness of time did not allow a visit to any other point of interest so going to the quay we were soon on the boat bound for Fluelen.

The Lake of Lucerne or of the Four Forest Cantons is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland giving as it does fine views of the mountains that rise on every side. The green slopes are dotted with villages and hotels, snow would easily be seen on some of the high peaks and the road hewn in places from the solid rock which extends around the lake. We passed the monument erected to the memory of Schiller and the chapel from which William Tell escaped so many years ago, also several pretty towns. At Brunnen begins the South arm of the lake and at Fluelen the train was taken on the St. Gotthard railway.

This ride proved to be somewhat similar to the Canadian Pacific the principal difference being that the snow clad peaks were farther away and the water falls were not so numerous or heavy in volume. At several places the track could be seen three times at once and we made the entire

circuit of a round topped hill with a chapel on the highest point. Just beyond Goschenen the St. Gotthard Tunnel was entered and it took 17 minutes to go through its nine miles of length.

As the train sped through the country women were seen washing clothes on the river banks also many little chapels by the side of the roads containing the cross and crucifix. Some of the houses were painted, on the front, with ornamental designs and others showed the effect of land slides and washouts from the mountain sides. We enjoyed the ride around the Lake of Lugano, a beautiful sheet of water of the Italian blue, and evidently quite a fashionable resort.

This was not far beyond Chiasso which is the boundary line between Switzerland and Italy and soon the end of the famous Lake Como was passed and from there the run was made in good time to Milan, the second largest city in Italy and noted as the wealthiest and most fashionable.

We were sheltered at the Hotel Ancora and the following morning it was only a moment's walk to the cathedral, a Gothic church of white marble, the third in size in Europe and adorned with 98 turrets and 2,000 statues. It being very broad and not very high gives the building a squat appearance but the interior with its double aisles and 52 pillars is very impressive. Our party climbed to the roof and tower, a distance of 354 feet and some 400 steps. The cathedral is in the Piazza del Duomo, the centre of business and traffic, and having in the middle an equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel II. In the refectory of the Santa Maria Monastery is Leonardo da Vinci's wall painting of "The Last Supper." It is now almost obliterated but as good reproductions have been made the wonderful work of the master hand will not be lost to art loving humanity.

In the Brera gallery we saw its chief treasure which is Raphael's "Sposalizio," or "Marriage of the Virgin," painted in 1504. The distance from Milan to Venice was covered in the afternoon and I went to sleep that night in my room in the Hotel Metropole with the songs and cries of the gondoliers in my ears and the splash of their oars as they went to and fro along the Grand Canal. Five enjoyable days were spent in this City of the Doges, a city whose wealth and power is a thing of the past and whose glory is fast departing.

At night as one walks across the grand square by the Doge's palace, under the pillar which is surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark, the church of San Marco, by the spot where the Campanile stood and on through the crowd, the band playing soft dreamy airs the while. We feel that Venice is still in her glory. The electric light is not bright enough to disclose the broken plaster showing the brick beyond, like ugly sores on the walls, or the defaced and discolored ornamentation.

Prof. Powers in his lecture on "The Rise and Fall of Venice," stated the plain and unvarnished truth that we did not come a day too soon for Venice is slowly but surely crumbling away never to return to its former beauty. Our first morning was spent at the academy where is Titian's beautiful painting of the Ascension and others with works of Vecchio, Baldone and Veronese. The afternoon was free and was spent by all in visiting the shops and some of the old houses which date back to the 15th century.

Two interesting facts about the city are that the various canals are spanned by 347 bridges and if the visitor wishes to take a ride he can have his pick from over 2400 gondolas. Since the laws against the luxury of these boats was passed the former furnishings of rich gildings, silks and embroideries have been given up leaving a long narrow affair entirely black with leather cushions of the same color. The next morning our party spent at the churches San Maria Formosa, San Giovanni and Paolo, in front of which is the equestrian statue of General Colleoni, considered the finest of its kind in the world, and San Maria dei Fari. All these churches have glorious pictures by the old masters and contain tombs of the saints, the doges and others, who assisted in making the Venice of old.

In the afternoon we took a walk to the Merceria, the business section, across the Rialto bridge, through the markets and down the Grand Canal, the main artery of the traffic of Venice, and nearly two miles in length. As one drifts along by the old palaces the former homes of Don Carlos, George Eliot, Wagner, Desdemona,

Robert Browning, Lord Byron, King Peter Lasgvan of Cyprus and W. D. Howells are pointed out by the gondolier, also the churches and buildings now used for public purposes. The visit to the church of San Marco was one of great interest with its artistic exterior and its wonderful mosaics in the ceilings and walls. The bones of St. Mark, the tutelary saint of Venice are said to have been brought here from Alexandria in 829 and are interred under the church.

From the balcony we could look over the board fence where workmen are building a new Campanile to take the place of the one which fell, also the old clock with its unique striking apparatus and the other buildings in the square. The interior of the Doge's palace gave us an idea of the former power of these rulers and the marvelous decorations on wall and ceiling of the extravagant expenditure. The walk across the Bridge of Sighs and through the prisons rather works on the nerves and the return to the sunlight in the square was most welcome.

One of the most beautiful sights, which took place Saturday night, was the annual festa to commemorate the extermination of the plague and consisted of fire works and a band concert much like our river carnivals. The following morning we witnessed the religious observance and the afternoon visited Robert Browning's former home and the Lido, a popular bathing resort.

Frank Dunlap Frisbie.

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In 1894-1895 the study was upon Goethe, Schiller, Evolution and Venice. Two lectures were heard, one on Goethe, the other on evolution. On

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the advertising columns.

The most important consideration
in the selection of a congressman is
the influence and power he will exert
at Washington. The public is fairly
familiar with the names of repre-
sentatives from otherwise obscure dis-
tricts in Maine and Ohio, because
they have obtained positions of influ-
ence by reason of long service, com-
bined with ability. It is fair to say
that every district sends men to Con-
gress of more than average power,
but in such a gathering the average
stands high, and it is only the most
influential men who direct the course
of legislation. Such a man is Con-
gressman Powers, who combines tact,
personal magnetism and cleverness
with a high degree of ability. Mr.
Powers yields a strong influence at
Washington by the manner in which
he has used these qualities, and the
district reaps the advantage of that
influence in more than one direction.
Influential men in Congress obtain
greater consideration from the gov-
ernment departments than mediocre
congressmen and it is for the interest
of each district to be represented by
men who can advance its interests in
this direction.

With this thought in view Newton
presents a candidate in the person of
its ex-mayor, John W. Weeks. In ad-
dition to his high standing in busi-
ness and social circles, and to his
labors in behalf of good citizenship,
Captain Weeks has the immense ad-
vantage of a wide acquaintance in
official Washington. A graduate of
the Annapolis Naval Academy, he
has always taken a warm interest in
that institution and President McKin-
ley honored him with an appointment
as a visitor some years ago. His ten
years of service in the Massachusetts
Naval Militia were recognized by
Gov. Wolcott who appointed him a
member of his Military Advisory
Board during the Spanish American
War. He was also appointed a lieuten-
ant in the Volunteer Navy and com-
manded the Second Division of
the U. S. Auxiliary Navy, having
charge of the New England coast.
Admiral Bartlett, his chief, warmly
congratulated him on his good work,
and he was one of the five officers
mentioned by name in the report of
Admiral Bartlett to the Navy Dept.
He was also highly complimented by
Admiral Dewey and the Asst. Sec'y
of the Navy.

Captain Weeks labors in behalf
of the Broadway National Bank brought
him in close contact with another na-
tional department, and his very suc-
cessful management of the closing
affairs of that defunct institution,
brought him many compliments from
the Treasury officials.

Such in brief is the official opinion
of Washington of Captain Weeks, and
it is safe to say that if elected to
Congress, his relations with the
government departments will be of
such a nature as to greatly benefit
the district.

Excellent progress is being made
by that vigorous organization, the
Newtonville Improvement Society,
towards a fund for the purchase of
the triangle at the junction of Water-
town, Walnut streets and Lowell ave-
nue for a public park. The estab-
lished custom of the city in meeting
its citizens half way in matters of
this kind, will ensure the success of
this project, which will add greatly
to the attractiveness and value of this
part of the city.

The metropolitan park commission
could do considerable public service
by opening up the tract of land at the
corner of Concord and Washington
streets, as a park. The location is
excellent and with but little expense
for seats and paths, it would make a
fine lounging place.

The sand boxes recently placed in
Farlow Park by Street Commissioner
Ross will be very attractive to the lit-
tle folks. The idea should be extend-
ed and include a portion of the new
playground at Nonantum.

Charles Ward Post takes its turn as
host today, with the George H.
Thomas Post 5 of Chicago as its
guests. The entire city joins with
the home post in giving the visitors a
cordial welcome.

The friends of the public schools
will learn with pleasure that Hon.
Henry E. Bothfield will accept a re-
nomination as a member of the school
committee this fall. Mr. Bothfield is
one of the most valuable members
of the committee.

Real Estate.

J. Cheever Fuller has taken title to
a tract of land on Lincoln park, West
Newton, from Mary J. Houghton. It
contains 9650 feet, and is valued at
\$1400.

Another Newton land parcel con-
veyed is on Nonantum street. It con-
tains 7664 feet, and its taxable valua-
tion is \$750. Maria M. Gray was the
grantor and Albion P. Wetherbee the
grantee.

James W. French has transferred
to Peter A. Tirnan a property on
Winthrop avenue, Newton, which
comprises a frame dwelling and 7964
feet of land. The property has a tax-
able valuation of \$1300, \$300 being the
land value.

Edward T. Harrington and Co
through their agent W. H. Rand have
sold for the Cape Ann Savings Bank
the estate numbered 10 Warwick road,
West Newton. The purchaser, James
Quartz, buys for occupancy. The
property consists of a 10 room house
with 6000 feet of land, the whole being
assessed for \$3500.00.

The same brokers have also sold for
Sarah B. Lyons the estate numbered
886 Watertown street, West Newton.
The purchaser, whose name is with-
held until the papers are passed, buys
for investment and will greatly im-
prove the property. The estate con-
sists of a 10 room house with 27000 feet
of land the whole being assessed for
\$3350.00.

Henry H. Read has leased the es-
tate of C. Peter Clark, No. 75 Pleas-
ant street, Newton Centre to Mrs. L.
R. Adams of Boston who will open it
as a high class boarding house.

The same party has also leased Mr.
Edward H. Mason's house No. 775
Commonwealth avenue, Newton Centre
to Mr. J. A. Atwood of Brookline
who will take possession at once.

While Eastern Democrats are claim-
ing that their party is pledged to the
gold standard, Democrats of Kansas,
Nebraska, South Dakota and other
States in the West are planning
fusions with the Populists and stand-
ing squarely on the money plank of
the Kansas City platform.

Norumbega Park

Norumbega Park.—Patrons of this
park will have a treat when they visit
the park next week for the attraction
in the theatre will be the farce com-
edy, "A Gibson Girl," which will be
presented every afternoon and even-
ing. "The Gibson Girl" is a series
of farcical complications written by
Matthew Ott and played by the fa-
mous Four Otts and an excellent com-
pany of comedians and singers. The
situations in the skit are irresistibly
funny and keep the audiences in a
roar of mirth. There is a plot based
on the mistaken identity idea and
contains side splitting situations
enough to fill a three act farce com-
edy. The playlet sparkles with lively
situations but there is none of the
horseplay so common in so-called mu-
sical comedies. The gowns worn by
Miss Suzanne and Gladys Ott are ex-
tremely elegant and the chorus of
pretty girls adds much to the attrac-
tiveness of the performance.

Literary Notes.

With six stirring short stories with
the second instalment of the absorb-
ingly interesting "Dr. Nicholas
Stone" novel, and with three special
articles, including the now famous
"Indian Fights and Fighters," the
readers of Pearson's Magazine for
September find himself supplied with
one of the brightest, most interesting
companions to his travels in this, the
most ideal of all vacation months.
In the "Dr. Nicholas Stone" instal-
ment the hero, on the trail of the "in-
surance murderers," is himself res-
cued in the nick of time from cren-
ation—a cheerful dispensation of
Providence, considered in these siz-
zling days of past middle summer.

"The King and Queen of Smug-
glers" is a charming love and ad-
venture story by Halliwell Sutcliffe.
The Gem of Life" is a story of love
and mystery garnished with the
breath of life among the golden maid-
ens and the brown men of far-away
India. Then there is a stirring
"Don Q" story, separate and com-
plete in itself, as is every story in
his famous series. And three other
bright stories are there. In the
special articles, Cyrus Townsend
Brady's Indian Fights and Fight-
er's tells of the last stand, and the
cutting-up of the Seventh Cavalry,
and the death of that most celebrated
of all Indian fighters—Custer. Albert
Bigelow Paine contributes an instal-
ment "The End of the Ring," in his
Thomas Nast article. And in "Calif-
ornia," in the "Stories of the States"
series, is told the early days
of lawlessness, murder and vigilance
committees down to the present mag-
nificent prospects of this Croesus
among our States.

Every table of statistics showing
the growth of trade and manufactures
under Republican rule spells prosper-
ity for the people and disappointment
to Democratic hopes.

WASTEFULNESS OF CITIES
IMPOVERISHMENT OF LAND

By J. F. FRISBIE, M. D.

There is an old adage with refer-
ence to "Returning to the soil," to
replace what has been taken away.
The wastefulness of civilizations is
pauperization of the more thickly set-
tled portions of the earth. Through
millions of years of plant growth there
was spread over the land the gathered
humus from dead and decaying vege-
table matter to which was added ani-
mal remains and excretions enriching
the whole earth.

As population and civilization ad-
vanced there was taken from the
soil, plant and animal life, certain
chemicals and substances, in the
shape of foods, fuel, etc, the accumu-
lated rich capital of the long ages,
and as the return to the soil has not
been commensurate with the taking,
the soil has been impoverished and
the foods are each year, sought at
greater and greater distances from
the population centres.

In the early settlement of this
country, and it is typical of all forest
covered countries, the first work was
cutting down the trees and clearing
the land, burning the trees and gather-
ing humus to get room for habita-
tions, gardens, fields and pastures.

Here was where the wastefulness
first began. Then the manure at the
buildings was exposed to atmospheric
influences and lost much of its value
or was even carted to the streams
and dumped to get rid of it.

As the population congregated in
villages and cities the wastefulness
greatly increased. Through sewers
the refuse was carried to streams,
rivers and oceans and what ought to
have been returned to the soil was
wasted and lost. This, one of the
most important economical problems,
is almost lost sight of by the people—
the impoverishment of the soil by the
wastefulness of our cities and larger
towns.

That great writer and philosopher,
Victor Hugo, has said that "Paris
casts 25,000,000 francs, annually into
the sea. France with its less than
40,000,000 inhabitants casts more than
500,000,000 francs into the sea. How?
By its sewers."

In the United States a greater waste
is constantly going on.

It is a well established scientific
fact, that, if we are to avoid impov-
erishing the land we must return to
the soil, in some form, that taken
from it.

Boston with its surrounding nearby
cities and towns, containing near a
million people, is annually casting
into the sea an enormous amount of
fertilizing material that represents
just so much loss to farming and
grazing lands. Even the richest
land becomes exhausted when year
after year there is taken from it the
crops, whether animal or vegetable,
and no return to the soil is made.

As cities and towns grow the ques-
tion of disposal of refuse becomes an
important problem. Generally, this,
by sewers, is cast into the rivers,
lakes and oceans. When into rivers
and lakes, the waters are polluted,
carrying disease and death to the
cities and towns that get their water
supply from these sources.

Chicago has spent millions of dol-
lars in digging a canal to empty its
sewers into the Illinois river, thus
freeing itself but pointing that river
and the Ohio to the Mississippi and
beyond.

There is enough sewage material
poured into the lakes, rivers and
ocean, in the United States, rich in
fertilizing matter, to double the crops
of this country, if it could be returned
to the soil.

This is an enormous wastage and
beside the loss, it carries disease and
death to thousands by polluting the
waters that are used for drinking and
household purposes.

Can the sewage matter be returned
to the soil and thus benefit instead
of harming the people? Science is en-
deavoring to convey away from the
cities the waste material detrimental
to the health and comfort of the peo-
ple and disposing of it at as great a
distance as possible. Practically all
this is lost, in the shape of food stuffs
that have been taken from the land
and unless returned to it impoverish-
es it to that extent. Now, let science
study how to conserve, save and re-
turn to the soil this rich and valuable
material and thus prevent the impov-
erishment of the land and thereby
enrich the earth.

MARRIED.

COCHRANE—ALLEN—Aug 11, 1904
at Eliot by Rev. Geo. G. Phipps.
Ada Gallison Allen of Eliot and
Samuel Henry Cochrane of Attle-
boro.

DIED.

BATCHELDER—At Anburndale,
August 12, 1904, Josephine S.
Batchelder, 64 yrs. 1 mo, 1 day.

ADAMS—At Nonantum, Aug. 15,
Samuel H. Adams, aged 47 yrs, 9
days.

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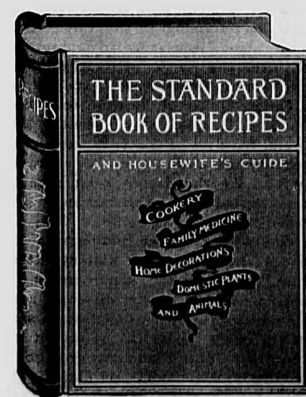
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ply at No. 8 Bacon street; no children. ■■

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ington Street, Newtonville.

TO LET—Three furnished rooms in New-
ton Highlands. New house, centrally 4
minutes from trains, 2 minutes from elec-
tric; all modern conveniences. Breakfasts
if desired. Call or address 25 Hillside Road.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Scotch Collie
pups. Apply Farlow Road, Newton,
care Vanderpool.

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LOST—A small round gold pin with coral;
\$5.00 reward for its return to Graphic
office.

LOST—On August 9, a green belt and bronze
buckle. Finder kindly communicate
with M. H. W., 28 Copley St., Newton.

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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, TO WIT:
Be it remembered, That on the sixth day of
August, 1904, William S. Jackson, of the
United States, hath deposited in this Office
the title of a Book, the title of which is in
the following words, to wit:
"MERCY PHILLIPS' CHOICE. By Helen Jack-
son (H. H.) Boston, Little, Brown and Com-
pany, 1901. The right whereof he claims as
proprietor in conformity with the laws of
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HERBERT PUTNAM, Librarian of Congress,
By THORVALD SUIBERG, Register of Copy-
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(In renewal for 14 years from Aug. 14, 1901.)

Advertise in the Graphic

Newtonville.

—Miss B. T. Welles of Otis street is at Holderness, N. H.

—Mr. Charles M. Howell and family are camping in Maine.

—Miss Mabel Marston is spending the summer at Burnswick, Me.

—Mr. William E. Hickox is at his camp near the Kathadin Iron Works, Me.

—Miss undertaking rooms, 813, Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—Mr. Harry Morse of Central avenue is at his father's camp at Kathadin, Me.

—Miss Marion Barney of Washington park is spending a few weeks at Ware, Mass.

—Mr. George Breeden of Walker street spent Sunday with friends at Gloucester.

—Miss Sallie F. Casey of Otis street is back from her outing at Bar Harbor, Me.

—Miss Helen Dyson of Clarendon avenue is back from an outing at Lake Pleasant.

—Miss E. C. Benson of Walnut street is spending a few weeks at Jamestown, N. Y.

—Miss Bessie Dyson of Clarendon avenue will spend her annual vacation at Lake Pleasant.

—Forward your baggage by Huntings Express to all boats and depots. Claim checks given.

—Mr. George W. Morse of Central avenue who is travelling round the world is now in Japan.

—Daniels and Howlett Co., Morse Building, Painting, Decorating and Hard Wood Finishing.

—Mr. E. D. Van Tassel and family of Newtonville avenue have returned from their farm at Natick.

—Mrs. Fred S. Johnson of Campello has been a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Binney of Walnut st.

—The Newtonville druggists closed their stores on Tuesday between the hours of 11 and 5 in honor of the G. A. R.

—Mr. Nathaniel L. Berry of Parsons street is at Plymouth, N. H. where he is conducting an art class in the normal school. Mr. Berry is the present instructor of drawing in the Newton Public Schools.

—Mr. Samuel A. Chapman, formerly of Newtonville, attended the Notification Ceremonies at Esopus last week, on the invitation of Rev. Chas. Mercer Hall the son-in-law of Judge Parker whose curate Mr. Chapman has been for the last fifteen months, and in whose family he spends much very pleasant time.

—Mr. Elbridge Bradshaw, the well known candyman has the following effusion in his window, this week:

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY.
Old Russell Sage, plus millionaire
Proclaims, 'all work is gain'
Well Russey, may be 'Sage' by birth
But is he, 'sage' by brain.
Sweetly yours.

West Newton.

—Mr. Charles Cuniff is spending his vacation at Shirley.

Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn.

—Miss Peters of Washington street is visiting friends in Maine.

—Mr. Frank Wheeler and family of Henshaw street are at Ossipee, N. H.

—Mr. Hutchinson and family of Chestnut street are back from a trip to Europe.

—Mr. S. W. Manning of Lenox street has returned from South West Harbor, Me.

—Miss Glynn of Cherry street is spending a few weeks with friends in Portland, Me.

—Miss Anna Hunting of Chestnut street returned Tuesday from a European trip.

—Mrs. B. F. Houghton of Washington street is entertaining her brother from North Dakota.

—City Engineer Farnham and family of Warwick road are at Green Harbor, Mass.

—Dr. Chandler and daughter of Winthrop street have returned from a trip to Andover.

—Mr. George H. Pierce the celebrated clairvoyant is now located at 1215 Washington street.

—Mr. G. W. Eddy and family of Hillside terrace returned Wednesday from a sojourn in Maine.

—Mr. Wellington of Michigan is the guest of his father, Mr. J. D. Wellington of Washington street.

—Mr. Phelps and family of Highland avenue have returned from an outing at Old Orchard Beach, Me.

—Mr. C. H. Ames and family of Highland street are back from an outing at Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

—Mr. John Frances who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lovell of Lenox street has returned to his home in Troy, New York.

—Mrs. Hosmer and daughter of Mt. Vernon street has returned from Martha's Vineyard where they have been spending the season.

—The St. Bernard's Aid Society will hold a lawn party on a large scale tomorrow on Allen field. The proceeds will be devoted to charitable purposes.

—Robert and Alexander Bennett represent five of the strongest fire insurance companies doing business in this country. Call upon them at the West Newton station for anything in this line.

—Lieut. Commander and Mrs. John L. Gow who have been occupying the A. K. Tolman house on Hunter street have returned to their home in the West. Lieut. Gow was in charge of some construction work being done for the Navy at the Fore River Works at Quincy.

EXCISEMAN BURNS.

The Way an Old Woman Outwitted the Scotch Post.

A story is told about Burns in his capacity of excise man. Old Jean Davidson kept a small whisky shop and was suspected of putting more fresh water into her liquor than was needful or lawful. Burns accordingly came with his apparatus and at once detected the irregularity. "Now, Jean, ma woman," he said, "I canna tak this to Dumfries this night; 'tis ower late. But I'll seal it wi' the king's seal and return to lift it in the mornin'." When he had gone to his lodging Jean fetched the village cooper, who removed a hoop from the barrel and bored a hole, through which the adulterated liquor was drawn off and stuff of regulation strength put in. Then the hoop was refixed, and Jean, with a brave heart, awaited the ganger. In the morning up came Burns to claim the keg. "One minute, Mr. Burns," said Jean sweetly. "Ye might jest test that whisky to convince me, since I canna see how I could have been makin' sic a mistake." "It means breaking the king's seal," said Burns, "but I'll just fix on another." So the sample was taken and tested and of course found to be all right. Burns was bewildered. "Was there aught wrang wi' me, Jenn, last night?" he asked. "Weel, Mr. Burns, 'tis na for me to say. Weel, I just thought ye were fully smert wi' your wee tester."

TORTOISE SHELL.

In Working It Gentle Heat and Pressure Are Mainly Used.

A tortoise shell is harder and more brittle than ordinary horn. Heat and pressure are practically the only means which can be employed in working it. and it is impossible to work tortoise shell at a great heat, since the coloring pigment easily liquefies and obscures the shell, thereby greatly lessening its value. Heavy pressure is also impossible owing to its brittle character.

The plates of the carapace, or back shell, are first separated from the skeleton by the application of gentle heat and then flattened by a similar process. The superficial irregularities are next rasped off, and the material is polished, ready for molding into any desired shape.

Larger or thicker plates are produced by a process which requires great care and attention. Two surfaces are first rasped and cleaned and are then gently heated and pressed together. The heat liquefies them, and the pressure effects a perfect union, making an invisible joint.

Tortoise shell combs are cut by the highly ingenious twinning machine, so called because two combs are cut from the same plate, so that the teeth of one dovetail into the spaces of the other, avoiding all waste.

Bells and Thunderstorms.

An instance of the absurdity of some of the notions held by our ancestors was the notion that the ringing of the church bells had a counteracting effect in a thunderstorm. It was supposed that the vibration of the air caused by the movement of the bells resulted in the dissipation of the electric fluid in the air. The belief was so common at one time that the bells were rung as soon as signs of an approaching thunderstorm were seen. Science now holds a contrary opinion. Not only does the sound have no possible effect on the air, but the vibration caused by the sound of a bell upon a cloud charged with electricity may cause it to discharge its contents upon the ringer of the bell in the church tower.

The Hippopotamus.

When first the Sudan was opened up it was thought desirable to impose a tax on any one killing a "hippo," but experience has shown that the "hippo" is unworthy of the care taken of him. He is most destructive. A bull hippopotamus will upset a small boat. The natives have a curious manner of killing a hippopotamus. They attack him with spears when he is in a sleepy condition in the river, and attached to the spear is a rope with a huge float at the end of it. This float hampers the movements of the unwieldy animal, and after several spears have been driven into him he is easily drawn to the bank and dispatched.—London Globe.

A Clergyman's Prayer.

An old clergyman in Maine in a dry season exchanged with a brother from the seacoast. The congregation was made up of men, half farmers and half fishermen, and the soil was sandy and poor, while his in the interior was fertile and rich. He opened his prayer as follows: "O Lord, I have been asked to pray for rain, and I do so, but thou knowest, O Lord, what this soil needs is dressing."

Sleeping in Japan.

The Japanese never sleep with the head to the north. This is because the dead in Japan are always buried with the head in that position. In the sleeping rooms of many of the private houses and of hotels a diagram of the points of the compass is posted upon the ceiling for the convenience of guests.

Enjoyed the Evening.

"Did you enjoy the evening of grand opera?"
"Did I?" answered Mr. Cumrox enthusiastically. "It was great. I sent mother and the girls there, dismissed all the servants and then went down and smoked a cigar right in the parlor."—Washington Star.

Their Views.

Mrs. Brown—Of course a husband owes his wife protection. Mrs. Jones—Oh, yes, and she is also entitled to the funds necessary for free trade at the bargain counters.—New York Times.

At the Theatres

Coming Attractions

Tremont Theatre.—Great interest naturally centres in the announcement that "The Sho-Gun," the newest of light operas to be brought out by Henry W. Savage, will follow "Woodland" at the Tremont Theatre, Boston. The engagement of "The Sho-Gun" begins on next Monday evening, August 22. The first eastern production of this new opera is of particular importance for the reason that it represents the first combined work of two men who have achieved unlimited success in the light opera field during the last few years. The author of the piece is George Ade and the composer is Gustav Liders. Taking into consideration the past achievements of both the author and composer of "The Sho-Gun," as well as the number of successful productions made by Henry W. Savage, the public has a right to expect something exceedingly good in this new piece. The scenery and costumes are exact reproductions of photographs taken in Korea by Burton Holmes, the lecturer. Seats were placed on sale Monday, and judging from the demand, the first eastern production of this new opera will be a conspicuous event.

Keith's Theatre.—Prof. Burton is back from Europe and has brought along with him his famous acrobatic, comedy and high leaping dogs, a bit of information that will have deep interest for the juvenile patrons of Keith's, as the Prof. is announced to exhibit his animals afternoon and evenings, during the week of August 22. Edwin Stevens, the noted "legitimate" comedian, who scored such a success last season, returns with his delightful monologue, "A Night Out," and among other entertainers of note are the following: William H. Pascoe, and Helen Mar Wilcox, in a melodramatic playlet, entitled "Love and War," Harry Brown, one of the best of the "real coon" singing comedians in the varieties; Potter and Hartwell, hand to hand balancers and general acrobats; Dixon and Holmes, two of the best character singers seen in vaudeville for several seasons, and Fitzgerald brothers and Miss Roma, skilful novelty club jugglers. The Fadettes will change their musical program, and all the pictures in the biograph will be renewed. Henry E. Dixie is underlined for the week of Aug. 29.

Grand Opera House.—Charles E. Blaney's latest scenic, melodramatic novelty, "More to be Pitted Than Scorned," will be presented at the Grand Opera House next week. The play is in four acts and eight scenes. The scenic environments carried by the company are unusually large, necessitating the carrying of two sixty foot baggage cars. The principal scene shows a full dress rehearsal of the Amphion Stock Company. This scene has aroused the wildest enthusiasm and requires a large force of supernumeraries in addition to the principals of the cast. The usual matinees will be given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Majestic Theatre.—That very much discussed drama from the pen of Hall Caine, "The Eternal City," will be the opening attraction at the Majestic Theatre when, next Monday night Aug. 22, that playhouse throws open its doors for the season of 1904-5. The Majestic will be under the management of Stair and Wilbur and will this season book nothing but the very highest class attractions. It will take its place among the theatres which never charge less than \$1.50 for the best orchestra seats and the management purposes to give nothing but the cream of attractions playing a these prices. Liebler and Company have given the "Eternal City," a superb setting and present Edward Morgan as a star in the role of David Rossi. The production is a new one and a great deal of money has been spent in making it one of the handsomest ever put on the stage.

Boston Theatre.—Outside of any other old home week, theatregoers in Boston and New England always have a special old home week of their own when that best of all New England plays, "Quincy Adams Sawyer," makes its annual visit to the Boston Theatre, and so when this popular attraction opens the season at this house on Saturday night, September 3, and continues all the following week, there will be many a Bostonian who has spent his childhood days in some one of the rural towns of New England who will have memories of home pleasantly revived by witnessing a performance of this play which so realistically and faithfully reproduces typical scenes and characters in country towns. The production is more elaborate than ever this season and nearly all the old favorites are in the cast. Beside the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees there will be an extra holiday matinee on Monday, Labor Day.

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The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE rear had been tenting at the dam for two days and was about ready to break camp when Jimmy Powers swung across the trail to tell them of the big jam.

Ten miles along the river bed the stream dropped over a little half falls into a narrow, rocky gorge. It was always an anxious spot for river drivers. The plunging of the logs head-on over the fall had so gouged out the soft rock below that an eddy of great power had formed in the basin. Here, in spite of all efforts, the jam had formed. The bed was completely filled, far above the level of the falls, by a tangle that defied the jam crew's best efforts.

The rear at once took the trail down the river. Thorpe and Shearer and Scotty Parsons looked over the ground. Without delay the entire crew was set to work. Nearly a hundred men can pick a great many logs in the course of a day. Several times the jam started, but always "plugged" before the motion had become irresistible.

"We'll have to shoot," Shearer reluctantly decided.

The men were withdrawn. Scotty Parsons cut a sapling twelve feet long and trimmed it. Big Junko shaved his dynamite at a little fire, opening the ends of the packages in order that the steam generated might escape. When the powder was warm, Scotty bound twenty of the cartridges around the end of the sapling, adjusted a fuse in one of them and scaped the opening to exclude water. Then Big Junko thrust the long javelin down into the depths of the jam, leaving a thin stream of smoke behind him as he turned away, zigzagging awkwardly over the jam, the long, ridiculous tails of his brown outwary coat flapping behind him as he leaped. A scant moment later the hoarse dynamite shouted.

Great chunks of timber shot to an inconceivable height. Entire logs lifted bodily into the air with the motion of a fish jumping. A fountain of water gleamed against the sun and showered down in fine rain. The jam shrugged and settled. That was all. The "shot" had failed.

The men ran forward, examining curiously the great hole in the log formation.

"We'll have to flood her," said Thorpe. So all the gates of the dam were raised, and the torrent tried its hand. It had no effect. Evidently the affair was not one of violence, but of patience. The crew went doggedly to work.

Day after day the clank, clank, clink of the peaveys sounded with the regularity of machinery. It was cruel, hard work. A man who has lifted his utmost strength into a peavey knows that. Any but the Fighting Forty would have grumbled.

Collins, the bookkeeper, came up to view the tangle. Later a photographer from Marquette took some views, and by the end of the week a number of curiosity seekers were driving over every day to see the big jam. A certain Chicago journalist in search of balsam health of lungs even sent to his paper a little item. This unexpectedly brought Wallace Carpenter to the spot. The place was an amphitheater for such as chose to be spectators. They could stand or sit on the summit of the gorge cliffs, overlooking the river, the fall and the jam.

At last Shearer became angry. "We've been monkeying long enough," said he. "Next time we'll leave a center that will go out. We'll shut the dams down tight and dry pick out two wings that'll start her."

The dams were first run at full speed and then shut down. Hardly a drop of water flowed in the bed of the stream. The crews set laboriously to work to pull and roll the logs out in such flat fashion that a head of water should send them out.

This was even harder work than the other, for they had not the floating power of water to help them in the lifting. As usual, part of the men worked below, part above.

Jimmy Powers, curly haired, laughing faced, was irresistible. He badgered the others until they threw back at him and menaced him with their peaveys. Always he had at his tongue's end the proper quip for the occasion, so that in the long run the work was lightened by him. When the men stopped to think at all they thought of Jimmy Powers with very kindly hearts. It was known that he had had more trouble than most and that coin was not made too small for him to divide with a needy comrade.

Thorpe approved thoroughly of Jimmy Powers. He thought him a good influence. He told Wallace so, standing among the spectators on the cliff top.

"He is all right," said Thorpe. "I wish I had more like him. The others are good boys too."

Five men were at the moment wiggling futilely at a reluctant timber. They were attempting to roll one end of it over the side of another projecting log, but were continually foiled, because the other end was jammed fast. Each bent his knees, inserting his shoulders under the projecting peavey stock, to straighten in a mighty effort.

It was a fine spring day, clear eyed

and crisp, with a hint of new foliage in the thick buds of the trees. The air was so pellucid that one distinguished without difficulty the straight entrance to the gorge a mile away, and even the West Bend, fully five miles distant.

Jimmy Powers took off his cap and wiped his forehead.

"You boys," he remarked politely, "think you are boring with a mighty big auger."

"My God!" screamed one of the spectators on top of the cliff.

At the same instant Wallace Carpenter seized his friend's arm and pointed. Down the bed of the stream from the upper bend rushed a solid wall of water several feet high. It flung itself forward with the headlong impetus of a cascade. Even in the short interval between the visitor's exclamation and Carpenter's rapid gesture it had loomed in sight, twisted a dozen trees from the river bank and foamed into the entrance of the gorge.

An instant later it collided with the tail of the jam. Even in the railroad rush of those few moments several things happened. Thorpe leaped for a rope. The crew working on top of the dam ducked instinctively to right and left and began to scramble toward safety.

The men below, at first bewildered and not comprehending, finally understood and ran toward the face of the jam with the intention of clambering up it. There could be no escape in the narrow canyon below, the walls of which rose sheer.

Then the flood hit square. A great sheet of water rose like surf from the face of the jam; a mighty cataraict poured down over its surface, lifting the free logs; from either wing timbers crunched, split, rose suddenly into wracked prominence, twisted beyond the semblance of themselves. Here and there single logs were even projected bodily upward, as an apple seed is shot from between the thumb and forefinger. Then the jam moved.

Scotty Parsons, Jack Hyland, Red Jacket and the forty or fifty men had reached the shore. By the wriggling activity which is a river man's alone they succeeded in pulling themselves beyond the snap of death's jaws. It was a narrow thing for most of them and a miracle for some.

Jimmy Powers, Archie Harris, Long Pine Jim, Big Nolan and Mike Moloney, the brother of Bryan, were in worse case. They were, as has been said, engaged in "fattening" part of the jam about eight or ten rods below the face of it. When they finally understood that the affair was one of escape, they ran toward the jam, hoping to climb out. Then the crash came. They heard the roar of the waters, the wrecking of the timbers; they saw the logs bulge outward in anticipation of the break. Immediately they turned and fled, they knew not where.

All but Jimmy Powers. He stopped short in his tracks and threw his battered old felt hat defiantly full into the face of the destruction hanging over him. Then, his bright hair blowing in the wind of death, he turned to the spectators standing helpless and paralyzed forty feet above him.

It was an instant's impression—the arrested motion seen in the flash of lightning—and yet to the onlookers it had somehow the quality of time. For perceptible duration it seemed to them they stared at the contrast between the raging hell above and the yet peaceful river below.

Yet afterward, when they attempted to recall definitely the impression, they knew it could have lasted but a fraction of a second.

"So long, boys!" they heard Jimmy Powers' voice. Then the rope Thorpe had thrown fell across a chudron of tortured waters and of tossing logs.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DURING perhaps ten seconds the survivors watched the end of Thorpe's rope trailing in the flood. Then the young man with a deep sigh began to pull it toward him.

At once a hundred surmises, questions, ejaculations, broke out. "What happened?" cried Wallace Carpenter.

"What was that man's name?" asked the Chicago journalist, with the eager instinct of his profession.

"This is terrible, terrible!" a white haired physician from Marquette kept repeating over and over.

A half dozen ran toward the point of the cliff to peer down stream, as though they could hope to distinguish anything in that waste of flood water. "The dam's gone out," replied Thorpe. "I don't understand it. Everything was in good shape as far as I could see. It didn't act like an ordinary break. The water came too fast. Why, it was as dry as a bone until just as that wave came along. An ordinary break would have eaten through little by little before it burst, and Davis should have been able to stop it. This came all at once, as if the dam had disappeared. I don't see."

His mind of the professional had already begun to query causes.

"How about the men?" asked Wallace. "Isn't there something I can do?"

"You can head a hunt down the river," answered Thorpe. "I think it is useless until the water goes down



Threw his battered old felt hat defiantly.

Poor Jimmy! He was one of the best men I had. I wouldn't have had this happen!"

The horror of the scene was at last beginning to filter through numbness into Wallace Carpenter's impressionable imagination.

"No, no!" he cried vehemently. "There is something criminal about it to me! I'd rather lose every log in the river!"

Thorpe looked at him curiously. "It is one of the chances of war," said he.

"I'd better divide the crew and take in both banks of the river," suggested Wallace.

"See if you can't get volunteers from this crowd," suggested Thorpe. "I can let you have two men to show you trails. I need as many of the crew as possible to use this flood water."

"Oh, Harry!" cried Carpenter, shocked. "You can't be going to work again today, before we have made the slightest effort to recover the bodies!"

"If the bodies can be recovered, they shall be," replied Thorpe quietly. "But the drive will not wait. We have no dams to depend on now, you must remember, and we shall have to get out on the freshet water."

"Your men won't work. I'd refuse just as they will!" cried Carpenter, his sensibilities still suffering.

Thorpe smiled proudly. "You do not know them."

"By Jove!" cried the journalist in sudden enthusiasm. "By Jove, that is magnificent!"

The men on the river crew had crouched on their narrow footholds while the jam went out. Each had clung to his peavey, as is the habit of river men. Down the current past their feet swept the debris of food. Soon logs began to swirl by—at first few, then many—from the remaining railways which the river had automatically broken. In a little time the eddy caught up some of these logs, and immediately another jam threatened. The river men, without hesitation, as calmly as though catastrophe had not thrown the weight of its moral terror against their stoicism, sprang, peavey in hand, to the insistent work.

Thorpe's face lit with gratification. He turned to the young man.

"You see," he said in proud simplicity. "With the added danger of freshet water, the work went on."

At this moment Tim Shearer approached from inland, his clothes dripping wet, but his face retaining his habitual expression of iron calmness. "Anybody caught?" was his first question as he drew near.

"Five men under the face," replied Thorpe briefly.

Shearer cast a glance at the river. He needed to be told no more.

"I was afraid of it," said he. "The railways must be all broken out. It's saved us that much, but the freshet water won't last long. It's going to be a close squeak to get 'em out now. Don't exactly figure on what struck the dam. Thought first I'd go right up that way, but then I came down to see about the boys."

"Where were you?" asked Thorpe.

"On the pole trail. I got in a little, as you see."

In reality the foreman had had a close call for his life.

"We'd better go up and take a look," he suggested. "The boys has things going here all right."

The two men turned toward the brush.

"Hi, Tim!" called a voice behind them.

Red Jacket appeared, clambering up the cliff.

"Jack told me to give this to you," he panted, holding out a chunk of strangely twisted wood.

"Where'd he get this?" inquired Thorpe quickly. "It's a piece of the dam," he explained to Wallace, who had drawn near.

"Flicked it out of the current," replied the man.

The foreman and his boss bent eagerly over the morsel. Then they stared with solemnity into each other's eyes.

"Dynamite!" exclaimed Shearer.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FOR a moment the three men stared at each other without speaking.

"What does it mean?" almost whispered Carpenter.

"Mean? Fool play!" snarled Thorpe. "Come on, Tim."

The two struck into the brush, thread-

ing the paths with the ease of woodsmen. It was necessary to keep to the high inland ridges. The pole trail had by now become impassable. Thorpe and his foreman talked briefly.

"It's Morrison & Daly," surmised Shearer. "I left them 'count of a trick like that. I been suspecting something. They've been laying too low."

Thorpe answered nothing. Through the site of the old dam they found a torrent pouring from the narrowed pond, at the end of which the dilapidated wings flapping in the current attested the former structure. Davis stood staring at the current.

Thorpe strode forward and shook him violently by the shoulder.

"How did this happen?" he demanded hoarsely.

The man turned to him in a daze. "I don't know," he answered.

"You ought to know. How was that shot exploded? How did they get in here without your seeing them? Answer me."

"I don't know," repeated the man. "I jest went over in 'th' bresh to kill a few pat'ridges, and when I come back I found her this way."

"Were you hired to watch this dam, or weren't you?" demanded the tense voice of Thorpe. "Answer me, you fool!"

"Yes, I was," returned the man, a shade of aggression creeping into his voice.

"Well, you've done it well. You've cost me my dam, and you've killed five men. If the crew finds out about you, you'll go over the falls sure. You get out of here! I like! Don't you ever let me see your face again!"

The man blanched as he thus learned of his comrades' death. Thorpe thrust his face at him, lashed by circumstances beyond his habitual self control.

"It's men like you who make the trouble," he stormed. "Stupid fools who say they didn't mean to! It isn't enough not to mean to; they should mean not to! I don't ask you to think. I just want you to do what I tell you, and you can't even do that!"

He threw his shoulder into a heavy blow that reached the dam watcher's face, and followed it immediately by

another. Then Shearer caught his arm, motioning the dazed and bloody victim of the attack to get out of sight. Thorpe shook his foreman off with one impatient motion and strode away up the river, his head erect, his eyes flashing, his nostrils distended.

"I reckon you'd better mosey," Shearer dryly advised the dam watcher, and followed.

Late in the afternoon the two men reached Dam Three, or, rather, the spot on which Dam Three had stood. The same spectacle repeated itself here, except that Ellis, the dam watcher, was nowhere to be seen.

"The dirty whelps!" cried Thorpe. "They did a good job!"

He thrashed about here and there and so came across Ellis blindfolded and tied. When released the dam watcher was unable to give any account of his assailants.

"They came up behind me while I was cooking," he said. "One of 'em grabbed me, and the other one kicked my eyes. Then I hears the 'shot' and knows their trouble."

Thorpe listened in silence. Shearer asked a few questions. After the low voiced conversation Thorpe arose abruptly.

"Where you going?" asked Shearer. But the young man did not reply. He swung, with the same long, nervous stride, into the down river trail.

Until late that night the three men—for Ellis insisted on accompanying them—hurried through the forest. Thorpe walked tirelessly, upheld by his violent but repressed excitement. Shearer noted the fire in his eyes and, from the coolness of his greater age, counseled moderation.

"I wouldn't stir the boys up," he panted, for the pace was very swift. "They'll kill some one over there; it'll be murder on both sides."

He received no answer. About midnight they came to the camp.

Two great firs leaped among the trees, and the men were grouped between them, talking. Evening had brought its accumulation of slow anger against the perpetrators of the outrage. Even as the woodsmen joined their group they had reached the intensity of execution. Across their purpose Thorpe threw violently his personality.

"You must not go!" he commanded. Through their anger they looked at him askance.

"I forbid it," Thorpe cried.

They shrugged their indifference and

arose. This was an affair of caste brotherhood, and the blood of their mates cried out to them.

"The work!" Thorpe shouted hoarsely. "The work! We must get those logs out! We haven't time!"

Then swiftly between the white, strained face of the madman trying to convince his heart that his mind had been right and the fanatically exalted river men interposed the sanity of Radway. The old jobber faced the men calmly, almost humorously, and somehow the very bigness of the man commanded attention.

"You fellows make me sick," said he. "You haven't got the sense God gave a rooster. Don't you see you're playing right in those fellows' hands? What do you suppose they dynamited them dams for? To kill our boys? They never dreamed we was dry pickin' that dam. They sent some low lived whelp down there to hang our drive, and it looks like they was going to succeed, thanks to you mutton heads."

"Spose you go over and take 'em apart. What then? Then have a scrap. Probably you lick 'em. You whole day-lights out of a lot of men who probably don't know any more about this here shooting of our dams than a hog does about a ruffled shirt. Meanwhile your drive hangs. Well? Well, do you suppose the men who were back of that shooting—do you suppose Morrison & Daly give ainker's dam how many men of theirs you lick? What they want is to hang our drive. If they hang our drive, it's cheap at the price of a few black eyes."

The speaker paused and grinned good humoredly at the men's attentive faces. Then suddenly his own became grave.

"Do you want to know how to get even?" he asked. "Do you want to know how to make those fellows sing so small you can't hear them? Well, I'll tell you. Take out this drive! Do it in spite of the n. Show them they're no good when they buck up against Thorpe's One. Our boys died doing their duty, the way a river man ought to. Now hump yourselves! Don't let them die in vain!"

The crew stirred uneasily, looking at each other for approval of the conversion each had experienced. Radway turned easily toward the blaze.

"Better turn in, boys, and get some sleep," he said. "We've got a hard day tomorrow." He stooped to light his pipe at the fire. When he had again straightened his back after rather a prolonged interval the group had already disintegrated. A few minutes later the cookee scattered the brands of the fire from before a sleeping camp.

Before daylight Injun Charley drifted into camp to find Thorpe already out. With a curt nod the Indian seated himself by the fire and, producing a square plug of tobacco and a knife, began leisurely to fill his pipe. Finally Injun Charley spoke in the red man's clear cut, imitative English, a pause between each sentence.

"I find trail three men," said he. "Both dam, three men. One man go down river. Those men have cork boot. One man no have cork boot. He boss."

The Indian suddenly threw his chin out, his head back, and half closed his eyes in a cynical squint. As by a flash Dyer, the scaler, leered insolently from behind the Indian's stolid mask.

"How do you know?" said Thorpe. For answer the Indian threw his shoulders forward in Dyer's nervous fashion.

"He make trail big by the toe, light by the heel. He make trail big on inside."

Charley arose and walked after Dyer's springy fashion, illustrating his point in the soft wood ashes of the immediate fireside.

Thorpe looked doubtful. "I believe you are right, Charley," said he. "But it is mighty little to go on. You can't be sure."

"I sure," replied Charley. He puffed strongly at the heel of his smoke, then arose and without farewell disappeared in the forest.

Then began the wonderful struggle against circumstances which has become a byword among river men everywhere. A forty day drive had to go out in ten. A freshet had to float out 30,000,000 feet of logs. It was tremendous. Fourteen, sixteen, sometimes eighteen hours a day the men of the driving crew worked like demons. Jams had no chance to form. Of course under the pressure the lower dam had gone out. Nothing was to be depended on but sheer dogged grit. Far up river Sadler & Smith had hung their drive for the season, and so had resigned themselves to a definite but not extraordinary loss. Thorpe had at least a clear river.

Wallace Carpenter could not understand how human flesh and blood endured. The men themselves had long since reached the point of practical exhaustion, but were carried through by the fire of their leader. Work was dogged until he stormed into sight; then it became frenzied. When he looked at a man from his cavernous, burning eyes, that man jumped.

Impossibilities were puffed aside like thistles. The men went at them headlong. They gave way before the rush. Thorpe always led. Not for a single instant of the day nor for many at night was he at rest. Instinctively he seemed to realize that a let down would mean collapse.

After the camp had fallen asleep he would often be awake half of the few hours of their night, every muscle tense, staring at the sky. His mind saw definitely every detail of the situation as he had viewed it. In advance his imagination stooped and sweated to the work which his body was to accomplish the next morning. Thus he did everything twice. Then at last the tension would relax. He would fall into uneasy sleep. But twice that did not follow. Through the dissolving

iron mist of his striving a sharp thought cleaved like an arrow. It was that, after all, he did not care. Subconsciousness, the other influence, was growing like a weed. Perhaps there were greater things than to succeed, greater things than success. And then the keen, poignant memory of the dream girl stole into the young man's mind and in agony was immediately thrust forth. He would not think of her. He had given her up. He refused to believe that he had been wrong. In the still darkness of the night he would rise and steal to the edge of the dully roaring stream. There, his eyes blinded and his throat choked with a longing more manly than tears, he would reach out and smooth the round rough coats of the great logs.

"We'll do it," he whispered to them and to himself. "We'll do it. We can't be wrong."

CHAPTER XXX.

WALLACE CARPENTER'S search expedition had proved a failure, as Thorpe had foreseen, but at the end of the week, when the water began to recede, they came upon a mass of flesh and bones. The man was unrecognizable. The remains were wrapped in canvas and sent for interment to the cemetery at Marquette. Three of the others were never found. The last did not come to light until after the drive had quite finished.

Down at the booms the jam crew received the drive as fast as it came down. From one crib to another across the broad extent of the river's mouth heavy booms were chained end to end effectively to close the exit to Lake Superior. Against these the logs caromed softly in the slackened current and stopped. The cribs were very heavy, with slanting instead of square tops, in order that the pressure might be downward instead of sideways. In a short time the surface of the lagoon was covered by a brown carpet of logs running in strange patterns like windrows of fallen grain. The drive was all but over.

Up till now the weather had been clear, but oppressively hot for this time of year. The heat had come suddenly and maintained itself well. The men had worked for the most part in undershirts. They were as much in the water as out of it, for the icy bath had become almost grateful. Hamilton, the journalist, who had attached himself definitely to the drive, distributed lunches of papers, in which the men read that the unreasonable conditions prevailed all over the country.

At length, however, it gave signs of breaking. The sky, which had been of a steel blue, harbored great piled thunder heads. Toward evening the thunder heads shifted and finally dissipated, to be sure, but the portent was there.

Hamilton's papers began to tell of washouts and cloudbursts in the south and west. The men wished they had some of that water here.

So finally the drive approached its end and all concerned began in anticipation to taste the weariness that awaited them. The few remaining tasks still confronting them all at once seemed more formidable than what they had accomplished. The work for the first time became dogged, distasteful. Even Thorpe was infected. He, too, wanted more than anything else to drop on the bed in Mrs. Hathaway's boarding house. There remained but a few things to do. A mile of sacking would carry the drive beyond the influence of freshet water. After that there would be no hurry.

He looked round at the hard, fatigued worn faces of the men about him, and he suddenly felt a great rush of affection for these comrades who had so unreverently spent themselves for his affair. Their features showed exhaustion, it is true, but their eyes gleamed still with the steady, half humorous purpose of the pioneer. When they caught his glance they grinned good humoredly.

All at once Thorpe turned and started for the bank.

"That'll do, boys," he said quietly to the nearest group. "She's down."

It was noon. The suckers looked up in surprise. Behind them, to their very feet, rushed the soft smooth slope of Hemlock rapids. Below them flowed a broad, peaceful river. The drive had passed its last obstruction. To all intents and purposes it was over.

Calmly, with matter of fact directness, as though they had not achieved the impossible, they shouldered their peaveys and struck into the broad, wagon road. In the middle distance loomed the tall stacks of the mill, with the little board town about it. Across the eye spanned the thread of the railroad. Far away gleamed the broad expanses of Lake Superior.

The men pulled off naturally and fell into a drugging, dogged walk. Thorpe found himself unexpectedly with Big Junko. For a time they plodded without conversation. Then the big man ventured a remark.

"I'm glad she's over," said he. "I got a good stake comin'."

"Yes," replied Thorpe indifferently. "I got most \$600 comin'," persisted Junko.

"Alight as well be 600 cents," commented Thorpe. "It'd make you just as drunk."

Big Junko laughed self consciously, but without the slightest resentment.

"That's all right," said he. "But you betcher life I don't blow this stake."

"I've heard that talk before," shrugged Thorpe.

"Yes, but this is different. I'm got to get married on this. How's that?" Thorpe, his attention struck at last, stared at his companion.

"Who is she?" he asked abruptly. "She used to wash at Camp Four," Thorpe dimly remembered the woman now—an overweighted creature with a certain attraction of elusively bowed

Newton Centre.

Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn. 4t

—Next Sunday the union services will be held at the Baptist Church.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Tyler of Crescent avenue are at North Conway.

—Mrs. Horace Williams Jr. of Langley road is entertaining her sister.

—Mr. Charles F. Ward and family of Ward street are at East Boothbay, Me.

—Mr. J. C. Holden of Braeland avenue has recovered from his recent illness.

—Mrs. C. A. Vinal of Ashton park has returned from a visit at York Beach.

—Mr. Fred Fuller and family have moved from Clark street to Parker street.

—Mr. Charles F. Kirkland of Parker street is back from an outing at Westboro.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Goddard of Beacon street are back from Sugar Hill, N. H.

—Mrs. S. C. Adams of Braeland avenue is back from a sojourn on the North Shore.

—Mills' undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—Mrs. C. W. Stetson of Dedham street is at York Beach for the rest of the month.

—Mrs. E. A. Beane has moved from New York to the Peters estate, on Centre street.

—Mr. Edward Ray Speare and family of Crescent avenue have moved to Summer street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Savin of Oxford road are spending a few weeks at Marion.

—Mr. C. E. Moore and family of Summer street have taken an apartment in the Grafton.

—Mr. George Sagendorph and family of Beacon street have returned from a stay on the Cape.

—Col. E. H. Haskell has been elected President of the United States Veteran Signal Corps Association.

—Mr. Wallace A. Prince, who has been visiting at the Cape, has returned to his home on Newbury terrace.

—The Rev. R. T. Flewelling and family have returned to their home on Pelham street, after a month's stay in the West.

—Mr. Ernest Noyes has returned from New York where he has been taking a special course of studies at Columbia University.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Temperly have returned from their wedding trip to Toronto and Niagara Falls and are living at Newton Upper Falls.

—Mrs. Truette together with her daughter who has been visiting her son Mr. Robert Truette of Everett street have returned to their home in Philadelphia.

—Mr. Henry Haynie of Hillsboro terrace who is spending the summer in Maine was in town this week to take part in the G. A. R. encampment celebration.

The American flag was never more universally respected than it is now or the power of the republic more sensibly felt everywhere. Why change?

Upper Falls.

—Mrs. Hildreth of High street is visiting in N. H.

—Rev. A. S. Gilbert and daughter have returned from New Hampshire.

—Mr. John Temperly and bride have returned from their wedding trip.

—Preaching at the Baptist church next Sunday morning and evening by the pastor.

—Mr. Jack E. Rae of Jersey City, New Jersey, is visiting Arthur O. Scott at the Methodist parsonage.

—Mr. Irving Gilbert and daughter of Essex Junction, Vermont, are guests at Rev. A. S. Gilbert's for a few days.

—Next Sunday at the Methodist church at 10:45 sermon subject "The Gain of Godliness." At 7 the pastor will tell the "Story of a Young Man's Life."

—Mr. B. S. Davison of Fairfax, Vermont, a war veteran is attending the G. A. R. encampment and is a guest at pastor Gilbert's on Rockland place.

—Mrs. Wilbur Haliday and sons returned to their home on Chilton place the past week. Her father Mr. Goldsmith of Pawtucket is her guest during Grand Army week.

Lower Falls.

—Miss Enlah Baker has returned to her home on Cornell street.

—Miss Marion L. Smith is ill at her home on Grove street.

—Mrs. Guy Kimball of Grove street will leave Tuesday with her daughter Ruth for Canada.

Newton Highlands.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Greenwood have returned.

—Mr. W. H. Keating and family are at Cape Cod.

—Mr. David Bates and family have gone to Allerton.

—Rev. Dr. Smart and family are at Pembroke, Maine.

—Mr. A. D. Hall, son and daughter are at Gloucester.

—Rev. Mr. Eaton, the father of Dr. Eaton is seriously ill.

—The Sprague family of Columbus street are at Cohasset.

—Miss Annie Moulton has returned from Beechwood, Maine.

—Mr. W. A. Davenport and family have returned from Maine.

—Mr. C. C. Small has gone to join his family at Intervale, N. H.

—Mr. T. P. Curtis and family are at home from a stay in Maine.

—The Sweet family of Winchester street have moved to Brockton.

—Mr. Robert Levi is at Wolfboro and the Misses Levi at Allerton.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Martin have returned from their vacation.

—Mr. H. B. Walker and family are home from a stay in New Hampshire.

—Mr. R. E. Clarke and family of Erie avenue have returned from Nantucket.

—Mr. S. W. Jones and family of Columbus street have returned from Pennsylvania.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Manson have as their guest, her brother, Mr. G. H. Crafts of Atlanta, Ga.

—The services at the Congregational church will be conducted by Rev. Wm. P. Shrom, D. D. of Pittsburgh next Sunday.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls with H. S. Hiltz, Eliot station. Tel. N. H. 21240.

Auburndale.

—Carrier John Gill is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mrs. Edward Almy of Woodbine street is at Harrison, Me.

—Dr. Marion Ober of Melrose street has removed to Wellesley.

Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn. 4t.

—Mr. Harry McNealy is enjoying a few weeks stay at North Harpswell.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Symthe of the Auburndale Inn are at Paris Hill, Me.

—Mr. Porter B. Gore of Rowe street is enjoying a yachting trip along the north shore.

—Mr. Langdon W. Chandler of Auburndale avenue is at his camp on Lake Squam.

—Mr. Joseph Rupp and family have moved from Lexington street to Auburn street.

—Mr. E. A. Walker has purchased the Ober house on Melrose street and is occupying it.

—Mrs. P. A. Harlow and family of Melrose street have taken the house numbered 211 Derby street.

—Mrs. M. E. Brewster and family of Auburndale avenue is spending a few weeks at Dover, N. H.

—Mr. R. Parkhurst and family of Grove street have taken the house numbered 108 Charles street.

—Mrs. I. C. Noyes and family of Fern street are occupying the house numbered 232 Melrose street.

—Mrs. W. R. Guilford of Woodbine street is spending a few weeks with Mr. F. Berry at North Brewster.

—Mrs. W. P. Snow and daughter Miss Florence of Lexington street are enjoying an outing at Troy, Vt.

—Mr. M. E. Jones of Auburndale avenue is spending a few weeks with relatives and friends at Laconia, N. H.

—Generals Whitney and Stickney were in town Sunday in order to procure horses for the G. A. R. parade on Tuesday.

—Mr. Fay B. Cooper of New York is occupying the Walker house on Auburndale avenue which he has recently purchased.

—The Misses Mabel A. and Marion together with their brother Master Almon Thorne of Lexington street have returned from Norfolk where they have been visiting friends.

The Democrats are appealing to "the masses." The American people made it plain in 1896 and again in 1900 whether they wanted an administration of the masses, the classes or the whole people.

Democratic managers propose to make the campaign "on President Roosevelt's personality." They will find that the heart and the conscience of the masses are with him and that he can not be defeated by any effort to exaggerate his faults or obscure his virtues.

Democratic managers in estimating the electoral college vote follow the report of the boy who was catching rats. He said: "When I get the one I am after and two more I'll have three."

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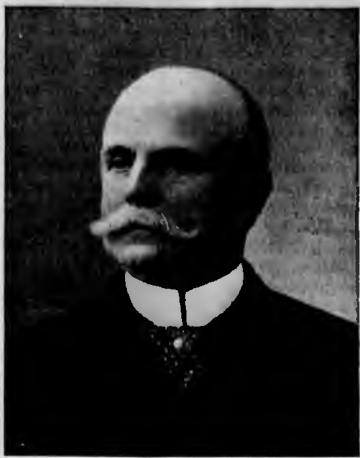
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COL. E. H. HASKELL,
President U. S. Veteran Signal Association.

Waban.

—Dr. Parker and family have returned from Providence, R. I.

—Mr. Eliot H. Robinson returned last week from a visit to Middleboro.

—Mr. Charles C. Blaney and family of Windsor road are staying at North Scituate.

—Mr. B. H. Davidson returned this week from Osterville where he spent his vacation.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls at Rhodes' Drug store, Tel. N. H. 237-3.

—A small Round Robin tennis tournament was played on the Waban courts last Tuesday. Dr. Parker captured first place with no defeats and Mr. Donald Hill took second with six wins and one defeat.

Among the automobiles used by the G. A. R. yesterday in its trip to Concord were the following machines contributed by Newton residents A. F. Adams, J. Wesley Barber, Samuel Hobbs, W. V. Lander, Geo. T. Lincoln, Geo. F. Lowell, F. A. Caton, H. D. Church, J. W. Crowell, C. T. Dunham, C. N. Fitts, F. R. Miller, Dr. H. P. Perkins, F. M. Sheldon, E. Ray Speare, Lewis R. Speare, J. B. Simpson and F. S. Webster.

Our neighboring city of Waltham deserves great credit for its very successful river carnival on Wednesday evening, and the Free Press Tribune of that city showed its enterprise in the excellent manner in which it covered the event.

Political Notes.

The Democratic claim of wonders they will work if given power should be discounted by a backward glance at their past failures and follies.

It must seem a little awkward for the Democrats to ask for power, not on their own record, but on the strength of the Republican party's record.

Gen. McClellan repudiated the Democratic platform of 1864, just as Judge Parker has repudiated it in 1904. The results will be about the same.

"It was no time possible to have adopted a gold standard platform at St. Louis," says Senator Culberson of Texas. No one will question Senator Culberson's right to speak with authority on Democratic policies.

Democrats care very little about Candidate Davis's age so long as he displays a generous disposition.

Sight should not be lost of the fact that so far as the Democratic platform is concerned the party stands just where it did in 1889 and in 1900 on the money question.

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MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

An educational institution of the highest order, devoted exclusively to practical business training, will open its

Fall Term Sept. 6.

Large and able faculty. Four complete courses. Advanced educational appliances. Finest equipment. Individual instruction. Efficient employment department. Reasonable tuition rates. Open Now for Inspection and Registration. Call or write for catalogue.

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF COMMERCE
30 Huntington Avenue, Boston

"Not the oldest; not the largest; just the best."

Sneak Thieves in Newton.

This is the time of year when people have their windows and doors open or go away for the summer and

THE SNEAK THIEF

has an easy time. We would like to explain to you why burglary insurance is the

Only Protection.

Baker & Humphrey

(Successors to Henry N. Baker.)
12 Pearl Street, Boston.

Telephone Main 382.

A Personally Conducted Party for the WHITE MOUNTAINS

will leave Boston Aug. 24, taking in the CRAWFORD and FRANCONIA NOTCHES, FLUME HOUSE, MT. PLEASANT HOUSE, with a day or night on MT. WASHINGTON, KEARSARGE HOUSE, NO. CONWAY, Etc., Etc. Price, \$25.75. With night on Mt. Washington, \$30.75.

The above covers every expense for six days. Other escorted tours as follows: AUG. 25—Lake George, Quebec. SEPT. 3, 15, 23 and 29—White Mts. SEPT. 15 and 20—Quebec, Montreal and White Mountain. SEPT. 20—Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River and White Mountain.

SEPT. 22—White Mountains, Asaahle Chain, Lakes George and Champlain. OCT. 1, 8, 15 and 22—Washington, D. C. and Old Point.

Many other tours. Tours to St. Louis, at frequent intervals. INDEPENDENT TOURS, expenses included with tickets to go any day, covering a great variety of routes. With a day or night on Mt. Washington, descriptive booklets, naming the tour desired.

THE PIERCE TOURIST CO.
No. 326 Old South Bldg., Boston.

J. C. PIKE & CO.,

128a Tremont St., opposite Park Street, Boston.

Repairing of Every Description of

Fine China and Cut Glass

No Matter How Badly Broken.

All kinds of Marble, Alabaster, Parian and Terra Cotta Cleaned and Repaired equal to New. Bronze, Silverware, Ivory and Pearl Fans, Fancy and Inlaid Wood Work, Tortoise Shell Combs, Bells, Jetts, Rubber, etc. Glass ground and cut to order, including parts made and painted to defy detection. China and Glass Repairing a Specialty.

Repairing Called for and Delivered.

China and Glass Carefully Packed and Stored.

Manufacturers of

WHITE EGYPTIAN CEMENT

M. C. HIGGINS,

PRACTICAL PLUMBER

—AND—

SANITARY ENGINEER.

Plumbing Work in all its Branches

Having had twenty-two years' experience in the business in this city, perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.

Sumner's Block, Newton.

Telephone No. 106 3.

The New England Conservatory of Music

GEORGE W. CHADWICK, Director

(FIFTY-SECOND YEAR)

OPENS SEPTEMBER 15th

Students are received at any time during the School year for special work in any department or for full graduating courses. Lessons are given in private or in small classes, according to the wish or needs of the pupil.

The faculty consists of the foremost artists and educators of the present day. The facilities for study for rapid and thorough advancement are not to be found elsewhere, either at home or abroad.

The department of OPERA and ORCHESTRA furnish abundant opportunity for the public performance of advanced students. The frequent Conservatory concerts, recitals, lectures, etc., alone provide a liberal education which are free to all students.

Office open for Registration Sept. 8th.

The year book will be sent on application.

Address, Huntington Ave., corner Gainsborough St., Boston, Mass.

OUR GREAT RED LETTER SALE

Continues Until 10 P. M.
Saturday August 20, 1904

THIS COUPON with a cash sale slip for \$1.00 or over entitles you to 10 extra green stamps if presented before 10 P. M. August 20, 1904.
10 STAMPS FREE.

Bring the Coupon With You.

It is a fact that prices were never so low before as during this sale.

Central Dry Goods Co.,

107 to 115 Moody St.

WALTHAM.

HARRIS E. JOHNNOT, ELECTRICIAN

Incandescent Lighting, Electric Bells, Annunciators, Burglar Alarms, Gas Lighting Apparatus, Electrical Supplies and Welsbach Burners.

If your Electrical Apparatus is out of repair, or you are thinking of making alterations or installing new apparatus, and wish the services of a reliable Electrician of 18 years experience in the Newtons, Boston and Brookline, leave an order at my office.

390 Centre Street, Elliot Block, opposite Depot. Telephone 226-4 or 352-5 Newton

Expressmen.

NEWCOMB'S

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Newton Office, 402 Centre Street.

BOSTON OFFICES:

15 Devonshire Street. 105 Arch Street.

174 Washington Street. 77 Kingston Street.

66 Kingston Street.

Order Box at C. M. Ryder's Stall, 62 Faneuil Hall Market. Telephone Newton 352-4. Boston 157.

FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING.

HOLMES' BAGGAGE EXPRESS.

You can always find one of Holmes' Expressmen at their stand,

G. A. R. VETERANS Royally Entertained by Chas. Ward Post 62.

Splendid Banquet Follows a Day's Out- ing at Lexington and Concord.

That Charles Ward Post 62 G. A. R. are ideal hosts was emphasized and demonstrated again and again last Friday when they entertained the Geo. H. Thomas Post 5 of Chicago.

The weather man provided a perfect day and the post did their best to correspond. One special trolley car left Copley Square Boston at 9 o'clock another started from Newtonville Square at 9:30. Both met at Lexington, the travellers being provided on the route with cigars, handsome badges, (red for the hosts and blue for the visitors), and beautiful photographs of historic Lexington and Concord. At Lexington Town Hall the party heard a brief historical address by Rev. Mr. Staples, and were afterwards regaled with a luncheon provided by Geo. G. Meade Post of Lexington. A brief outing for sight

ful music, and between courses of an excellent dinner, the crowd joined in singing the old army tunes, with enough volume to raise the roof.

A beautiful feature of the evening was the singing of "Illinois" by the visiting veterans, with Post Commander Chas. H. Taylor of Chicago the soloist. The song was new to many of those present, and its sweet cadences were received with intense enthusiasm.

Gen. I. H. Stibbs of Chicago readily responded to requests for recitations and stories and repeated "The Man who carried the Gun," "Good Bye, Jim," "Walk" and "The Twins of Calhoun" to the great satisfaction of the diners.

After cigars had been lighted Commander Patten said:

We are only sorry that more of our friends from Chicago are not here,

pretty good place to live. I take pleasure in presenting to you Mayor Alonzo R. Weed.

Mayor Weed: "A year ago one of my friends who has a cottage on the shore near Gloucester organized the small boys into a club. He found one of his neighbors, a gentleman from Baltimore, was an ex-confederate soldier and he invited him to address the boys on his war experiences. This gentleman told the boys some of his experiences in war and he suggested to the boys that if there were any names of men who were distinguished in the war, about whom they would like to inquire, he would be glad to tell them. Finally one of the boys said, 'Did you ever know Jesse James?'"

"Your name is familiar to every one, and if the George H. Thomas Post had visited Gloucester this year even that boy would have known for whom you have chosen to name your Post, that distinguished man whom you have honored and who has honored your Post by the name you have chosen. Our Post has not chosen a name so widely known, but yet I feel a very great honor in the name it has chosen, because the man for whom this Post is named, is a type of the men whom this city sent to the front in the War. Young, intelligent, brave men who never flinched in the face of danger. I believe we do well to honor the memory of those who have passed on, but it is certainly true in this City that there are men who returned and are still taking an honorable part in this community, whom we honor, and it is through the spirit of the men of that time, brought down to this time, that we preserve a pure spirit in political and city life. It gives me great pleasure and great honor to give you the greetings of this City. I speak as a man of the new generation, born since the war. Speaking for this new generation, I remember that when the last G. A. R. Encampment was held here it made a great impression on me. I thought it was a great privilege to those of us who could not have a hand in the War, at least to know those who had such an active part in making history at that time. We may read the pages of history, but we never can feel the same unless we have some acquaintance with those who actively engaged in all the hardships and privations of the campaign, and so it is a very great privilege to hear from the lips of the men who were the actual participants. I was impressed not merely by the men who marched in the parade, but also by those men who were unable to march as they brought up to us some of the terrible cruelties of the War. I believe the War was worth all it cost and in the Providence of God I believe it is certain that the great things of this life are worth more than life. We can find something in sacrifice and that we cannot obtain the great things in life without sacrifice. This is why I believe this week has been of great weight in the life and history of this community."

Paris, Aug. 9, 1904.
Dear Commander and Comrades:
The weeks have slipped by almost without counting them, on my travels this summer, and only when I have realized that each week has brought nearer the coming of our G. A. R. friends to Boston, the disappointment I feel in not being with you on that reunion, is most keen. My plans originally were quite different, but as we hoped to have the delegation much larger. Some of the Post know how it came about that we invited Post 5 of Chicago to come here; we have a belief that our Junior Vice Com. has a large acquaintance with Post 5 as he belonged to Taylor Battery, Ill., and I understand some 30 of that Battery belong to Post 5. Comrade Wm. T. Shepherd did the preliminary correspondence, and it may be interesting to you to know that he is abroad and unable to be present, but he has communicated with the Commander and I have a letter from him from Paris which I will read.

Mr. C. C. Bragdon: "Let up drop the word Welcome, and look into our eyes and feel of our hands and see if we do not look and feel like brothers. I am not sorry to have put my little service with that of Lincoln and Great and Logan as I did in those days. I am not sorry to have those men to look back upon, and to look up to and admire in my boyhood, and how I hope to get near to some of them. I feel a grudge against the Ill. Central Railroad for the way it shipped us down South in those freight cars, with a board across from side to side in the cars to sit on, and when it came night we had to lean back against one another. You remember it, boys, and when one got very tired and wanted to turn we all had to turn. It calls to my mind the story of the Irish girl, who in inspecting the quarters in the new place in which she was to be queen, saw something in a corner and on enquiring what it was, was informed it was a folding bed and she said 'I cannot sleep in that, for I can't sleep standing up.' But we slept standing up, didn't we boys? George H. Thomas for whom you have named your Post, eternal honors to him, and here's to the rock of Chickamauga, eternal honors. When I look at the boys here today I think there is a good deal of fight in them yet. I wish they would give the old boys something to do and we would show those sons of veterans how to fight."

In introducing Hon. John W. Weeks, Commander Patten said: "We have with us tonight one of the men of Newton who helped to make this Encampment a financial success. We have the treasurer of the executive committee, an ex-Mayor of Newton, who spent 2 years in the Naval Academy, served 10 or 12 years in the Naval Militia, and was in the Spanish American War."

John W. Weeks: "Being the treasurer of the executive committee and the bills of this encampment not being yet paid, I expect to be the most popular man in Boston for the next few weeks. When the Commander spoke it reminded me of a friend of mine, who was a minister; he lost his health and became a farmer, and after a time preached again. One

night he was to talk in a little town and he was introduced as the preacher-farmer. In opening he said he did not know whether that combination of titles would bring a good result or not, for he was sure every farmer knew that a cross between a Holstein and a Jersey brought neither the quality of the one nor the quantity of the other. The Commander has spoken of the Spanish American War, it reminds me of the old story of the man who died and went to Heaven, when he reached the gates and was asked his name, he said it was John Smith, hero of the Johnston Flood, an angel near by made a remark not very complimentary. He asked 'Who is that angel?' Peter said, 'Do not pay any attention to him, that angel is Noah.' I think that story was first told by a G. A. R. man who heard several stories from the Spanish American War Veterans, and that is all he said. Newspapers have said that this has been a great week for the G. A. R. It has been an equally great week for Boston and vicinity. It is difficult for men in middle life to appreciate the sufferings which you men have been through. They can take their books and read all about them but even that does not bring it to them, as your presence must bring it to them. I cannot imagine any one looking at the parade of last Tuesday and not being thrilled. If there is one thing the Spanish American War Veteran can claim, it is that he is filled with the same spirit, and it ought to be a gratification to you to know that today there are just as many men who would go to the front, as there were 40 years ago. It must be a matter of gratification for you to know that your services and your work cannot be forgotten. As time goes on it will be appreciated more and more and the end the Grand Army will be looked to with a feeling of awe and veneration, as those who have saved the Republic and made us all the beneficiaries of the work."

Henry Haynie: "Is it not a glorious thing to associate today, Ill. and Mass. Some of us were born in Illinois, most of us in Massachusetts. I knew Mr. Lincoln. In the town in which we lived the boys wanted money to buy a hose cart, and I was one of the Committee who went to Mr. Lincoln. When we asked him for money, he said he could not give us anything until he consulted his home partner, and he would go home, and when his wife was in good humor he would propose to her that the boys were trying to raise a hose cart and would it not be a good plan to give them \$50. She would say 'Abe, you always was a fool, give them \$25.' Boys, come round tomorrow and get your \$25."

"When I heard George H. Thomas Post was coming here to be our guests, I was delighted, dear old 'Pap' Thomas. No man ever served under General Thomas but loved him, believed in him and would follow him even to death. The unwhipped soldier of the War of the Rebellion, the only nearness to his being whipped was at Chickamauga, where he held his position, lost about 15000, men in doing so, and in the night we muffled the cannons and drew away without Hood's knowing it. In the course of events I came to belong to a Post named for another hero, only a Sergeant Major, born in this city where I now live, a good boy, Charles Ward, the exemplary soldier, was chosen by these Massachusetts men to give name to their Post, and the more I hear of this hero and of the hero I have already spoken of, all the more glad I am that I am a member of a Post named for such a humble soldier, for it does not have to be the great general or the great admiral, but the sergeant major, or corporal or ensign or the doctor, all of those chances are open to those who are coming after us. We feel we are equally honored by the name of the humble soldier as you are by the name of 'Pap' Thomas."

Isaac W. Boyer, Commander George H. Thomas Post: "I can find no words to express the satisfaction we feel in being the honored guests of your Post today. I am no orator but we have comrades of our Post who are, and with your permission I will call upon General Wallace E. Newberry."

General Newberry: "We are taken at a disadvantage in that I did not know that I was coming out here today. I intended to go to Plymouth and had hoped that I might establish the fact that I came over on the Mayflower. I knew I did not, but thought I might find something under Plymouth Rock that I could lay claim to. However, I want to say to you that the comrades of George H. Thomas Post and their visiting friends from Illinois that they fully appreciate the comradeship that you have extended and their return to their most sincere and complete and entire comradeship in all things pertaining to the Order to which we belong. Proud we are that we are members of the Grand Army, and proud we are of being citizens of Illinois. We are filled with pleasure, and delight, and in repeating the words of that great and distinguished soldier Gen. John C. Black, 'In this whole

week we have seen nothing but smiles and pleasant greetings throughout all Boston.' I can say the same of Newton, nothing but pleasure has been offered us, and I return you our thanks. You have taken us today mid the scenes of history and we were told that liberty was born close by. At the same time let me say that liberty is born around every school house in our great prairies. Our ancestors, many of them went from among you to the great West, and there they inculcate in the minds and souls of their children, patriotism and loyalty. We have lost nothing by the transplanting. In Illinois and in all parts of the West are men who will stand elbow to elbow with you in everything that the country requires. We have in our Post men representing almost every army of the U. S., in the West and in the East. We stood with you then, we stand with you now, and it will be the brightest of our recollections, this kindly greeting which you have given us, and we thank you comrades from the bottom of our hearts."

General I. H. Stibbs: "I consider it a privilege that I have been asked to take part in the entertainment tonight, but I want first to say a word of thanks to those comrades of Charles Ward Post for the pleasure they have given us. Most of you have lived the greater part of your lives in this vicinity. A great many of us here are visiting Boston for the first time, and all we have seen today has been new to us and so interesting that I can scarcely find words to express my delight at all I have gone through today. We will always feel grateful to the Comrades of this Post for what they have done."

Robert Mann Woods, Dept. Commander of Illinois: "Commander. Comrades. Tentmates. Messmates. Shipmates, Soldiers of the greatest war which ever occurred in this or in any other country. Victors over the greatest army ever marshalled except our own. Brothers who marched out ready to do or die that the nation might live, I am proud to greet you here tonight. Here on the shores of Ocean, where liberty first had room to unfurl her wings, where the best of earth coming from oppression in the Old World found liberty for themselves and their posterity, here midst the descendants of the noblest men and most virtuous women that the World ever knew, here we are closely surrounded by memories of the War's greatest achievements, here where man in the might of what was right unfurled the banner of the free against the most mighty power of the world. I am proud to be near Bunker Hill, near Lexington and Concord. I am glad to be near where the notes of Liberty rang out from Faneuil Hall, where the principles which made man great and good were pronounced. In the Old South Church, where was rocked the cradle of liberty by the mothers of the best race on earth. And as proud as you are of this heritage, we are of the great West. Nearly all of us are descended from that great Puritan stock which has been the leaven of the great World, and we join with you in preserving the principles of '76. You are the survivors of the last great war America will ever see, for the time has arrived when we shall literally turn our swords into ploughshares. We are not learning the art of war any more in America because the occasion for it can never arise in America. We have had one rebellion, the world will never see another. It took 5 long years to crush that rebellion, it cost such a flow of tears and of blood, that the recollection of it will extend through all time, and prevent the raising of any hand to tear down the glorious and unconquered banner of the Republic. Not only that, but in the lapse of all these years we have learned wisely that we can put by the sword, that States may be saved without it. There is a mightier weapon, the principles of justice and honesty between man and man. Religious liberty has assured every man a fair chance to live and to earn his own living without fear or favor. In the advance of civilization the Grand Army has taken the first step. For 40 years since the close of that struggle we have occupied the van of the forward march of civilization. We have taught the Nations that there is such a thing that right shall prevail. In the case of Venezuela this nation opposed, and the great nations acknowledged the right position of this country and withheld their hands. In the case of the Boxer uprising, this great country, through the mouth of Mr. John Hay, announced the doctrine of the integrity of preserving the Chinese Empire, and the flag again came out triumphant. Another war is on, the secretary of the United States announced the integrity of the Chinese Empire and when that conflict shall end once more the principles of our Government shall be heard and it will be decided by the principles laid down by John Hay. Is not this worth fighting for, that we should go to the South and free those people, also go across the seas to Cuba. In no other way could we do so, and why should we do so now? Because under the wise leadership of our Secretary of the

Navy our men behind the guns were told when to shoot. Because we have built up a good navy and our ships are sailing in every port. When we move, with power and strength, we are respected by all the Powers of the Old World. We must have a navy, we must be in a position to protect the coast line which we now own, and we are ready to preserve and protect the coast and we have the navy to do it with and the men behind the guns. A navy cannot be built in times of War, we have built ours in time of peace, because a great and powerful and strong Navy means peace."

"The soldiers of the Grand Army are entitled to the credit of the advance of American civilization over that of the world, from the fact that we are now putting in force the principles of peace which are the principles of right and equity. We are the advance guard, and the survivors of the Grand Army are the last that will belong to it. We belong to an organization which is the greatest the world ever knew and which will go down to death only upon the death of the last member of the Grand Army. Men who fight for their homes and principles they love will risk death at the mouth of the cannon and never falter. So let me say to you that, we are secure in the hearts of the people of this country. They have most generously taken care of us, by pensions, and let us enter into this most glorious heritage and enjoy it during the rest of our peaceful lives."

John N. Stewart, Junior Vice Department Commander, Ill. "Comrades of Charles Ward Post and Comrades of George H. Thomas Post, who have so kindly invited me be a guest with them and with you, comrades of Post 62, I want to say that this is an epoch in my life that I shall always remember. The feeling that exists between Massachusetts and Illinois today but repeats the feeling that existed some 31 years ago between the United States and a Buck-eye from Ohio. I snatched from Massachusetts one of the best business partners a man could have, and I have that partner now, and if she is a sample of the women in Massachusetts I recommend to my superior officer the selection of some of those with whom he has been flirting today. I wanted to say that the great state of Illinois produced a man who wisely thought of the fraternal feeling which existed between men who wore the blue, and General Stevenson was the instigator of the greatest organization the world ever saw, the Grand Army of the Republic. This organization spread out over every State of this Union. States that severed themselves from this Union today have Posts of the G. A. R. After five years of tremendous struggle men returned with the honor of having worn the blue and in their homes organized Posts of the G. A. R. Adjoining these Posts are Posts composed of most excellent men that ever carried a musket, for if we were not to acknowledge that the Posts of the Confederates were composed of good men, we would not be acknowledging that we had a good army. They were as you know one of the best armies, one of the greatest armies that was ever arrayed against another army. Circumstances compelled them to be our opponents. They have regretted this time and time again. I am obliged to you, comrades, for the opportunity of speaking a few words, and with thanks upon my lips for the courtesies you have shown us, I close."

Major E. A. Blodgett. "This to me has been a red letter day. All the days of my life since the war I have had more of pleasure and satisfaction today. When I stood at Lexington and Concord and saw the Minute Man poised there ready for the fray I said to myself, all the tears and prayers and hopes of a thousand years are gathered in that man, this is truly holy ground. Here stood the man who was in at the birth when liberty was born on the earth. Never till then were we able to shake off the shackles of our oppressors. I would not exchange this day for five years of Kingdom Come and take my chances. Here is where the eagle of liberty was turned loose and from that till now we have governed the world. I must take issue with my friend who says swords will be turned to ploughshares. The boy from the cradle until he is dead is going to fight for that which he thinks he has a right to have. It is going to go on as long as right is in the world and right is always going to fight the wrong. Up to the time of our War, we had no standing in the family of Nations. If England wanted to go to war with France or France wished to go to war with Germany, they never said what says the United States, no more than we now say, What says Brazil, but when the Spanish American War came, we immediately became the foremost nation of the world, and whether we like it or not we have to take our places and shoulder the responsibilities of the world. We have got to do the things that the world wants done, and I say now in reference to the Philippines that I am in favor of keeping what we have and

(Continued on page 1)



NEWTON CLUB.

seeing followed, and at noon, the party started for Concord. At this place Charles Ward Post had provided a substantial collation, followed by a barge ride of eight miles, covering the many interesting places in the town which were described by Rev. B. F. McDaniel.

The trolley was then taken and the ride to Newtonville, through Lexington and Waltham thoroughly enjoyed. After a brief visit to post headquarters in the Masonic Building and an inspection of its many war relics, the party marched to the Newton Club-house for the final event of the day.

The Assembly Hall of this beautiful building was handsomely trimmed with red, white and blue crepe paper by the Dennison Mfg Co., under direction of Mr. Frank L. Nagle. Three ropes of red, white and blue chains encircled the hall, suspended from the trusses which support the roof, giving a beautiful effect. These chains were

as we hoped to have the delegation much larger. Some of the Post know how it came about that we invited Post 5 of Chicago to come here; we have a belief that our Junior Vice Com. has a large acquaintance with Post 5 as he belonged to Taylor Battery, Ill., and I understand some 30 of that Battery belong to Post 5. Comrade Wm. T. Shepherd did the preliminary correspondence, and it may be interesting to you to know that he is abroad and unable to be present, but he has communicated with the Commander and I have a letter from him from Paris which I will read.

Paris, Aug. 9, 1904.
Dear Commander and Comrades:
The weeks have slipped by almost without counting them, on my travels this summer, and only when I have realized that each week has brought nearer the coming of our G. A. R. friends to Boston, the disappointment I feel in not being with you on that reunion, is most keen. My plans originally were quite different, but



MASONIC BUILDING.
Headquarters Charles Ward Post 62.

liberally decorated with small flags. The sides of the hall bore small red, white and blue shields, with fan shaped bunting also trimmed with flags. Colored shields were used for decorating the tables, and the candleabras had shades of the same material.

The menu cards were artistic, having the American flag in colors, embossed on heavy parchment and tied with white satin ribbon.

The menu was as follows:

Little Neck
Olives
Meat Bisque Aux Choux
Pommes Parisienne
Sweetbread Turtles, G. A. R.
Filet of Beef and Mushrooms
Strips Eggs
Baked Potatoes
Lettuce and Tomato Salad
Roufflet Cheese
Vanilla and Chocolate Ice Cream
Cake
Coffee
Claret

Commander C. C. Patten presided and after Rev. Dr. H. J. Patrick had offered prayer, the order to "Fall to" was instantly obeyed.

Owen's orchestra furnished delight-

like those of Bobbie Burns "little mouse," they have gone wrong. How can I express to you and my comrades of Post 62, as well as to my old army comrades of Post 5 of Chicago, the great desire I have to be with you! and that I shall not keep step with them at this "grand encampment" is truly a great deprivation, and that I cannot be there to welcome the "Dear Old Boys" of Taylor's Battery makes my heart ache.

I appreciate more than I can express the compliment paid to me by Post 62 in making my Chicago comrades so welcome and in doing so much to add to their pleasure, for they were good to me for three long years and for forty years since, the kindest and dearest friends.

My heart will be warmed towards you all next week, day by day, and I am sure you who have seemed so dear to me in these later years must feel it.

Greetings to you all Dear Comrades East or West.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. T. Shepherd.

Newton is spoken of as the Garden City, and we of Newton think it is a

CLUB WOMEN.

Summer Series of Articles on Women's Clubs of Newton.

The Newton Federation of Women's Clubs.

The Newton Federation of Women's Clubs was organized at the home of Mrs. George G. Phipps, Newton Highlands, on May 17, 1895, and is, therefore, nine years old.

Previous to the organization three preliminary meetings had been held by representatives of ten of the women's clubs of Newton at the homes of Miss Esther Wilder, Newton, Miss J. H. Sawyer of Chestnut Hill and Mrs. E. N. L. Walton of West Newton, so it was with great care and forethought that this organization came to exist.

Eleven clubs united at the beginning to form this federation namely: Social Science Club, Newton. Newtonville Woman's Guild. West Newton Educational Club. Auburndale Review Club. Newton Highlands Monday Club. Newton Centre Woman's Club. Auburndale Review Club. Newton Highlands Shakespeare Club. Newton Centre Wednesday Club. Newton Centre Reading Club. Auburndale Evening Club.

The first six of these clubs with the Newton Ladies Home Circle which joined the Federation on Sept. 30, 1895, the Waban Woman's Club joining April 2, 1897 and the Pierian Club, N. U. F., joining on Jan. 17, 1898, constitute the present membership.

The first officers of the Federation were

President—Mrs. E. N. L. Walton, West Newton.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. J. H. Sawyer, Chestnut Hill; Mrs. F. N. Peloubet, Auburndale; Mrs. George G. Phipps, Newton Highlands.

Recording and Corresponding Secretaries—Mrs. Wallace C. Boyden, Newtonville.

Treasurer—Miss Anna Ellis, Newton Centre.

During the nine years the Federation has had four presidents, namely, Mrs. Walton for two years, Mrs. F. N. Peloubet of Auburndale for two years, Mrs. W. H. Blodgett of Newton for two, and Mrs. H. H. Carter of Newtonville for three years.

There have been two recording secretaries, Mrs. Wallace C. Boyden, of Newtonville for six years and Mrs. David Farquhar of Newton for three years.

The present officers are:

President—Mrs. C. G. Wetherbee, Newton Highlands.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. W. Jones, Newton Highlands; Mrs. F. H. Tucker, Newton; Mrs. L. T. Billings, Newton Upper Falls.

Recording Secretary—Miss Grace M. Hart, Newton.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. A. L. Bailey, Newton.

Treasurer—Mrs. Lilla A. Rider, Auburndale.

Auditor—Mrs. A. G. Sherman, Newtonville.

As its constitution states this Federation is neither sectarian or partisan but hospitable to all thought affecting the welfare of the city and the interests of humanity. Its object is to secure more thorough acquaintance and in case of need united action among the Women's Clubs of Newton.

The planners of the work of the Federation in its early days found a large number of topics bearing upon city affairs which were of vital interest to the members of the Federation. They accordingly took up with vigor the investigation and discussion of such matters as public education, beautifying the city, Household Economics in its varied aspects, municipal government, etc. Committees were appointed to work along these lines and to report to the Federation the present situation and opportunities for service and questions which they deemed worthy of consideration. Excellent results were accomplished and as the years went on it was thought wise to concentrate these departments of work under a few committees with the appointment of sub-committees when deemed advisable. The committees at present are the Social Service Committee, whose business it is to have an outlook upon all public affairs in the city, and a Social Committee whose duty it is to look after the social life of the Federation.

In addition to these, we have a nominating committee, and a Program Committee is appointed for each of the meetings which number from three to six in a year.

The Executive Board holds four regular meetings in the year at which business of the Federation is discussed and planned.

This Board is composed of the officers of the Federation, the Presidents of the federated clubs, chairmen of committees and delegates from the clubs, one for every fifty in their

membership. These meetings have grown in importance and are of such special interest that it has been recently voted that guests from the individual clubs may attend without the privilege of voting.

The Federation has been addressed from time to time by such prominent educators as President Eliot of Harvard, President Tucker of Dartmouth, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, Dr. G. H. Martin, Secretary of the State Board of Education, Mrs. Lucy Wheelock of Boston and Superintendent Dutton, Balliet and Aldrich.

The complex subject of Household Economics has been ably presented by Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton, Mrs. Larned, President of the National Household Economics Association, Mrs. Anna Barrows, editor of the American Kitchen Magazine and much home talent has been called into use in this line.

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead has spoken to us upon "A Beautiful City Life," Mr. E. B. Haskell, a member of the Metropolitan Park Commission upon "The Park System" and Mrs. Hornbrook of Newton on "The Preservation of the Birds" in the interests of city improvement.

We have also been addressed by Mrs. Percy Widdington of London upon "Cecil Rhodes," by Mrs. Rowe and Mrs. Ward, presidents of the Massachusetts State Federation, Mrs. F. H. Tucker of Newton upon "Forestry" and by many others.

Meetings in which the discussion has been carried on by our own members have been of very great interest and no small part of the advantage accruing from the meetings, of the Federation is to be found in the bringing to light of the excellent talent of the women in our own city and the development of mutual acquaintance and interest in public affairs. In order to secure more thorough acquaintance the social element has formed a prominent part in the life of the Federation, and the women of Newton have come more and more to feel that Newton is one city and not merely a number of different villages.

Prominent among our home festivities was a luncheon given on Dec. 10, 1903 in honor of Mrs. E. N. L. Walton of West Newton, first president of the Federation.

Besides fostering acquaintance in the city the Federation has hospitably opened its doors to outsider interests and has most cordially welcomed and entertained a former president of the National Federation, Mrs. Ellen Hemmott of Chicago, 1895 and the Massachusetts State Federation of which this City Federation is a member in October, 1902.

In 1896 a police matron on call Mrs. Mason of West Newton was appointed at the instigation of this Federation and this position has since become a permanent one. The Newton Educational Association is an outcome of this Federation. The casts of Minerva and Sophocles which stand near the main entrance of the Newton High School were a gift of this Federation in 1898 and these are but a few of the many ways in which the Federation has proved that it is really worth while and needed.

Long may it prosper and prove to its founders that they builded better than they knew.

Correspondence.

Dear Graphic:—I want to tell you, and through your columns my home friends and neighbors, something about this picturesque, interesting and quaint old town of Swansey, N. H., where I am summering. Settled in 1734, and first chartered, then, as a Massachusetts town, the colony boundaries not being then established, it was again chartered by New Hampshire in 1753. It has grown to be now a beautiful rural town of about two thousand people, south of beautiful Keene; from which Swansey Centre is three miles, West Swansey six miles, and the writer four miles. Lying on both sides of the beautiful Ashuelot River, an eastern branch of the Connecticut, Swansey is a valley town, though in a high and emphatically healthy region combining the varied beauties of stream, meadow, hill and forest. The warm sandy soil is especially favorable to root crops and to the white pine which abounds and thrives throughout the region, and gives a most wholesome resinous balminess plainly perceptible to sitters in the sweet fields, or ramblers by the pleasant roadsides or river bank. Indeed, one of the conspicuous charms of the place is an avenue a hundred feet wide and more than two miles long, widely grass bordered and lined on both sides by now well grown and neatly trimmed pines set out more than thirty years ago by the united action of the public spirited citizens, who turned out in a body and gave two days to this good work of lasting pleasure and benefit.

While on this point of wholesome and praiseworthy local pride, I should add that at Swansey Centre is a good town hall, "Mt. Caesar Union Library" in a dignified building known from 1843 to 1885 as Swansey Academy, and a substantial and commodious brick Congregational church.

West Swansey, being directly on both sides of Ashuelot River, is more of a business village, of considerable size, with several manufacturing establishments, driven by steam or water power; four churches, the "Stratton Free Library" in a comely brick building, a number of noticeably attractive residences and the principal station of the railroad from Keene to South Vernon, about twenty four miles away, and well accommodating the community with three passenger trains each way daily; one including a U. S. Mail Post Office car, a great convenience in the quicker forwarding of mails. Cattle are shipped to Boston every week, showing that, as Boston market papers say, there is no danger of a beef famine, whatever Chicago may do, the east can so largely supply itself. Hay crops are also large as the many daily passing loads plainly show, and numerous lumber piles and cars indicate a good lumber region, used, however, with increasingly thoughtful prudent consideration for the future.

An electric railway is in progress, to connect West Swansey with Keene, and of which about two miles from Keene are now in operation.

The Union Library before named deserves more than the passing mention already given. Besides a very good library, supported by gifts, entertainments, etc., it includes a very interesting antiquarian collection which might well stimulate our local Watertown, and more recently organized Newton historical societies to be active—if not already so—in forming such collections. Beside the familiar old spinning wheels, perforated tin lanterns, candle sticks, oil lamps, rude farm implements, foot stoves, etc., the collection includes tinder boxes with flints and steel, a copy of the original "Old Thomas's Farmer's Almanac" of 1787, a pair of clogs "made in England" with leather uppers and wooden soles reinforced with iron, iron skillets one of which is 150 years old, and framed printed documents, one of the immortal Declaration, another, a proclamation by President Andrew Jackson "samplers," one of them considerably over a hundred years old, etc., etc.

Returning now from human to natural interests, besides abounding and rapidly increasing pines, elms, oaks, birches, black, white and gray, and poplars are numerous. A noble nearly by elm is one hundred and twenty-seven years old. Such plants also as delight in sandy soil reward the botanist, and birds of wood and field are numerous. Besides the flowers elsewhere seen, I have found among others here, the curious rose-purple polygala polygama, that blossoms all summer, and has, besides, snow-white underground flowers growing on its roots; and among other birds have seen a fine example of the catbird exemplifying his reputed dandyism by assiduously dressing his coat while sitting on a barbed wire fence near the house.

We have heard of darkness so dense that it can be felt, but here we have, much of the time, a silence that can be heard, so conspicuous to the ear is sound by its absence rather than by its presence. Deliciously restful it is too, for I have long instinctively felt that sleep in dead silence must be more thoroughly refreshing and literally re-creating than sleep, however apparently sound, that is taken in spite of street noise of cars or anything else.

Worn city dwellers, coming to ask themselves seriously some day what, after all, is best worth living for on earth might well ask what are better than country air, water, light, scenery, occupation, fellowships, quiet, health and competence, without needlessness wealth, toilsome in the getting and keeping and unsatisfying because not the normal food of normal life of body or soul. Then let them come to this, or any of the host of similar places and live, in the best and fullest sense, till, in the future, great cities will be exclusively assemblages of great warehouses wherefrom to supply many local counter parts of beautiful Keene, and used by no one as places of residence, all day workers in them having neat convenient and pretty easily accessible park like happy suburban homes such as have already well begun to come.

Just think of a thirty acre farm and buildings, before me as I write, for one thousand dollars or less! Can I do better than stop with this seed of wholesome day dreaming in my readers' minds? S. Edward Warren.

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For full particulars see Year Book for 1904-5, not free. H. E. HARRARD, Prin.

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The Board meets every Tuesday afternoon to consider applications for loans that have been received at the Bank.

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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC

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returned by mail unless stamps are en-
closed.Notices of all local entertainments
to which admission fee is charged must be
paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line
in the reading matter, or \$1.00 per line in
the advertising columns.

Newton Centre.

—Mrs. Alvah Hovey is at Georges
Mills, N. H.Learn to Earn. Burdett Business
Colleges, Boston and Lynn. 4t—The water dept is laying 750 feet
of water main in Dudley street.—Carrier W. H. Barney and wife
are spending a few weeks at Nan-
tucket.—Mr. H. R. Viets and family have
reopened their residence on Hunnewell
avenue.—Mills' undertaking rooms, 813
Washington street, Newtonville.
Tel. 445-5.—William B. Young has leased his
new house on Orient avenue to Mr.
F. C. Crosby.—Mr. James S. Kennedy of Cobb,
Bates and Yerxa has leased the house
35 Newbury street.—Mrs. William L. Lowell has re-
turned from Bath, Maine, and is a
guest at The Hollis.—Dr. Mary G. Hood and Miss
Sarah L. Arnold were passengers on
the steamer Canadian which arrived
from Liverpool last Tuesday.—Domenic Delmonde of Langley
road, arrested last Sunday for alleged
illegal sale of liquor was discharged
by Judge Kennedy the following day.—Mrs. F. W. Tourtelott of Brae-
land avenue and Mrs. Geir Tourtelott
of Chicago are back from an outing
at Mr. W. C. Bray's cottage at Onset.—Dr. Arthur A. Blanchard of de-
partment of Chemistry at Institute of
Technology is enjoying his summer
outing with a party of friends at
South Wellfleet.—Rev. Ralph Flewelling and family
have returned from Grand Rapids,
Michigan where they have been
spending a few weeks with Mr. Flew-
ellings' parents.—Now is a good time to have your
furniture re-upholstered. Mattresses
made over. Window shades replaced
and all kinds of cabinet work and
polishing done. M. H. Haase, 427
Centre St. Tel. 4t—Mrs. Charlotte Simes, widow of
George Simes, died at her home on
Eastbourne road Thursday morning
after a long illness. The deceased
was 50 years old and a native of Syd-
ney, Nova Scotia. The funeral will
be held tomorrow afternoon from her
late residence at 2:30. Rev. Mr. Sol-
oman will officiate and the interment
will be at Mt. Auburn.—A reunion of persons living in
various sections of the country, all
relatives, who have not seen each
other for 43 years, took place Wednes-
day evening at the residence of Mr.
and Mrs. Rufus J. Smith of Elgin
street, and the guests will remain
there several days. The party in-
cluded principally Mrs. Smith's
mother's family, the Forsaiths, and
included Mrs. Amanda Forsaith Har-
shorn of Bradford, N. H. Charles
Forsaith of Wolfboro, N. H. Mrs.
Caroline Forsaith Downes of Newton
Centre, Elbridge Forsaith of Charle-
stown, Mrs. Dora Forsaith Hatch and
Frank W. Hatch of Maplewood and
Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Forsaith of
Chicago. Of the original 12 persons
in the Forsaith family, but six are
now living, and these half dozen
were present. The oldest descendant
at the reunion was 83 years of age
and the youngest 63. Two twins pre-
sent were 75 years old.

Upper Falls.

—Prof. Scoville of Rockland place
starts for a trip West on Monday.—Mrs. H. E. Locke and family of
Boylston street are at "The Wenono"
Wells Beach.—Mr. Eugene Fanning of High
street is making extensive alterations
on his residence.—Alderman White and wife have
returned from a two weeks stay at
Christmas Cove, Me.—Mrs. W. L. Thompson of Boylston
street has returned from her summer
home at Boothbay, Me.—Mr. F. J. Hale spent a few days
of the past week with his family at
The Joslyn House, Prouds Neck.—Next Sunday Rev. O. W. Scott
will be out of town. At 10:45 a. m.
the Methodist congregation will wor-
ship with the Baptist people. At 7
services will be conducted at the
Methodist church by P. F. Davidson
of the Dover street Mission, Boston.
Mr. Davidson will also conduct the
Christian Endeavor service at 6.

DIED.

BRENNAN. At Newton, Aug. 24. Anna,
wife of John Brennan, aged 39 years.COOK. At Newton Highlands, August 22.
Anna R. Cook, aged 55 years. 4 months,
11 days.MORLEY. At Newton, August 19. Eliza A.,
widow of Richard K. Morley, aged 77 yrs.
7 mos. 7 days.

G. A. R.

(Continued from page 2.)

I am in favor of giving those people
more liberty and better things to live
for than they ever had before. I am
in favor of the Panama Canal, but I
tell you it will not be many years
before the American flag will fly at
Cape Horn, not because we fight for
it, but because those people will seek
shelter under it. We are the best and
finest people in the world. I thank
God three times a day, and from now
on four times a day because I came to
Concord and Lexington. God bless
you all and if I do not see you again
in this world I will be watching for
you when you come to the next."

Hon. P. F. Funk. "I am not a
member of George H. Thomas Post
but I am a member of William T.
Sherman Post, 360 strong, located in
Bloomington, Ill. I want to say to
you that I have visited almost every
encampment and also to say that I
never visited one where we have been
welcomed more cordially than we
have been in Boston. Each of you
people have vied among you as to
how best you can treat us. I marched
for a while on Tuesday, but it was so
intensely hot I had to drop out, and
as I was standing on the sidewalk
and saw those noble women who were
pretty well played out themselves
fighting for a chance to give a drink
of lemonade to a soldier, it struck a
place in my heart and I could not con-
trol my feelings. It showed what
spirit the people of Boston and their
descendants are composed of, and I
want to say to you that I never in
my life have spent a finer day than I
have today. You have treated us roy-
ally and could not have done more."

Mr. Thomas Whitfield. "Comrades:
I wish I could talk to you as the oc-
casion would warrant. It is impossi-
ble for me to do it. This man Shep-
ard is like a brother to every one of
Taylor's Battery. We will never for-
get the interest he has taken in in-
viting us to be your guests. The
pleasure we have received is simply
beyond our words to express. I only
want to say that if on any other oc-
casion it was possible to repeat this, I
do not know where it could be done
but right here."

Gen. Green B. Raum. "I do not
think that I can add anything to what
has already been said as to the grati-
fication that we from Illinois feel at
the manner in which the G. A. R.
has been entertained by Massachu-
setts and the City of Boston. The
comradeship of the G. A. R. has been
emphasized by what has been brought
here this evening, and the love and
comradeship that the people of the
United States feel towards the old
soldiers has been wonderfully empha-
sized by what the people from Massachu-
setts and Boston have done for us.
We feel that as time goes forward the
people of the United States feel more
and more the glory of the soldiers
who fought from 61 to 65. We look
back at what our forefathers did.
They fought for liberty and we today
passed through the country where
liberty raised its first voice. They
established the first free government
the world has ever seen, but in the
course of time after that reached
from shore to shore, from the lakes
to the rivers, and had acquired a popu-
lation of 35 millions of people, the
question arose "Shall this great Re-
public be preserved?" "Shall the
integrity of the territory of the
United States be preserved?" Our
Southern brethren said that the elec-
tion of Abraham Lincoln was suffi-
cient cause for the dissolution of the
Union. Then that great orator, Daniel
Webster, laid down the doctrine
that the powers of the National Gov-
ernment had been derived from the
people and when it was proposed that
this great country should be divided,
we of the North rose and said that
whatever of blood was necessary to
preserve this Republic shall be freely
poured out. I hold that the preserva-
tion of the Union was the greatest po-
litical event in the history of the
world, and comrades from the issue
which has grown out of that result you
see the claim is not too broad. We
are now recognized as the greatest
nation on the earth. This country of
ours is the greatest subdivision of the
world. It is our home and we must
preserve it and it is an influence now
for good the world over, is more pow-
erful than any other nation, but we
have gained because we have demon-
strated ourselves to be the greatest
military power. I am for peace, I
trust the time will never come when
the people of the United States will
have to indulge in a War, either For-
eign or Domestic, but we must be
prepared for any contingency. The
only way we will maintain our po-
sition throughout the length and
breadth of the country is to show the
world we are able to maintain the po-
sition we took in this world."

Capt. W. A. Waterman, Chaplain
of George H. Thomas Post. "I want
to say Amen in beginning to all that
has been said before tonight. I am a
child and son of Massachusetts and
helped to uphold her honor and in-
tegrity during the Civil War. Today
the feelings that have been expressed

are my feelings, notwithstanding
that I am a son of Massachusetts.
Today the history of the past is real.
I cannot help but think of the power
of the spectacular presentation of this
week, and as a comrade said tonight
it is profoundly impressive, the
sights along the sides of the roads,
houses decorated, boys and girls, men
and women, Americans and Foreign-
ers, cheering us, it moved me so that
tears filled my eyes. I said our
country is saved not only now but
in all times.

"When I was a boy we used to cel-
brate Independence Day when all
the public school children and all the
Sunday school children marched
through the streets and went to the
near by groves and sang patriotic
songs. That was an institution that
prepared the sons for the time of '65
and when the old flag was pulled
down on Sumter our hearts burned.
We have marched and fought and
sung our songs and when the call
came for volunteers to liberate another
nation our children were ready to go
as we were. And now let me say to
you, with all due respect to the library
at Harvard, that the lesson of this
past week, the Grand Army in the
City of Boston, witnessed by thou-
sands and thousands of our fellow men
and our little circuit today over the
historic ground, is a spectacular les-
son worth more to future generations
than that historical library at Har-
vard University. Let us comrades
strive with God's help to live that
the work of the past will go on with
increasing life, power, and glory the
world around."

Charles H. Taylor, Post Comman-
der: "I do not know why I have been
called upon to speak at this time un-
less it be for the reason that about 50
years ago I was a school boy in this
town in Newton Lower Falls, and
possibly the Commander may have the
mistaken notion that at that time
I assimilated some of the refinement
and polish which belong only to those
favored mortals who have been born
and reared in the shadow of Harvard
College. The Commander has run
somewhat of a risk in allowing me to
talk here as like most boys I was a
pretty good forger and the grand-
sons of some of the owners of or-
chards may be lying in wait for me.
However, I am glad to be able to
say a word, as it seems to me that
one feature has been neglected by the
other members. All of us have seen
and many of us have felt the indispo-
sition of refined city people to enter-
tain their country relations, and I
assure you of Post 62 that we fully
appreciate the condescension you have
shown by receiving us in your splen-
did city. I want to say that it was
our misfortune and not our fault that
we were not born in Boston or New-
ton. I can attest from personal
knowledge that not a single member
of George H. Thomas Post was con-
sulted as to his birthplace, and if we
were every one of us would have
chosen either Boston or Newton. And
yet in New England we feel we are
visiting the home of our forefathers,
for our grandfathers settled their
homes in the West only because they
could not swap jack knives with your
grandfathers and keep even. They
brought to the West those principles of
civil and religious liberty which they
learned in New England, and we have
striven to keep the communities in
which we live true to New England
ideals. There was a time we looked
with suspicion on anything new
which had not the approval of Bos-
ton stamped on it. We know the
pride which you feel in your imperi-
alism, but we feel a great pride in
that son of Illinois now a resident of
Nebraska who first discovered the ra-
tio of 16 to 1, and who raised his voice
against the attempt to crucify him
upon a cross of gold.

"We have learned to make shoes,
but some of the industries we have
lost; we no longer burn at the stake
the women young or old who bewitch
us. We eat fish balls three times a
day and baked beans is the principal
dish at our wedding feasts and most
elaborate banquets. Only in the use
of pie have we degenerated. I re-
member as a boy that every well re-
gulated family in Massachusetts had
pie three times a day, and now we
of the West consider ourselves fortu-
nate if we have pie once. No section
of the country has produced so many
great men as New England, and I
think it has been discovered by Har-
vard University that the vigor of the
men and women of New England is
due to this pie life. It is necessary
to refer to only two great New Eng-
land men to prove the truth of my
statement the one Daniel Webster, the
other John L. Sullivan. Some of the
hotels in Chicago have made an effort
to atone for the absence of pie diet by
giving their guests at one meal a
large variety of pies and I would
like to tell an experience of a friend
of mine. My friend was in Chicago
and stopped at one of the hotels a
man sat next to him and when he had
finished his roast and salad he sig-
nalled to the waiter who was an
Afro American and he said
"What kind of pie have you?"
"Apple, mince and raspberry." "Is
that all?" "No, we have gooseberry,
blueberry, squash custard pumpkin,
cherry and apricot." "You bring

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have a tendency to make those who have not
had their orders filled, feel uneasy. If your order
is with us you need not feel so. We can fill the
orders that we have and can take care of many
more. There is certainly nothing gained in delay-
ing to place your order if you have not done so.

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us to fill your bins with our Coal by careful men
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windows, who do not smoke in your cellar or loiter
about your premises.

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285 Newtonville Ave., Newton

Boston, Massachusetts

me a piece of apple, mince, raspberry,
gooseberry, blueberry, squash, pump-
kin, cherry and apricot." The waiter
started for the kitchen to get the pie,
and observing that the man had or-
dered every kind of pie excepting cus-
tard pie, said in a voice audible
through the room, "What's the matter
with the custard pie?" My friend re-
lated this story one evening on a
steamer and they all liked the joke
except one Englishman who made an
attempt to laugh, but my friend could
see that he didn't appreciate the joke.
The next morning the Englishman
met my friend and said to him "What
was the matter with the custard pie?"
"I have said enough to indicate that
we are all cousins, we are all mem-
bers of the brotherhood, who in the
great crisis of the nation lived, went
out and offered their lives that Old
Glory might not be dishonored, but
when the conflict was over returned
to their farms, their work shops, and
their offices and by their faithful
work and patriotic principles and ex-
ample have taught the younger gen-
erations that love of country without
which the country cannot endure, and
so we thank you for this splendid
hospitality and when we get to the
other shore among the brightest
memories of earth will be the day we
spent here as your guests.

"I wish to move that Charles Ward
Post be the best lot of fellows we
ever met."

The motion was carried unanimous-
ly and was followed by three cheers
and a tiger by Geo. H. Thomas Post
for their hosts. Charles Ward Post
cordially returned the compliment and
the banquet closed with the singing
of America.

The following letter was read
during the evening:

Boston, Aug. 19th, 1904.
Mr. C. C. Patten, Commander
Chas. Ward Post 62, Newtonville,
Mass.
My Dear Mr. Patten:
I am writing to convey to you the
regrets of General Howard, that he
will be unable to be with you this
evening at your entertainment to the
George H. Thomas Post of Chicago.
He was so thoroughly exhausted
yesterday that he felt he must return
at once to his home.
He desired me to express his re-
grets, both to Chas. Ward Post, and
to the comrades of the George H.
Thomas Post, and trusts that you
will have an enjoyable time.
I also personally regret that my ex-
haustive duties of the past few weeks
have compelled me to forego the
pleasure of being with you this evening.
With sentiments of high regard and
fraternal greeting to my comrades, and
to your distinguished guests, I am
Very truly yours,
Edward H. Haskell.

Among those present were Brig.
Gen. Green B. Raum, Commissioner
of Pensions under President Harrison,
Dept. Commander Robert M. Woods
of Illinois, Junior V. D. Com. J. N.
Stewart of the same Dept., Comman-
der Isaac W. Boyer of Geo. H.
Thomas Post, Gen. Walter C. New-
berry, Col. C. R. E. Koch, Gen.
Jas. McCartney, Gen. L. H. Stibbs,
Capt. Millard J. Sheridan, Maj. E.
A. Blodgett, John McElroy, A. C.
Selleck, Thos. Whitefield, C. H. Tel-
bets, C. W. Webster, S. J. Harman,
W. H. Bean, Chas. H. Taylor, Harry
H. Stibbs, E. M. Rawarth, W. M.
Goodridge, Adjt. Alex. C. Ray, W. H.
H. Pierce, S. Dermott Pierce, H. A.
Ward, C. W. Pomeroy, Thos. R.
O'Hara, Samuel Ward, W. B. Foster,
J. F. Burnham, Jno. W. Dorsey,
Clark Royce and Geo. W. States all
of Chicago, B. F. Funk of Bloom-
ington, Ill., Chaplain W. A. Waterman
of Elgin, Ill., Com. Chas. G. Kauff-
man, G. B. Dennett, G. W. Wright,
G. H. Cutter, Maj. L. W. Muzzey, E.

The Nonantum hand engine cap-
tured third prize of \$100 at the Taunton
playout on Wednesday.

Class A. N. No. 60,610.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to wit:

Be it remembered, That on the sixth day
of August, 1904, William S. Jackson, of
the United States, hath deposited in this
Office the title of a book, the title of which is
in the following words, to wit:
Mercy Phillips' Choice. By Helen Jackson
(H. H.) Boston: Little, Brown and Com-
pany, 1904. The right whereof he claims as
proprietor in conformity with the laws of
the United States respecting Copyrights.
Office of the Registrar of Copyrights,
Washington, D. C.

HERBERT PETERS, Librarian of Congress.
By THORVALD SOLBERG, Register of Copy-
rights.
(In renewal for 14 years from Aug. 14, 1904.)

Class A. N. No. 61,246.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, to wit:

Be it remembered, That on the sixth day
of August, 1904, Little, Brown and Company,
of Boston, Mass., have deposited in this
Office the title of a book, the title of which is
in the following words, to wit:
The Practice in Proceedings in the Probate
Court, including the Probate of Will, ap-
pointment of Administrators, Guardians
and Trustees; Allowances; sale of real and
personal estate (etc.) with an appendix of
practical forms. By William L. Smith.
Third edition. Boston: Little, Brown and
Company, 1904. The right whereof they claim
as proprietors in conformity with the laws
of the United States respecting Copyrights.
Office of the Registrar of Copyrights,
Washington, D. C.

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To LET—A suite of 7 rooms and bath, all
improvements. Address separately. Apply
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ONE or two gentlemen can secure a large
unfurnished front room or furnished if
desired, with use of bath without board, in
a strictly private family of three adults.
Within three minutes of the Hollis and five
minutes of the depot. Address E. S. B.,
Newton Graphic.

To LET—Three furnished rooms in New-
ton Highlands, Newton, centrally, 4
minutes from trains, 2 minutes from elec-
tric; all modern conveniences. Breakfasts
if desired. Call or address 25 Hillsdale Road.

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and dining room oak; new steam and elec-
trics. 41 Harrison St., Newton Highlands,
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of your home; a family reunion, an out-
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References:

Dr. S. A. Sylvester, Newton Centre.
Dr. Ed. H. C. Newton, Newtonville.
Dr. D. K. Baker, Newtonville.
Dr. Fred M. Low, West Newton.

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Newtonville.

—A twelve inch gas main is being laid in Lowell avenue.

—Mr. F. J. Wetherell of Walnut street is in Portland.

—Mrs. Langan of Chesley avenue is spending the month at Cliffondale.

—Mr. F. T. Bassett, Jr., of Newton Highlands has moved to 59 Judkins st.

—Mills' undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5.

—Miss Lilla Richardson of Austin street has returned from Marshfield, Mass.

—Miss M. L. Fisher of Walker street is enjoying a few weeks at Rye, N. H.

—The Misses Kyle of Otis street left this week for an outing at Gloucester.

—Payne's Pharmacy has become an official station for the Tarbard Inn Library.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan of Court street are at Suncook, N. H. for a few weeks.

—Forward your baggage by Hunting Express to all boats and depots. Claim checks given.

—Mr. A. F. Hollings of Washington park is spending a few weeks with friends at Magnolia.

—Daniels and Howlett Co., Morse Building, Painting, Decorating and Hard Wood Finishing. tf

—Mr. E. P. Hatch is planning to erect an automobile house on his estate on Highland avenue.

—Mrs. Charles W. Selleck of Otis street is visiting friends at her former home in Albany, N. Y.

—Mr. John J. Francis and family of Austin street are spending a few weeks at East Boothbay, Me.

—Mr. W. S. Slocum and family of Walnut street have returned from their annual outing at Falmouth Heights.

—Miss Elsie E. Clapp of Chesley avenue leaves tomorrow for Sandwich where she will spend a few weeks with friends.

—Rev. Mr. Dunham, a former pastor of the Universalist church is very successful in his church work at Pasadena, Cal.

—Mrs. Davey a former resident of this village is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Harrington of Court street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Weeks of New York are visiting Mrs. Weeks parents Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Macomber of Churchill avenue.

—Miss Marie Nutt of Highland park has returned from Canada where she has been spending a few weeks with friends and relatives.

—The many friends of Miss Ethel Gaudet will be pleased to learn that she is rapidly recovering from an operation for appendicitis at the Waltham hospital.

—Mr. John Rourke, Sr., and his two sons Joseph and John Jr. the two young musicians of Newtonville are visiting friends in New York and Philadelphia.

—The beautiful water color "A November Day" by J. J. Francis which has been on exhibition in H. L. Gleason's Washington street window has been purchased by Mr. Albert A. Savage.

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Waban.

—Mr. Walter B. Peabody is occupying the estate 1756 Beacon street.

—Mr. T. H. Tyler Jr and family have leased the Ripley home on Chestnut street.

—Mr. John P. True and family of Windsor road have returned from Bethel, Me.

—Mr. Wm. H. Oakes and family have returned from Osterville where they spent their summer.

—Mr. J. H. Robinson of Windsor road attended the gathering of the Robinson family held last Thursday at Plymouth.

—Mills undertaking rooms, 813 Washington street, Newtonville. Tel. 445-5. Leave calls at Rhodes' Drug store, Tel. N. H. 237-3. tf

—Master Roland Spenser son of Mr. Arthur Spenser of Pine Ridge road is slowly recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

—Mr. Pietro Isola and family of Pine Ridge road have returned from their summer home at China, Me. Mr. Isola's daughter, Mrs. Hyde of Philadelphia is visiting them this week.

Appoint yourself an inspector of art goods. Newton people are good critics of art. Call at the establishment of Bigelow and Jordan, 11 Bromfield street, Boston, and inspect a fine line of paintings, etchings and water colors, carbon photographs belonging to the late F. W. Noyes.

West Newton.

—Mr. Lozier has leased the house 4 Warwick road.

Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn. 4t

—Miss Annie Wellington has returned from a visit to Marblehead.

—Miss Marjorie Lincoln of Otis street left today for a stay at Dublin, N. H.

—Miss Margaret English of Hillside avenue is back from an outing at Allerton.

—Mr. Herbert Warren and family of Fountain street are at Allerton for a few weeks.

—Master Ralph Wells and brother have returned from an outing at Lake Ossipee, N. H.

—Dr. Wells and family of Putnam street have returned from a trip to Wellfleet, Maine.

—Master Burton Ames of Highland avenue is back from a stay at Camp Wellesley, N. H.

—Mr. George Howlett of Prince street is entertaining friends from New York this week.

—Mr. Fisher Ames and family of Temple street are enjoying a few weeks stay on the Cape.

—Mrs. Charles Ames and daughter of Lenox street are enjoying a few weeks at Sebago Lake, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. Eaton of Lenox street are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Hutchinson of Chestnut street arrived home last week from their European trip.

—Mrs. Edward Allen and family of Waltham street are at Camden, Me., for a few weeks sojourn.

—Mr. Warren Davis and family of Balcarres road are occupying the Morton house on Webster street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kimball of Henshaw street are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter.

—Mrs. John Barry and family of Washington street are spending a few weeks at Mrs. Barry's former home in Philadelphia.

—Mr. W. C. Warren and family of Lenox street returned Wednesday from Ocean Point, Me., where they have been spending the summer.

—Mr. Charles Chandler and brother of Winthrop street returned this week from a most enjoyable outing at Camp Wellesley, Lake Ossipee, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hamilton (nee Peters) formerly of this place but now of Waterbury, Conn., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

—Mrs. James L. Lyon gave a lecture on "Bird Talk" at the residence of Mrs. A. C. Warren, Allerton, Mass., in aid of the Church of Our Savior, Bayside.

—Rev. A. R. Scott of Colorado Springs preached at the union services at the Unitarian church last Sunday. Rev. Chas. E. St John will preach next Sunday.

—Dr. Frederick W. Atkinson and family of Temple street are removing to Brooklyn, N. Y. where Mr. Atkinson has been elected president of the Polytechnic School of that city.

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Auburndale.

Learn to Earn. Burdett Business Colleges, Boston and Lynn. 4t

—Mr. Christopher Gore of Rowe street has returned from a trip abroad.

—Mr. John Rockefeller of Owatona street is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mr. Hubbard and family of Auburndale avenue have moved to Waltham.

—Miss Emily H. Hazen of Auburn street is back from her annual outing at Wilder, Vt.

—Dr. and Mrs. Bates of Central street have returned from their annual outing in Maine.

—Miss May E. Walsh and Miss Mabel Wainwright have gone to Chebeague Island, Maine.

—Miss H. M. Childs of Auburn street is spending a few weeks with friends at Springfield.

—Mr. A. L. Goodrich and family of Grove street are occupying the Foster house on Central street.

—Mr. J. Herson and family of Commonwealth avenue have taken the Melody house on Auburn street.

—Mr. Charles Loring a former resident of this village but now of New York city is visiting friends here this week.

—Mr. Bancroft Gore of South Dakota is spending a few weeks with his parents Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Gore of Rowe street.

—Mrs. E. Soule and Miss Soule of Lexington street were called to Portland Saturday by the death of Mrs. Soule's brother.

—Miss Katharine Downs of Roxbury is spending a few weeks with her grandmother, Mrs. Murdock of Auburndale avenue.

—Mr. Charles S. Cowdrey of Owatona street has returned from Portsmouth where he has been spending his annual vacation.

—Rev. E. E. Strong D. D. was elected one of the vice presidents of the Chamberlain family association at its seventh annual reunion held at the Parker House, Boston, last Friday afternoon.

Letter to C. F. Eddy, West Newton.

Dear Sir: Father and son: one is glad, the other is sad. Devotee; lead-and-oil.

Mr. Charles Hollenbeck, Fair Haven, N. Y., painted his house Devce three years ago; his father, same time, painted his house lead-and-oil.

The son's house is all chalked-off; the son's is as good as new. They'll paint the same way next time.

Yours truly
F. W. Devce & Co
J. M. Briggs and Son sell our paint.

—Mrs. James L. Lyon gave a lecture on "Bird Talk" at the residence of Mrs. A. C. Warren, Allerton, Mass., in aid of the Church of Our Savior, Bayside.

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BUSINESS and SHORTHAND
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BOSTON

REMOVED TO
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Washington St.
Continental Clothing
Building.
Most Elegantly
Equipped School
in New England.
Pat. Actual Business.
Shorthand,
Typewriting, English
and all Business
Studies. Normal
Course for Teachers.
Situations for Students.
Pupils may begin on and after Sept. 6.
Call or Write for Prospectus.
No Solicitors nor Canvassers.

LYNN

MI. Vernon Street,
Opp. B. & M. Station
Planned to accommodate 500
Students. Only
Commercial
School in N. E.
owning building
it occupies.
Same Courses and
Methods as at Burdett
College, Boston.
at Slightly Lower
Rates.

MR. CUTLER'S Preparatory School

for both sexes will re-open September 1st. Specialty—thorough instruction. Parents are invited to consult Mr. Edward H. Cutler, 3 Linder Terrace, Newton.

School Rooms 429 Centre St. Tel. 3424 Newton.

PRIME MEATS

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Every Description
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Reasonable Prices.

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Basement 1, Faneuil Hall Market.
42 North Street, Boston, Mass.

The MISSES ALLEN

Daughters of the late Mr. Nathaniel T. Allen, will open at their residence in West Newton, Mass., on September 28th, a

A Home and Day School for Girls.

WM. H. COLGAN

HIGH GRADE

Electrical Construction

ELECTRIC REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS

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QUARTER DAYS—FIRST SATURDAY IN JANUARY, APRIL,

JULY and OCTOBER.

BANK HOURS—Every business day, 9 to 12 m., and 2 to 4 p. m.; Saturdays, 9 to 12 m. and 7 to 9 p. m., for deposits only.

W. ARREN SANBORN, President.

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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CHAPTER XXXI.

WALLACE CARPENTER and Hamilton, the journalist, seated against the sun warmed bench of Mrs. Hathaway's boarding house, commented on the band as it stumbled into the washroom. Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of Thorpe and Big Junko. The former looked twenty years older after his winter. His eye was dull, his shoulders drooped, his gait was listless. The whole bearing of the man was that of one weary to the bone.

"I've got something here to show you, Harry," cried Wallace Carpenter, waving a newspaper. "It was a great drive, and here's something to remember it by."

"All right, Wallace, by and by," replied Thorpe dully. "I'm dead. I'm going to turn in for awhile. I need sleep more than anything else."

He passed through the little passage into the "parlor bedroom," which Mrs. Hathaway always kept in readiness for members of the firm. There he fell heavily asleep almost before his body had met the bed.

In the long dining room the river men consumed a belated dinner. They had no comments to make. It was over.

The two on the veranda smoked. To the right, at the end of the sawdust street, the mill sang its varying and hilling keys. The odor of fresh sawed pine perfumed the air. Not a hundred yards away the river slipped silently to the distant blue Superior, escaping between the slanting stone filled cribs which held back the logs. Down the south and west the huge thunder heads gathered and flashed and rumbled, as they had done every afternoon for days.

"Queer thing," commented Hamilton finally, "these cold streaks in the air. They are just as distinct as though they had partitions around them."

"Queer climate anyway," agreed Carpenter.

Excepting always for the mill, the little settlement appeared asleep. The main booms were quite deserted. After awhile Hamilton noticed something. "Look here, Carpenter," said he, "What's happening out there? Have some of your confounded logs sunk, or what? There don't seem to be near so many of them somehow."

"No, it isn't that," proffered Carpenter after a moment's scrutiny. "There are just as many logs, but they are getting separated a little so you can see the open water between them."

"Guess you're right, Say, look here, I believe that the river is rising."

"Nonsense! We haven't had any rain."

"She's rising just the same. You see that spile over there near the left hand crib? Well, I sat on the boom this morning watching the crew, and I whittled the spile with my knife. You can see the marks from here. I cut the thing about two feet above the water. Look at it now."

"She's pretty near the water line, that's right," admitted Carpenter. "About an hour later the younger man in his turn made a discovery."

"She's been rising right along," he submitted. "Your marks are nearer the water, and, do you know, I believe the logs are beginning to feel it. See, they're closed up the little openings between them, and they are beginning to crowd down to the lower end of the pond."

"I don't know anything about this business," hazarded the journalist, "but I should think there was a good deal of pressure on that same lower end. By Jove, look here! See those logs up here. I believe you're going to have a jam right here in your own booms."

"I don't know," hesitated Wallace. "I never heard of its happening."

"You'd better let some one know."

"I hate to bother Harry or any of the river men. I'll just step down to the mill. Mason—he's our mill foreman—he'll know."

Mason came to the edge of the high trestle and took one look.

"Jumping fishhooks!" he cried. "Why, the river's up six inches and still a-cummin'! Here you, Tom!" he called to one of the yard hands. "You tell Solly to get steam on that tug double quick and have Dave hustle to get his driver crew!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Wallace.

"I got to strengthen the booms," explained the mill foreman. "We'll drive some piles across the cribs."

"Is there any danger?"

"Oh, no. The river would have to rise a good deal higher than she is now to make current enough to hurt. They've had a hard run up above. This will go down in a few hours."

After a time the tug puffed up to the booms, escorting the pile driver. The latter towed a little raft of long, sharp-pointed piles, which it at once began to drive in such positions as would most effectively strengthen the booms. In the meantime the thunder heads slightly climbed the heavens, so that a sudden deluge of rain surprised the workmen. For an hour it poured down in torrents, then settled to a steady gray beat. Immediately the aspect had changed.

Solly, the tug captain, looked at his mooring hawsers and then at the nearest crib.

"She's riz two inches in th' last two hours," he announced, "and she's runnin' like a mill race." Solly was a typical north country tug captain, short and broad, with a brown, clear face and the stendest and calmest of steel blue eyes. "When she begins to feel th' pressure behind," he went on, "there's goin' to be trouble."

Toward dusk she began to feel that pressure. Through the rainy twilight the logs could be seen raising their ghostly arms of protest. Slowly, without tumult, the jam formed. In the rear they pressed in, were sucked under in the swift water and came to rest at the bottom of the river. The current of the river began to protest, pressing its hydraulics through the narrowing crevices. The situation demanded attention.

A breeze began to pull offshore in the body of rain. Little by little it increased, sending the water by in gusts, ruffling the already hurrying river into greater haste, raising far from the shore dimly perceived whitecaps. Between the roaring of the wind, the dash of rain and the rush of the stream men had to about to make themselves heard.

"Guess you'd better rout out the boss," screamed Solly to Wallace Carpenter. "This water's comin' up an inch an hour right along. When she backs up once she'll push this jam out sure."

Wallace ran to the boarding house and roused his partner from a heavy sleep. The latter understood the situation at a word. While dressing he explained to the younger man wherein lay the danger.

"If the jam breaks once," said he, "nothing top of earth can prevent it from going out into the lake, and there it'll scatter heaven knows where. Once scattered it's practically a total loss."

They felt blindly through the rain in the direction of the lights on the tug and pile driver. Shearer, the water dripping from his flaxen mustache, joined them like a shadow. At the river he announced his opinion. "We can hold her all right," he assured them. "It'll take a few more piles, but by morning the storm'll be over, and she'll begin to go down again."

The three picked their way over the creaking, swaying timber. But when they reached the pile driver they found trouble afoot. The crew had mutilated and refused longer to drive piles under the face of the jam.

"If she breaks away she's going to bury us," said they.

"She won't break," snapped Shearer. "Get to work."

"It's dangerous," they objected sullenly.

"You get off this driver!" shouted Solly. "Go over and lie down in a ten acre lot and see if you feel safe there!"

He drove them ashore with a storm of profanity and a multitude of kicks, his steel blue eyes blazing.

"There's nothing for it but to get the boys out again," said Tim. "I kinder hate to do it."

But when the Fighting Forty, half asleep but dauntless, took charge of the driver a catastrophe made itself known. One of the ejected men had tripped the lifting chain of the hammer after another had knocked away the heavy preventing block, and so the hammer had fallen into the river and was lost. None other was to be had. The pile driver was useless.

A dozen men were at once dispatched for cables, chains and wire ropes from the supply at the warehouse.

"It's part of the same trick," said Thorpe grimly. "Those fellows have their men everywhere among us. I don't know whom to trust."

"You think it's Morrison & Daly?" queried Carpenter, astounded.

"Think? I know it. They know as well as you or I that if we save these logs we'll win out in the Stock Exchange, and they're not such fools as to let us save them if it can be helped."

"What are you going to do now?"

"The only thing there is to be done. We'll string heavy booms chained together between the cribs and then trust to heaven they'll hold. I think we can hold the jam. The water will begin to flow over the bank before long, so there won't be much increase of pressure over what we have now, and as there won't be any shock to withstand I think our heavy booms will do the business."

He turned to direct the boring of some long boom logs in preparation for the chains. Suddenly he whirled again to Wallace with so strange an expression in his face that the young man almost cried out. The uncertain light of the lanterns showed dimly the streaks of rain across his countenance, and his eye flared with a look almost of panic.

"I never thought of it," he said in a low voice. "Food that I and I don't see how I missed it. Wallace, don't you see what those devils will do next?"

"No. What do you mean?" gasped the younger man.

"There are 12,000,000 feet of logs up river in Sadler & Smith's drive. Don't you see what they'll do?"

"No, I don't believe!"

"Just as soon as they find out that the river is booming and that we are going to have a hard time to hold our jam, they'll let loose those 12,000,000 on us. They'll break the jam or dynamite it, or something. And let me tell you that a very few logs hitting the tail of our jam will start the whole shooting match so that no power on earth can stop it."

"I don't imagine they'd think of doing that," began Wallace by way of assurance.

"Think of it! You don't know them. They've thought of everything. You don't know that man Daly. Ask Tim. He'll tell you."

"Well, the—"

"I've got to send a man up there right away. Perhaps we can get there in time to head them off. They have to send their man over"—He cast his eye rapidly over the men.

"I don't know just who to send. There isn't a good enough woodsman in the lot to make Slocum Falls through the woods a night like this. The river trail is too long, and a cut through the woods is blind."

With infinite difficulty and caution they reached the shore. Across the gleaming logs shone dimly the lanterns at the scene of work, glowing through the rain. Beyond, on either side, lay impenetrable, drenched darkness racked by the wind.

"I wouldn't want to tackle it," panted Thorpe. "If it wasn't for that cursed tote road between Sadler & Smith's I wouldn't worry. It's just too easy for them."

Behind them the jam cracked and shrieked and groaned. Occasionally was heard beneath the sharper noises a dull boom as one of the heavy timbers, forced by the pressure from its resting place, shot into the air and fell back on the bristling surface.

"Tim Shearer might do it," suggested Thorpe, "but I hate to spare him."

He picked his rifle from its rack and thrust the magazine full of cartridges.

"Come on, Wallace," said he. "We'll hunt him up."

They stepped again into the shriek and roar of the storm, bending their heads to its power, but indifferent to the rain. The sawdust street was saturated like a sponge. They could feel the quick water rise about the pressure at their feet. From the invisible houses they heard a steady monotone of flowing from the roofs. Far ahead, dim in the mist, sprang the light of lanterns.

Suddenly Thorpe felt a touch on his arm. Faintly he perceived at his elbow a face from which the water streamed.

"Injun Charley!" he cried. "The very man!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

RAPIDLY Thorpe explained what was to be done and thrust his rifle into the Indian's hands. The latter listened in silence and stolidity, then turned and without a word departed swiftly in the darkness. The two white men stood a minute attentive. Nothing was to be heard but the steady beat of rain and the roaring of the wind.

Near the bank of the river they encountered a man visible only as an uncertain black outline against the glow of the lanterns beyond. Thorpe, stopping him, found Big Junko.

"This is no time to quit," said Thorpe sharply.

"I ain't quittin'," replied Big Junko.

"Where are you going, then?"

Junko was partially and stammeringly unresponsive.

"Looks bad," commented Thorpe.

"You'd better get back to your job."

"Yes," agreed Junko helplessly. In the momentary slack tide of work the giant had conceived the idea of searching out the driver crew for purposes of pugilistic vengeance. Thorpe's suspicions stung him, but his simple mind could see no direct way to explanation.

All night long in the chill of a spring rain and wind storm the Fighting Forty and certain of the mill crew gave themselves to the labor of connecting the slanting stone cribs so strongly by means of heavy timbers chained end to end that the pressure of a break in the jam might not sweep aside the defenses. Wallace Carpenter, Shorty, the chore boy, and Anderson, the barn boss, picked a dangerous passage back and forth carrying pails of red-hot coffee which Mrs. Hathaway constantly prepared. The cold water numbed the men's hands. With difficulty could they manipulate the heavy chains through the anger holes; with pain they twisted knots, bored holes. They did not complain. Behind them the jam quivered perilously near the bursting point. From it shrieked aloud the demons of pressure. Steadily the river rose an inch an hour. The key might snap at any given moment, they could not tell, and with the rush they knew very well that themselves, the tug and the disabled pile driver would be swept from existence. The worst of it was that the blackness shrouded their experience into uselessness. They were utterly unable to tell by the ordinary visual symptoms how near the jam might be to collapse.

However, they persisted, as the old river men always does, so that when dawn appeared the barrier was continuous and assured. Although the pressure of the river had already forced the logs against the defenses, the latter held the strain well.

The storm had settled into its gait. Overhead the sky was filled with gray, beneath which darker sends flew across the zenith before a howling southwest wind. Out in the clear river one could hardly stand upright against the gusts. In the fan of many directions furious squalls swept over the open water below the booms, and an eager boiling current rushed to the lake.

Thorpe now gave orders that the tug and driver should take shelter. A few moments later he expressed himself as satisfied. The dripping crew, their harsh faces gray in the half light,

picked their way to the shore.

In the darkness of that long night's work no man knew his neighbor. Men from the river, men from the mill, men from the yard, all worked side by side. Thus no one noticed especially a tall, slender, but well knit individual dressed in a faded mackinaw and a limp slouch hat which he wore pulled over his eyes. This young fellow occupied himself with the chains. Against the racing current the crew held the ends of the heavy booms while he fastened them together. He worked well, but seemed slow. Three times Shearer hustled him on after the others had finished, examining closely the work that had been done. On the third occasion he shrugged his shoulder somewhat impatiently.

The men struggled to shore, the young fellow just described bringing up the rear. He walked as though tired out, hanging his head and dragging his feet. When, however, the boarding house door had closed on the last of those who preceded him and the town lay deserted in the dawn he suddenly became transformed. Casting a keen glance right and left to be sure of his opportunity he turned and hurried recklessly back over the logs to the center booms. There he knelt and busied himself with the chains.

In his zigzag progression over the jam he so blended with the morning shadows as to seem one of them, and he would have escaped quite unnoticed had not a sudden shifting of the logs under his feet compelled him to rise for a moment to his full height. So Wallace Carpenter, passing from his bedroom along the porch to the dining room, became aware of the man on the logs.

His first thought was that something demanding instant attention had happened to the boom. He therefore ran at once to the man's assistance, ready to help him personally or to call other aid as the exigency demanded. Owing to the precarious nature of the passage he could not see beyond his feet until very close to the workman. Then he looked up to find the man, squatted on the boom, contemplating him sardonically.

"Dyer!" he exclaimed.

"Right, my son," said the other coolly.

"What are you doing?"

"If you want to know, I am filing this chain."

Wallace made one step forward and so became aware that at last Dyer was taking a part in this desperate game.

"You stand still!" commanded Dyer from behind the revolver. "It's unfortunate for you that you happened



"You stand still!"

along, because now you'll have to come with me till this little row is over. You won't have to stay long. Your logs'll go out in an hour. I'll just trouble you to go into the brush with me for awhile."

The scaler picked his file from beside the weakened link.

"What have you against us, anyway, Dyer?" asked Wallace. His quick mind had conceived a plan. At the moment he was standing near the outermost edge of the jam, but now as he spoke he stepped quietly to the boom log.

Dyer's black eyes gleamed at him suspiciously, but the movement appeared wholly natural in view of the return to shore.

"Nothing," he replied. "I didn't like your gang particularly, but that's nothing."

"Why do you take such nervy chances to injure me?" queried Carpenter.

"Because there's something in it," snapped the scaler. "Now, about face, Mosley!"

Like a flash, Wallace wheeled and dropped into the river, swimming as fast as possible below water before his breath should give out. The swift current hurried him away. When at last he rose for air the spit of Dyer's pistol caused him no uneasiness. A moment later he struck out boldly for shore.

What Dyer's ultimate plan might be he could not guess. He had stated confidently that the jam would break "in an hour." He might intend to start it with dynamite. Wallace dragged himself from the water and commenced breathlessly to run toward the boarding house.

Dyer had already reached shore. Wallace raised what was left of his voice in a despairing shout. The scaler mockingly waved his hat, then turned and ran swiftly and easily toward the shelter of the woods. At their border he paused again to bow in derision. Carpenter's cry brought men to the

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boarding house door. From the shadows of the forest two vivid flashes cut the dusk. Dyer staggered, turned completely about, seemed partially to recover and disappeared. An instant later, across the open space where the center had stood, with rifle a-trail, the Indian leaped in pursuit.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"WHAT is it?" "What is the matter?" "What the — is up?" "What's happened?" burst on Wallace in a volley.

"It's Dyer!" gasped the young man. "I found him on the boom! He held me up with a gun while he fled the boom chains between the center piers. They're just ready to go. I got away by diving. Hurry and put in a new chain. You haven't got much time!"

"He's a goner now," interjected Solly grimly. "Charley is on his trail—and he is hit."

Thorpe's intelligence leaped promptly to the practical question.

"Injun Charley—where'd he come from? I sent him up to Sadler & Smith's. It's twenty miles, even through the woods."

As though by way of colossal answer the whole surface of the jam moved inward and upward, thrusting the logs bristling against the horizon.

"She's going to break!" shouted Thorpe, starting on a run toward the river. "A chain, quick!"

The men followed, strung high with excitement. Hamilton, the journalist, paused long enough to glance up stream. Then he, too, ran after them, screaming that the river above was full of logs. By that they all knew that Injun Charley's mission had failed and that something under 10,000,000 feet of logs were racing down the river like so many battering rams.

At the boom the great jam was already a-tremble with eagerness to spring. Indeed a miracle alone seemed to hold the timbers in their place.

"It's death, certain death, to go out on that boom," muttered Billy Mason.

The Shenker stepped forward coolly, ready as always to assume the perilous duty. He was thrust back by Thorpe, who seized the chain, cold-shot and hammer which Scotty Parsons brought and ran lightly out over the booms, shouting:

"Back! Back! Don't follow me, on your lives! Keep 'em back, Tim!"

The swift water boiled from under the booms. Bang! smash! bang! crashed the logs a mile up stream, but plainly audible above the waters and the wind. Thorpe knelt, dropped the cold-shot through on either side of the weakened link and prepared to close it with his hammer. He intended further to strengthen the connection with the other chain.

"Lemme hold her for you. You can't close her alone," said an unexpected voice next his elbow.

Thorpe looked up in surprise and anger. Over him leaned Big Janko. The men had been unable to prevent his following. Animated by the blind devotion of the animal for its master and further stung to action by that master's doubt of his fidelity, the giant had followed to assist as he might.

"You fool," cried Thorpe, exasperated, then held the hammer to him. "Strike while I keep the chain under—"

"Strike!" he commanded.

Big Janko leaned forward to obey, kicking strongly his calves into the bark surface of the boom log. The apes, worn blunt by the river work already accomplished, failed to grip. Big Janko slipped, caught himself by an effort, overbalanced in the other direction, and fell into the stream. The current at once swept him away, but fortunately in such a direction that he was enabled to catch the slanting end of a "dead head" log whose lower end was jammed in the crib. The dead head was slippery, the current strong. Big Janko had no crevice by which to assure his hold. In another moment he would be torn away.

"Let go and swim!" shouted Thorpe.

"I can't swim," replied Janko in so low a voice as to be scarcely audible.

For a moment Thorpe stared at him.

"Tell Carrie," said Big Janko.

Then there beneath the swirling gray sky, under the frowning jam, in the midst of flood waters, Thorpe had his second great moment of decision. He did not pause to weigh reasons or chances, to discuss with himself expediency or the moralities of failure. His actions were foreordained, mechanical. All at once the great forces which the winter had been bringing to power crystallized into something bigger than himself or his ideas. The trail lay before him; there was no choice.

Now clearly, with no shadow of doubt, he took the other view: There could be nothing better than love. Men, their works, their deeds, were little things. Success was a little thing, the opinion of men a little thing. Instantly he felt the truth of it.

And here was love in danger. That it held its moment's habitation in clay of the carver mold had nothing to do with the great elemental truth of it. For the first time in his life Thorpe felt the full crushing power of an abstraction. Without thought, instinctively, he threw before the necessity of the moment all that was lesser. It was the triumph of what was real in the moment over that which environment, alienation, difficulties, had raised up within him.

At Big Janko's words Thorpe raised his hammer and with one mighty blow severed the chains which bound the ends of the booms across the opening.

The free end of one of the poles immediately swung down with the current in the direction of Big Janko. Thorpe, like a cat, ran to the end of

the boom, seized the giant by the collar and dragged him through the water to safety.

"Run!" he shouted. "Run for your life!"

The two started desperately back



"Run!" he shouted.

skirting the edge of the logs which now the very seconds alone seemed to hold back. They were drenched and blinded with spray, deafened with the crash of timbers settling to the leap. The men on shore could no longer see them for the smother. The great crush of logs had actually begun its first majestic sliding motion when at last they emerged to safety.

At first a few of the loose timbers found the opening, slipping quietly through with the current; then more. Flaming the front of the jam dove forward, and an instant later the smooth, swift motion had gained its impetus and was sweeping the entire drive down through the gap.

Rank after rank, like soldiers charging, they ran. The great fierce wind caught them up ahead of the current. In a moment the open river was full of logs jostling eagerly onward. Then suddenly far out above the uneven tossing sky line of Superior the strange northern "boom," or mirage, threw the specters of thousands of restless timbers rising and falling on the bosom of the lake.

(To be continued.)

At the Theatres

Coming Attractions

Tremont Theatre—Henry W. Savage has added another big success to his list of attractions in "The Sho-Gun," the new Korean comic opera, which represents the first joint work of George Ade and Gustav Luder. This piece received its first Eastern production at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, last Monday evening, and scored a complete triumph in every respect. The large audience was extremely enthusiastic in its reception of the opera, and after the curtain had fallen on the last act there could be no doubt but Mr. Savage has in "The Sho-Gun" a production that easily ranks with the most successful operas he has brought out. George Ade's book is clean-cut and amusing from beginning to end. As was the case in his "Peggy from Paris" and "Sultan of Sulu," he has taken up amusing little incidents of American life for the thread of his story, and while the atmosphere of the opera is Korean, the plot in the main belongs to this country. Its central character is an American promoter, whom Mr. Ade lands in Korea, and has no end of fun in introducing him and his American ways to the Korean people. The engagement is a limited one.

Majestic Theatre—The Majestic Theatre, Boston's handsomest playhouse, opened its season in a blaze of glory last Monday night with Edward Morgan in Hall Caine's much discussed play, "The Eternal City," which will continue the attraction for one week more only, commencing August 29. "The Eternal City" has been given in Boston before by practically the same company, but the improvement of the present production over the other is very marked. There is no part that is not in the hands of the one best fitted to portray the character intended and the effect is very satisfying. The incidental music, composed and arranged by Pietro Mascagni, was the final touch necessary to the general effect, which was one of delight and pleasure at the entire performance. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

Keith's Theatre—Henry E. Dixie, whose name will always be inseparably connected with "Adonis," no matter what change he may choose to make in his line of entertainment, is to be the headline attraction at Keith's the week of Aug. 29. Mr. Dixie will present for the first time in vaudeville, in Boston a charming one act play entitled, "Over a Welch Rabbit." Other noted entertainers in the same bill will be Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, in a comedy sketch "When Two Hearts Are Won" Francis Gerard, a musically developed athlete of the Sandow type; Fisher and Carroll, eccentric talking comedians and

parody singers; Ed. and Nettie, Masse, skilful novelty jugglers, and a trio of Italian singers who have been scoring a tremendous hit in New York during the past two months. The Fadettes orchestra will change their musical program, as usual, and all the pictures in the biograph will be renewed. Underlined for the week of Sept. 5 are the former Castle Square Theatre leading actors, John Craig and Lillian Lawrence.

Boston Theatre—"Quincy Adams Sawyer" opens the season at the Boston Theatre, on Saturday night, Sept. 3, with the rather remarkable record of having played continuously for a year, with the exception of a brief summer vacation of two or three weeks. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" will be the first attraction to have the advantage of being presented under the improved system of lighting and electric effects provided by the new \$6000 switch board which Manager McCarthy has installed at the Boston Theatre. From this switchboard are controlled no less than 1100 thirty-two candle power lamps in the borders and footlights. Theatregoers who have seen "Quincy Adams Sawyer" one or more times during the four annual visits it has made here will be interested to know that the big company of favorites remains almost identically the same as in former seasons.

Grand Opera House—"The Fatal Wedding," the melodramatic success that has always been so favorably received on its annual visits to the Grand Opera House will play an engagement here next week. It is by one of the best known play writers, Theodore Kremer who has far exceeded his former efforts in making this his strongest work. He has chosen original scenes and real incidents of life in the great Metropolis and woven them together into one of the strongest dramatic stories that could be concocted. The scenic effects, which are unusually elaborate, include the interior of the famous Grace Church at night while a wedding ceremony is in progress, the interior of a criminal court, and the justly famed palisades on the Hudson during a winter's night while a terrific snow storm is in progress. The receptions after the Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees to allow patrons to meet the popular child actors will be held as usual this season.

St. Bernard's Aid Society's Lawn Party. Five thousand pleasure seekers thronged the Allen field, West Newton, Monday afternoon and evening on the occasion of the postponed lawn party under the auspices of the St. Bernard's aid society.

The fact that it was a postponed affair, having been called off Saturday because of the rain, in no wise detracted from its success, and socially and financially it was the most satisfactory event of its kind held by the society during its nine years' existence.

The big field off Elm street was dotted with tents, large and small, all gaily decorated, wherein were a multitude of attractions.

There was a ball game between the Volunteers of Waltham and the Border A. A. of West Newton in which the former carried off the honors, 12 to 8.

The band from the St. John's industrial school at Newton Highlands furnished music for dancing, in a large pavilion, and a varied program of sports was carried out in the afternoon.

The list included a sack race won by George Kelley, a three-legged race won by John Caine and James Rotchford, 100 yard dashes for boys and girls, the former won by Thomas Connolly and the latter by Hattie Edmunds.

Edward Manning captured the potato race, while the honors in the pie eating contest for girls went to Agnes McGlinchey and Nellie McGrath. The latter young woman also took first place in the egg race. Following these sports there was a tug of war, hurry scurry race, nail driving contest for women and a host of other attractions which served to hold interest.

Daintily arrayed tables of good things to eat as well as tempting displays of fancy articles were scattered about the grounds and a tidy sum realized from their sale. A band concert, fireworks and an illumination brought the affair to a close.

A committee of the officers and members of the society was in charge of the arrangements and to their efforts is due much of the success of the party. Miss Margaret T. Caine, president of the organization, headed the committee, aided by a staff of nearly 50 members.

The handling of the crowd that thronged the grounds afternoon and evening was taken care of by a squad of patrolmen, all of whom volunteered their services.

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HOWARD G. SCARBOROUGH, Executor.

Address, Sharon, Mass. August 10, 1904.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Willie Ezra Hosmer of Newton, Massachusetts, dated August fifteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, and recorded with Middlesex Southern District Deeds, Book 256, folio 456, will be sold at public auction upon the premises on Saturday, the tenth day of September, 1904, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in that part of said Newton, called Newton Highlands, on Lake Avenue and bounded beginning on said Avenue next to land conveyed to Mary Jane Scott, the Mother of said Hosmer, then to the deed of Thomas E. Chapin and running Westwardly on said land formerly of Chapin about one hundred and fifty feet; thence Northwardly by a line about parallel with said Avenue seventy-five feet; thence Eastwardly by a line parallel with said Chapin land about one hundred and fifty feet to said Avenue; and thence Southwardly on said Avenue seventy-five feet to the point of beginning, containing about eleven thousand feet.

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PRESOTT KEES, Mortgagee. 5 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts. August 15th, 1904.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Morris L. Mewer to Sarah L. Tourle, dated May 15, 1898, and recorded with Middlesex Southern District Deeds, Book 256, Page 67, which mortgage was assigned by Sarah L. Tourle to Roswell L. Douglass by assignment dated April 14, 1904, and recorded with said Deeds, Book 256, Page 225, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of enforcing the same on Tuesday the sixth day of September, 1904, at four-thirty in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by the said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

All that parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in said Auburn, numbered fifty-eight (58) on Central Street, containing Fifty-six hundred and ninety-six (5696) square feet, being represented on a plan by E. Woodward, Surveyor, dated May 1st, 1892, and entered with Middlesex Southern District Deeds, Book 125, folio 125, and bounded Northwardly by Central Street by a curved line as represented on said plan, seventy-two (72) feet, four (4) inches; Southwardly by a line now or late of William J. Tyler, one hundred and twenty-three (123) feet; Southwestwardly by land now or late of George A. Noyes, fifty-eight (58) feet; and Northwardly by land now or late of said Noyes, eighty-two (82) feet six (6) inches; or however otherwise bounded, measured or described, together with all the rights, easements, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.

The said premises will be sold subject to a first mortgage of nineteen hundred (1900) dollars, given May 16, 1898, to the Trustees of the Century Methodist Episcopal Church of Auburn, together with accrued interest, and to any benefit assessments, unpaid taxes, and other encumbrances.

Two hundred (200) dollars of the purchase money must be paid at the time and place of sale. Other particulars and terms will be announced at the sale.

ROSWELL L. DOUGLASS, Present Owner of the Mortgage.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Austin T. Sylvester to Cora L. Carter, now Cora L. Webber, and Stella E. Jones, now Stella E. MacColl, dated May 1888, and recorded with Middlesex Southern District Deeds Book 103, Page 27, for breach of the condition therein contained and for the purpose of enforcing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter released by the release hereinafter referred to, on Wednesday, the seventh day of September, 1904, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular (except as hereinafter noted) the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit:

A certain lot or parcel of land, situated in that part of Newton, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, called Newtonville, being lot numbered 3 and a part of lot numbered 35 on a plan of real estate situated in said Newtonville, laid out by David Smith, surveyor, and surveyed by Marshall S. Rice, Surveyor, April 1888, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a point on the line of lot No. 35, and at the Northwest corner of lot No. 35, thence Southwardly by lot numbered 35 on said plan two hundred eighty-three and sixteenth (283 1/16) feet; thence Eastwardly and parallel to Linwood Avenue thence Westwardly by said Linwood Avenue seventy-eight and three fourths (78 3/4) feet; thence Northwardly by the line of lot No. 35, 34 1/2 feet to the point of beginning. Said premises will be sold subject to any restrictions in force as to the same and to any unpaid taxes and assessments and any tax liens of record, all at time and place of sale.

CORA L. WEBBER, STELLA E. MACCOLL, Mortgagees, and present holders of said Mortgage. Boston, August 8, 1904.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Cora L. Carter, now Cora L. Webber, and Stella E. Jones, now Stella E. MacColl, dated May 1888, and recorded with Middlesex Southern District Deeds Book 103, Page 27, for breach of the condition therein contained and for the purpose of enforcing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter released by the release hereinafter referred to, on Wednesday, the seventh day of September, 1904, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular (except as hereinafter noted) the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit:

A certain lot or parcel of land, situated in that part of Newton, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, called Newtonville, being lot numbered 3 and a part of lot numbered 35 on a plan of real estate situated in said Newtonville, laid out by David Smith, surveyor, and surveyed by Marshall S. Rice, Surveyor, April 1888, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a point on the line of lot No. 35, and at the Northwest corner of lot No. 35, thence Southwardly by lot numbered 35 on said plan two hundred eighty-three and sixteenth (283 1/16) feet; thence Eastwardly and parallel to Linwood Avenue thence Westwardly by said Linwood Avenue seventy-eight and three fourths (78 3/4) feet; thence Northwardly by the line of lot No. 35, 34 1/2 feet to the point of beginning. Said premises will be sold subject to any restrictions in force as to the same and to any unpaid taxes and assessments and any tax liens of record, all at time and place of sale.

CORA L. WEBBER, STELLA E. MACCOLL, Mortgagees, and present holders of said Mortgage. Boston, August 8, 1904.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Cora L. Carter, now Cora L. Webber, and Stella E. Jones, now Stella E. MacColl, dated May 1888, and recorded with Middlesex Southern District Deeds Book 103, Page 27, for breach of the condition therein contained and for the purpose of enforcing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter released by the release hereinafter referred to, on Wednesday, the seventh day of September, 1904, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular (except as hereinafter noted) the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit:

A certain lot or parcel of land, situated in that part of Newton, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, called Newtonville, being lot numbered 3 and a part of lot numbered 35 on a plan of real estate situated in said Newtonville, laid out by David Smith, surveyor, and surveyed by Marshall S. Rice, Surveyor, April 1888, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a point on the line of lot No. 35, and at the Northwest corner of lot No. 35, thence Southwardly by lot numbered 35 on said plan two hundred eighty-three and sixteenth (283 1/16) feet; thence Eastwardly and parallel to Linwood Avenue thence Westwardly by said Linwood Avenue seventy-eight and three fourths (78 3/4) feet; thence Northwardly by the line of lot No. 35, 34 1/2 feet to the point of beginning. Said premises will be sold subject to any restrictions in force as to the same and to any unpaid taxes and assessments and any tax liens of record, all at time and place of sale.

CORA L. WEBBER, STELLA E. MACCOLL, Mortgagees, and present holders of said Mortgage. Boston, August 8, 1904.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Cora L. Carter, now Cora L. Webber, and Stella E. Jones, now Stella E. MacColl, dated May 1888, and recorded with Middlesex Southern District Deeds Book 103, Page 27, for breach of the condition therein contained and for the purpose of enforcing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter released by the release hereinafter referred to, on Wednesday, the seventh day of September, 1904, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular (except as hereinafter noted) the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit:

A certain lot or parcel of land, situated in that part of Newton, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, called Newtonville, being lot numbered 3 and a part of lot numbered 35 on a plan of real estate situated in said Newtonville, laid out by David Smith, surveyor, and surveyed by Marshall S. Rice, Surveyor, April 1888, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a point on the line of lot No. 35, and at the Northwest corner of lot No. 35, thence Southwardly by lot numbered 35 on said plan two hundred eighty-three and sixteenth (283 1/16) feet; thence Eastwardly and parallel to Linwood Avenue thence Westwardly by said Linwood Avenue seventy-eight and three fourths (78 3/4) feet; thence Northwardly by the line of lot No. 35, 34 1/2 feet to the point of beginning. Said premises will be sold subject to any restrictions in force as to the same and to any unpaid taxes and assessments and any tax liens of record, all at time and place of sale.

CORA L. WEBBER, STELLA E. MACCOLL, Mortgagees, and present holders of said Mortgage. Boston, August 8, 1904.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

By virtue of and pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles W. Higgins to the Cape Ann Savings Bank, dated June 23, 1892 and recorded with Middlesex Southern District Registry of Deeds, Book 212, page 445, and for breach of the condition of the said mortgage, and for the purpose of enforcing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, upon Monday, the 12th day of September, A. D. 1904, at one o'clock P. M., the following parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in that part of Newton, called West Newton, in the County of Middlesex, on the northerly side of Warwick Road, bounded as follows: Southerly on said road fifty feet; easterly on lot numbered Five (5) on the plan hereinafter mentioned one hundred and seventeen and nine-tenths (117 9/10) feet; northerly by land of owners unknown fifty feet and westerly by land of the grantor by a line parallel to and fifty feet from said lot numbered Five (5) about one hundred and twenty feet, being a part of lots numbered Three (3) and Four (4) on a plan drawn by William Bradford dated April 15th, 1891, and recorded with Middlesex Southern District Deeds in Book of Plans 73, Plan 34.

This conveyance is subject to all restrictions and covenants which are of record affecting the said property. The premises are sold subject to any unpaid taxes or assessments; and to be paid at the time of sale; other terms to be announced at the sale.

CAPE ANN SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee. Guy Cunningham, Attorney, 84 State Street, Boston.

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the universal polish and cleaner. The only cleaner for highly polished or varnished and painted surfaces. For polishing brass, copper, nickel, steel, gold, silver, it has no equal.

Cleaner contains no acid, lye, grit or poisonous substances. Excellent for household use. At all grocers, hardware and harness dealers, or at

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HOUGH & JONES CO., Newton, Mass.

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these burglaries which are happening all the time suggest anything to you? Burglary, theft and larceny insurance is the only protection. HICKLEY & WOODS, Insurance of all kinds, 32 Kilby Street, Boston. Telephone Main 1467 and 496.

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FRED A. HUBBARD, Pharmacist.

ASSOCIATES' BLOCK, 425 CENTRE ST. NEWTON.

SUNDAY CLOSING HOURS:

From 10.30 A.M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P.M.

WORN OUT?

Are Your Strength and Energy Gone? If you are discouraged and despondent and wish to die, it is not because everything is black before you. It is simply because your vitality is so low and you are so weak that you have not the courage to face a lifetime.

Eminent physicians have been attracted by similar cases and after making a careful and scientific study of their requirements have compounded a remedy called Vin-Tone, which builds up body and mind in a remarkably short time.

Board of Aldermen.

A special meeting of the aldermen was held last evening by call of the mayor.

*Present: Aldermen Baker, Bishop, Cabot, Day, Dennison, Ellis, Hunt, Johnson, Sweeney, Webster and White.

The City Clerk called to order in the absence of the President and Vice president and Alderman Ellis was elected president pro tem.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM MAYOR.

Submitting the following nominations for election officers:

WARD 1.

Precinct 1.—Warden, John E. Butler, R., Deputy Warden, Hiram S. Foss, R., Clerk, James A. Grace, D., Deputy Clerk: Hugh J. Murnaghan, D., Inspector, Irving T. Fletcher, R., Inspector, Thomas Kybett, R., Inspector, Myles J. Joyce, D., Inspector, Michael L. Flaherty, D., Deputy Inspector, Joseph Hanson, R., Deputy Inspector, John T. Heale, R., Deputy Inspector, P. Joseph Murphy, D., Deputy Inspector, Edward H. Neville, D.

Precinct 2.—Warden, John F. Griffin, D., Deputy Warden, Bruce R. Ware, D., Clerk, Edwin O. Childs, R., Deputy Clerk, Edwin O. Childs, Jr., R., Inspector, John F. McSherry, D., Inspector, John F. Joyce, D., Inspector, John W. Fisher, R., Inspector, Frederick L. Trowbridge, R., Deputy Inspector, John Flood, D., Deputy Inspector, James P. Segrove, D., Deputy Inspector, Arthur W. Porter, R., Deputy Inspector, Luther D. Scales, R.

WARD 2.

Precinct 1.—Warden, Henry P. Dearborn, D., Deputy Warden, Jeremiah Cashman, D., Clerk, Samuel K. Billings, R., Deputy Clerk, Henry C. Fisher, R., Inspector, Henry Toole, D., Inspector, John F. Sullivan, D., Inspector, Elbridge Bradshaw, R., Inspector, J. Dexter Billings, R., Deputy Inspector, John J. Fitzgerald, D., Deputy Inspector, George G. Powers, D., Deputy Inspector, Harry D. Cabot, R., Deputy Inspector, George W. Mills, R.

Precinct 2.—Warden, Willard S. Higgins, R., Deputy Warden, Albert H. Sisson, R., Clerk, George M. Bridges, D., Deputy Clerk, Andrew J. McGlinchey, D., Inspector, Uriah H. Dyer, R., Inspector, William W. Palmer, R., Inspector, Joseph M. Tibbott, D., Inspector, William O. Pottle, D., Deputy Inspector, Albert A. Savage, R., Deputy Inspector, Charles F. Atwood, R., Deputy Inspector, James H. Johnston, D., Deputy Inspector, Michael F. Barry, D.

WARD 3.

Precinct 1.—Warden, Thomas J. Green, D., Deputy Warden, Bernard D. Farrell, D., Clerk, Wilber A. Paine, R., Deputy Clerk, Andrew Prior, R., Inspector, Frank C. Sheridan, D., Inspector, John W. Gave, D., Inspector, William G. Folsom, R., Inspector, George P. Rice, R., Deputy Inspector, John Bellamy, D., Deputy Inspector, Harry D. McBride, D., Deputy Inspector, James T. Bailey, R., Deputy Inspector, Charles W. Florence, R.

Precinct 2.—Warden, Harvey C. Wood, R., Deputy Warden, Charles E. Iraman, R., Clerk, Fisher Ames, Jr., D., Deputy Clerk, Samuel W. Egan, D., Inspector, Frank E. Hunter, R., Inspector, Columbus G. Carley, R., Inspector, Joseph Commons, D., Inspector, Francis J. Burrage, D., Deputy Inspector, Judson B. Sanderson, R., Deputy Inspector, Leonard E. Seaton, R., Deputy Inspector, Daniel F. Healey, D., Deputy Inspector, James G. Cavanagh, D.

WARD 4.

Precinct 1.—Warden, Frederick Plummer, D., Clerk, Henry O. Ryder, R., Deputy Clerk, John D. Rockefeller, R., Inspector, Peter A. McVicar, D., Inspector, David F. Parker, D., Inspector, Roebuck S. Cordingley, R., Inspector, Willis F. Hadlock, R., Deputy Inspector, Edward L. Smith, D., Deputy Inspector, Langdon W. Chandler, D., Deputy Inspector, Charles W. Wood, R., Deputy Inspector, Clarence G. Haskell, R.

Precinct 2.—Warden, Andrew B. Hayden, R., Deputy Warden, Frederick S. Griffin, R., Clerk, Frederick C. Lyon, D., Deputy Clerk, Daniel J. Cooney, D., Inspector, Levi Wales, R., Inspector, Sumner E. Shattuck, R., Inspector, John Dolan, D., Inspector, Owe S. McCourt, D., Deputy Inspector, Henry H. Swallow, R., Deputy Inspector, Joseph Lambert, R., Deputy Inspector, Alfred Murray, D., Deputy Inspector, Timothy E. Healy, D.

WARD 5.

Precinct 1.—Warden, Albert J. Grover, R., Deputy Warden, John W. Howe, R., Clerk, Frank W. Barney, D., Deputy Clerk, William H. Kerivan, D., Inspector, William L. Thompson, R., Inspector, Erasmus Gott, R., Inspector, Frank Fanning, D., Inspector, Daniel Kelleher, D., Deputy Inspector, Frederick W. Cobb, R., Deputy Inspector, John J. Kenefick, D., Deputy Inspector, James E. Connors, D.

Precinct 2.—Warden, Henry W. Holbrook, D., Deputy Warden, Charles W. Fewkes, D., Clerk, Edwin H. Corey, R., Deputy Clerk, Ebenezer H. Greenwood, R., Inspector, Louis S. Brigham, D., Inspector, E. Everett Bird, D., Inspector, Frederic A. O'Connor, R., Inspector, E. Buritt Moulton, R., Deputy Inspector, Rupert H. Rogers, D., Deputy Inspector, Richard Whight, R., Deputy Inspector, Edgar T. Casson, Jr., R.

Precinct 3.—Warden, Charles H. Cook, R., Deputy Warden, Charles A. Smith, R., Clerk, Edward H. Kenney, D., Deputy Clerk, Joseph P. Kenney, D., Inspector, Frank A. Childs, R., Inspector, Charles L. Hovey, R., Inspector, George M. Angier, D., Inspector, William M. Buffum, D., Deputy Inspector, Gordon H. Rhodes, R., Deputy Inspector, John E. Heymer, R., Deputy Inspector, Oscar R. Rice, D., Deputy Inspector, Arthur Comer, D.

WARD 6.

Precinct 1.—Warden, Bertrand V. Dege, R., Deputy Warden, Gustav W. Ulmer, R., Clerk, Henry A. Tomlinson, D., Deputy

Clerk, Michael J. Mullin, D., Inspector, Harry B. Knowles, R., Inspector, Fred P. Dunbar, R., Inspector, Thomas J. Maloney, D., Inspector, Patrick E. Linehan, D., Deputy Inspector, Carl D. Blaisdell, R., Deputy Inspector, Samuel F. Chadbourne, R., Deputy Inspector, James W. Martin, D., Deputy Inspector, Patrick Waters, D.

Precinct 2.—Warden, Michael S. Buckley, D., Deputy Warden, David L. O'Brien, D., Clerk, Willis E. Darrell, R., Deputy Clerk, D. Willis Bond, R., Inspector, William F. Woodman, D., Inspector, James B. Welch, D., Inspector, Arthur Muldoon, R., Inspector, Edward J. Thornton, D., Deputy Inspector, Bernard J. English, D., Deputy Inspector, Charles E. Thompson, R., Deputy Inspector, Arthur G. Muldoon, R.

Precinct 3.—Warden, Charles H. Burrage, R., Deputy Warden, Paul Burrage, R., Clerk, Frederick H. Darling, D., Inspector, George A. Ward, R., Inspector, Chas. S. Halliday, R., Inspector, Frank P. Hickey, D., Inspector, Frank E. Kneeland, D.

WARD 7.

Warden, Amasa W. B. Huff, R., Deputy Warden, Henry C. Daniels, R., Clerk, Moses Clark, Jr., D., Deputy Clerk, James W. Page, D., Inspector, Robert B. Edes, R., Inspector, M. Lawrence Clark, R., Inspector, Edward D. Holmes, D., Inspector, William Leahy, D., Deputy Inspector, James P. Airth, R., Deputy Inspector, J. Joseph Murray, D., Deputy Inspector, Leverett D. G. Bentley, R., Deputy Inspector, William J. Hylands, D.

The nominations were laid over under the statutes.

Recommending an additional grant of \$285.45 for the City Messengers Dept. Received an order for same subsequently read and adopted.

Recommending an additional appropriation of \$5500 for fuel for School Dept., and an appropriation of \$1400 for construction of culvert at Boylston street under decree of Superior Court. Referred to Committee on Finance.

Orders for meetings of Primary Elections on Sept 27 and appointing polling places for Primary elections on Sept 27 and Nov. 22, were read and adopted.

An order establishing compensation for Primary Election officers was read twice and adopted.

At 8:20 o'clock the board adjourned to Tuesday Aug. 30 at 7:45 p. m.

Cromwell and Our City.

To the Editor of The Graphic: In order to show how old this city of Newton is, I said in an "Old Home Week" sermon which was printed in The Graphic, that the settlement of Newton was 16 years before the rise of Cromwell, having in mind his protectorship of about 1655. The types made me say 96 years which would bring the date of that strenuous ruler into the reign of George the Second, where he certainly would not have been cordially welcomed.

G. W. Shinn.

Nonantum.

—Mr. Alex Fox will occupy the estate 602 Bridge street.

—Rev. James M. Blin of Warner, N. H. will occupy the pulpit of the M. E. church next Sunday.

Newton.

—Mr. Chas. F. Bowers is passing a few weeks in Brattleboro, Vt.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hammett of Sargent street returned yesterday from Nantucket.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Clark of Mt. Ida street are enjoying a few weeks outing at West Manchester.

—Mr. Ethelbert V. Grabbill of Richardson street is on a business trip through the western states.

—Mr. J. E. Merrill of Waverly avenue returned today from Newport where he has been spending the summer.

—Mr. Frederick Smith of Springfield, Ill. has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Francis Mullock of Centre street.

—Baker and Co's studio is closed this week. Mr. Baker will attend the convention of photographers in Boston, and spend the week.

—Mr. Matthews will conduct the union service of the Methodist and Baptist churches which will be held on Sunday at the Methodist church.

—The horses attached to Whalan's depot carriage ran away from the railroad station last evening. Crossing the Centre place bridge, they barely escaped a passing electric, and then smashed the carriage against the curb near Channing street.

—The death of Lucia K. Burch the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Burch of the Warren occurred Saturday morning at the Newton Hospital after a short illness. The funeral was held on Monday afternoon and the interment was at the Newton Cemetery.

—Mr. Guy J. Porter of Church street won second place in the cross country run held by the Cambridgeport Gymnasium last Friday evening over their regular 10 mile course, and has been chosen one of the men who will represent this state in the Marathon race which will be held at St. Louis this fall. Mr. John Leadbetter, another well known young Newton runner also entered the race but failed to qualify. Mr. Leadbetter is a member of the local Y. M. C. A. and won 8th place in the famous Marathon race of 1903.

THAYER-DOUGLAS.

In the Church of the Messiah, Auburndale, Wednesday, at half past two a very pretty wedding took place, the contracting parties being Miss Margaret Edward Douglas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Douglas of Evergreen avenue, and Mr. Edgar Josina Thayer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Thayer of Roxbury. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Matteson, rector of the church. The bride was given away by her father and was attended by her little niece, Ruth Douglas St. Amant as flower girl. The groom was unattended. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents.

After a wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Thayer will reside on Elm Hill, Roxbury.

Real Estate.

Alvord Bros. have sold for A. Babcock to C. E. Quinn the new house now in process of construction and 8000 feet of land on Stearns street, Newton Centre. This is the third house on this street sold by Alvord Bros. during the past few months. They have also leased to E. Ray Speare the estate of the late Austin Benton No. 134 Summer street, corner Gibbs street, Newton Centre, consisting of a large brick house and 21,700 feet of land.

They have also leased a suite in the "Warren," Washington street, Newton, to Dr. Geo. M. M. Coy, Jr., and also a suite to D. J. MacNichol.

Republican Nomination Papers.

Nomination papers for the Republican Primaries to be held on Tuesday, September 27, 1904, will be issued from the office of the Secretary of the Republican City Committee, Room 1, Masonic Block, Newtonville, on Friday, September 9, 1904, at 4 P. M.

Nomination papers may be filed with said Secretary at his said office, Room 1, Masonic Block, Newtonville, at 3 P. M. on Wednesday, September 14, 1904; and all nomination papers must be filed with said Secretary at his said office before 5 P. M. of said Wednesday, September 14, 1904.

Per order
Republican City Committee,
CHARLES E. HATFIELD,
Chairman.
Albert P. Carter,
Secretary.

THE MODERN CORSET.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW
This attachment reduces the Abdomen one half, lengthens the waist and enables the wearer to stand and walk in the Modern Style. It gives the straight front and flat Abdomen now so much desired by both stout and slim.
Recommended by physicians to all who walk or stand much, as the flesh is not pushed down but the muscles are contracted and hardened. Sent postpaid anywhere on receipt of price. Send Post Office Money Order, \$2.50 to 30c over 20c extra.
Jean gray or white, \$3; Coutill gray or white, \$3.50. Agents wanted everywhere.
Mme. Dille, Corsetaire, 178 Tremont St., Boston.

A Personally Conducted Party for the WHITE MOUNTAINS

will leave Boston Sept. 3d, taking in the CRAWFORD and FRANCON NOTCHES, FINE HOUSE, SINGULAR HOUSE, BETH LEHEM, with a day or night on MT. WASHINGTON, Etc. Etc.

With night on Mt. Washington. \$24.50
The above covers every expense for six days (other excursions) as follows:
SEPT. 15, 24 and 29—White Mts.
SEPT. 15 and 20—Quebec, Montreal and White Mountain.
SEPT. 20—Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Saguenay River and White Mountain.
SEPT. 21—White Mountains, Avalanche Chasm, Lakes George and Champlain.
OCT. 1, 8, 15 and 22—Washington, D. C. and Old Point.

Many other tours. Tours to St. Louis at frequent intervals. INDEPENDENT TOURS, excursions included with tickets good to go any day, covering a great variety of routes, and to many noted resorts. Send for descriptive booklets, including the tour desired.

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Sneak Thieves in Newton.

This is the time of year when people have their windows and doors open or go away for the summer and

THE SNEAK THIEF

has an easy time. We would like to explain to you why burglary insurance is the

Only Protection.

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Large and able faculty.
Four complete courses.
Advanced educational appliances.
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Individual instruction.
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Reasonable tuition rates.
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Residence, 1558 Beacon St., Waban.

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Houses for sale and to let in all the Newtons, furnished or unfurnished: 7 rooms, \$20 per month; 8 rooms, \$25; 11 rooms, \$35. Four finished houses from \$5 to \$100 per month. Immediate possession June 10, 1904.
46 Ripley St., Newton Centre.

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Cut Flowers, House Plants, Funeral Design. Flowers for Weddings and Parties.
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MISS AGNES LEAVITT
Will teach a class in the Newtons during the months of July and August, meeting two or three times per week at various places in picturesque neighborhoods in Newton. Apply or write to No. 226 Homer Street, Newton Centre.

All Goods Delivered Free of Charge to Residences in Newton

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For the Summer Home
CANTON MATTINGS in every variety
JAPANESE MATTINGS in all grades
CREX MATTING of great sanitary merit
ORIENTAL RUGS from the far East
DOMESTIC RUGS of every description
REED FURNITURE in the latest designs

Represented in Newton by Mr. E. E. STILES.

A FEW SURPRISES

Surprise No. 1.

100 yds. Blue, 50 yds. Black all wool Mistral Cloth, 46 inch, 75c grade. Going at
37c a yard

Surprise No. 2.

All our 25c Henriettas, 36 inches wide, cotton warp wool woof, mostly black. To close
19c a yard

Surprise No. 3.

50 yds. navy, 44 yds. Black Nub-Voile, the swell goods of the season, 45 inches wide, all wool 75c grade, Clearance Sale Price,
59c a yard

Surprise No. 4.

Cotton and wool Armure and Granite Cloths, 38 inches wide, strong and durable. just the thing for school dresses, 42c grade,
31c a yard

Central Dry Goods Co., 107 to 115 Moody St., WALTHAM.

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